THE PARIS THAT IS PARIS

WATSON WHITE

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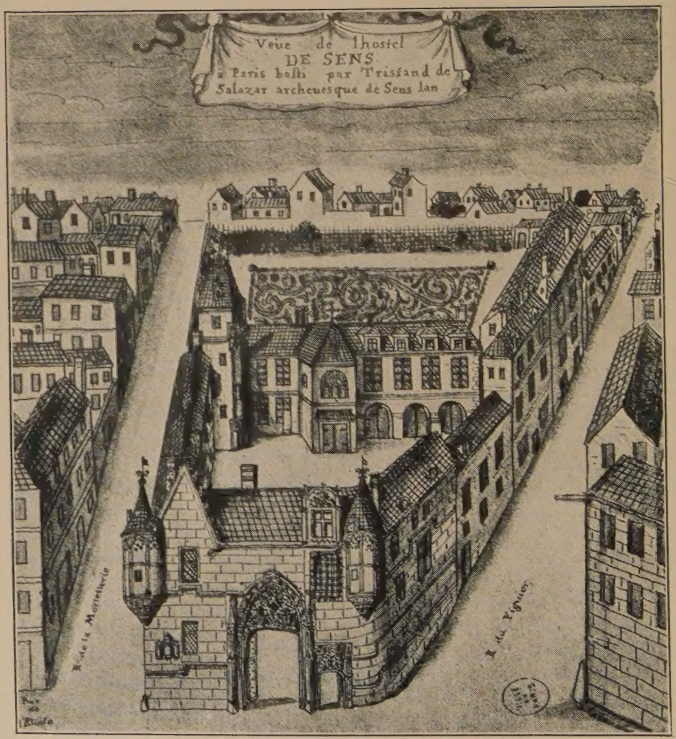

THE HÔTEL DE SENS.

A rare view, preserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale, showing gateway with ornament intact, chapel, and garden.

THE PARIS THAT IS PARIS

BY

WATSON WHITE

Il y a des lieux où il faut appeler Paris, Paris, et d'autres où il la faut appeler capitale du royaume.

PASCAL.

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THE WHY OF THE TITLE

The name of this book is derived from the quotation from Pascal printed on the title page,—"There are places where one must call Paris, Paris, and others where one must call it the capital of the realm." With the Champs Elysées and the embellishments of western Paris which make the city the most beautiful capital in the world this book has nothing to do; its concern is with "the Paris that must be called Paris," with those picturesque quarters of old hôtels and narrow streets which are intimately linked with the history of Paris—and hence of France—the region which may be designated, generally speaking, as Old Paris and which, through shocking oversight, remains unvisited by the average tourist.

Each chapter is concerned with a particular quarter, or section, of Old Paris and is divided into two parts. Part I relates the history of the quarter and particularly the stories of historical or legendary interest associated therewith, while Part II takes the reader by the hand and leads him with that Ruskinian meticulousness which is his best safeguard against getting lost, to the streets, hôtels, staircases, fountains, et cetera, of historic or artistic interest. The pick of the demolisher, temporarily stayed, has resumed its slow but steady gnawing at the stones of Old Paris, so if the reader of this book is led to seek in vain some treasured tower or picturesque gable, unprotected by designation as a "monument historique," let him remember that this book is of necessity written in terms of the present without prescience of destruction. The word hôtel is here used in its original designation of a substantial private dwelling.

The author gratefully acknowledges indebtedness to the Hoffbauer collection entitled "Paris à travers les âges," to the Topographie historique du Vieux Paris, published under the auspices of the Préfet de la Seine, the Bulletins, Mémoires and Documents published by the Société de l'Histoire de Paris et de l'Ile de France, the Procès-verbaux de la Commission municipale du Vieux Paris and to the bulletins entitled "La Cité," published by the Société historique des IIIe et IVe arrondissements. Also, among others, to the invaluable Marquis de Rochegude, to Louis and Félix Lazare, C. Piton, Charles Sellier, Lucien Lambeau, A. de Champeaux, Edouard Fournier, de Guilhermy, Lefeuve, de Ménorval, Lenotre, Beaurepaire and Georges Cain. He extends cordial thanks to the personnel of the Bibliothèque de la Ville de Paris and to that of the Musée Carnavalet for their unfailing courtesy and helpfulness and to the latter for access to and permission to reproduce their invaluable prints.

CONTENTS

CHAP. I THE SAINT PAUL QUARTER

PART I THE STORY OF THE QUARTER AND ITS STORIES.

		PAGE
I	*"The Road Which Moves"*	1
II	*Etienne Marcel*	4
III	*The Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul*	15
IV	*The Hôtel de Sens*	21
V	*The Arsenal Turned Library*	31
VI	*The Marquise de Brinvilliers*	37

PART II A RAMBLE.

I *The Old Place de Grève and Saint Gervais.*

The old Place de Grève, Revolutions, Why "grève"?, Executions—A Flying Visit—Recognizing friends—Marcel on his high horse—Communards—"Wait for me under the elm"—Saint Gervais: A chilling façade, Gervasius and Protasius, An harmonious interior, The Atrocity of Good Friday, Pinaigrier, Le Tellier, Choir Stalls and Guilds, Chapelle dite de Scarron, Aldegrever, Perugino, Dedication, Revolution 56

II *From Saint Gervais to the Hôtel de Beauvais.*

The Apse of Saint Gervais—Street of the Bars, "Laissez passer la justice du roi," Robespierre the Younger, Citizen Chabru—rue Grenier sur l'Eau—rue Geoffroy l'Asnier, Hôtel de Chalons-Luxembourg, A horse for my king, D'Annunzio, Danton's "proud whack"—rue François Miron, "The King has a good foot"—Bell Cracked or Bell Blue—A Renaissance Courtyard—Pigs and Princes—Hôtel

PAGE

de Beauvais: An elderly charmer and her "amiable palace," Tasso, "Quo non ascendam?," "Who is this who will not kiss me?" Royalties 67

III *From the Hôtel de Beauvais to the Hôtel de Sens.*

The Moor's Head balcony—Impasse Guépine—rue de Jouy, Hôtel d'Aumont, Pickpocket Street, Richelieu—Fig Tree Street, Rabelais—Hôtel de Sens, A present from a revolution—rue de la Mortellerie (rue de l'Hôtel de Ville), Street of Death, François Villon, A knife grinder of Molière's day—Street of the Nuns of Yerres—Ghetto—Unicorns, green monkeys and the Peacock White 76

IV *From the Hôtel de Sens to the Arsenal Library.*

The Grand Falconer—"Ave Maria"—Tour Barbeau—Jeu de Paume de la Croix Noire, L'Illustre Théâtre, Molière—rue des Jardins, The Curé de Meudon—Hôtel de la Vieuville, "rue . . . Paul," Hôtel Saint Maur—rue des Lions and a royal menagerie—Mme. de Sévigné, Rachel, Fleury and a staircase, A Louis XV fountain—The Lane of the Lurking Lady—Hôtel Fieubet—Hôtel de Nicolaï, Barye and a basket of lions—The Célestins—The Arsenal Library—Tour de la Liberté—Napoleon disembarks—Hôtel Lambert—Panorama . . . 83

V *From the Arsenal Library to the Hôtel de Sully.*

The Beautiful Trellis—Files and Quatrains—A typical dwelling of the time of Henri IV—rue Charles V, Hôtel d'Aubray (Marquise de Brinvilliers)—A wee niche with a wee image—I.H.S.—A trysting place of Abélard and Héloïse—A tower of Philip's wall—The Maid of Domremy—A Gothic fragment—Hic jacent the Mansarts, the Man with the Iron Mask and the Mocker of "Old Coughers"—Sanctuary—rue Saint Antoine, Royalty, Roystering and Rebellion—Hôtel de Sully, "Oh, the kindly nobleman!"—Saint Catherine—Saint Louis-Saint Paul—The actual wall—The Street of Balconies 94

CHAP. II LA PLACE ROYALE (now Place des Vosges).

PAGE

PART I THE STORY.

I *The Hôtel of the Little Towers* 103
II *Miracles and Mignons* 107
III *Gabrielle* 109
IV *"Pour la Commodité et l'Ornement de Nostre Bonne Ville de Paris"* 113
V *Sword Play and a Statue* 117
VI *Les Précieuses and Ninon de Lenclos* . . 124
VII *Revolution and Retrospect* 130

PART II THE VISIT.

I *La Place Royale* 134
II *To the Hôtel of Ninon de Lenclos* . . . 147

CHAP. III THE MEDIAEVAL LATIN QUARTER

PART I THE STORY OF THE QUARTER AND ITS STORIES.

I *The Mediaeval University.*
Origin—A Practical Joke and its Consequences—A Student's Day, The University State . . . 155

II *The Rue de la Harpe.*
The Horrendous Adventure of the Lovely Agnès and King David—Pastry and Philippics, Free Tobacco, and What Was to Be Seen in the Back of a Grocer's Shop. Coaches, Colleges and Madame Roland 163

III *Saint Séverin.*
The Gory Mediaeval Tale of the Three Young Princes and the Cruel Uncles—An Apse, a Cemetery and Beelzebub 167

PAGE

IV *Saint Julien le Pauvre.*
Early Days—The Legend of Saint Julien—The Church of Saint Julien and the University—Decline 172

V *Petit Pont and Petit Châtelet.*
"How far that little candle throws his beams"—Twelve Good Men in a Wooden Tower—Monkey-Money and Massacre 179

VI *Near the Petit Pont.*
Concerning a Street of Succulent Odors, an Officer of Artillery and the Solomonic Decision of a Citizen Fool—A Mediaeval Lane and a Memorial to a Valiant Knight 185

PART II THE VISIT.

I *On the Way to Saint Séverin.*
Getting one's bearings—Place Saint Michel—rue Hautefeuille, Hôtel de Fécamp, Sirens—"The Boul' Mich'"—rue Saint Séverin (west end), A mediæval pun—rue Zacharie—rue de la Harpe—Street of the Parchment Industry, A Louis XV hôtel, The Hôtel of the Tranquil Fathers—The Street of the Illuminators, A Renaissance staircase, "The wall has spoken"—"Passant, penses-tu passer?"—rue des Prêtres Saint Séverin, A harsh pedagogue 192

II *Saint Séverin.* 199

III *From Saint Séverin to Saint Julien le Pauvre.*
Rue Saint Séverin (east end), Abbé Prévost, The Varlet of the White Queen—Via Jacobea, Roman Road 205

IV *Saint Julien le Pauvre.* 207

V *From Saint Julien le Pauvre to "La Place Maub'."*
The brigand's cave—rue Galande, Red Castle, "The house where there is the sign of Saint Julien"—The Street of Straw, Dante—Cartouche and his passage-way—The Street of the Plasterers—rue des Anglais, Father Spectacles—De Musset—A college chapel—"La Place Maub'" 211

PAGE

VI *"La Place Maub' " back to Place Saint Michel.* "Hunt the Bièvre," Dante, The Marquise de Brinvilliers, Collège de Chanac, Dubois—Quai de la Tournelle, "Hôtel ci-devant de Nesmond," The Daughters of Saint Genevieve, Abduction, Revolutionary humor—rue Maître Albert, Albert the Great and Zamor the Little, The Outs—rue des Grands Degrés, Voltaire—A flowering alley, The first college, Sainte-Croix and sudden death—Rat Street—rue de la Bûcherie, The first medical school, John Peter's woodyard—Pont au Double—Petit Pont—rue de la Huchette, The Little Blackamoor, At the Golden Jowl, N., The Fishing Cat, "Y" 218

CHAP. IV IN THE MARAIS

PART I BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

I *The Picaresque Career of Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais.* (The Hôtel de Beaumarchais in the rue Vieille du Temple). 227

II *The Affair of the Queen's Necklace.* (The Hôtel de Rohan) 235

III *A Light-Hearted Cripple and a Prophecy.* (The Scarrons, 17 rue Villehardouin) . 242

IV *"Ma Chère Carnavalette"* 249

V *"Gynaeceum of Modesty," Den of Thieves, Literary Salon.* (Hôtel de Lamoignon). 251

VI *A Mediaeval Misadventure concerning a Baker's Shop and a King who went Mad.* (The Hôtel de Clisson-Guise-Soubise) . . 254

VII *"The Convent where God was Boiled"* . . 259

PART II THE VISIT.

I *The rue Vieille de Temple* (including the Hôtel de Beaumarchais, the Hôtel Hérouet, the Allée aux Arbalétriers and the Hôtel de Rohan) 263

PAGE

II *From the Hôtel de Rohan by the "Hôtel de l'Impécuniosité" to "Ma Chère Carnavalette"* 274

III *From the Hôtel de Lamoignon to the Hôtel de Soubise (Archives Nationales) by the rue des Francs-Bourgeois* 284

IV *The Vicinity of the rue des Archives and "The Convent where God was Boiled"* . . 293

CHAP. V IN THE FAUBOURG SAINT GERMAIN

PART I INTRODUCTORY.

I *The Abbey and Fair of Saint Germain of the Meadows* 304

II *From Meadows to Faubourg* 308

III *The First "Maison de Café"* 310

IV *"Little Geneva," Stage Land, a Tippler and a Printing Press* 312

V *The Altar of Jacob* 319

PART II THE VISIT.

I *From the Fontaine des Quatre Saisons to the Cour du Dragon.*

Rue du Barq—The Fontaine des Quatre Saisons, "Elle et lui"—rue de Grenelle—rue de la Chaise—Cabaret de la Petite Chaise—Une grande dame, Whistler, Actors—rue du Dragon, Hunting midday at two o'clock, A Cosmic Force in an Attic, Bernard Palissy—Cour du Dragon 321

II *To the Cour de Rouen.*

Tower and King—The Hugos at play—Another attic—Scissors or six o's—Chardin—Oven Street—The Street of the Ducklings, Esprit de quartier, "Valois Collier"—"Silence, Benignity and Sweet Humidity," Huysmans, "Une foi, un roi," It has its moments—Delacroix—Nuptials—Servandoni—

PAGE

An outlawed philosopher—Musketeer country—rue Garancière, Water carriers—Marché Saint Germain—More "bad boys"—Danton, Desmoulins, Marat—Passage du Commerce Saint André—Cour de Rouen—The White Horse—Crossroads—rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, Café Procope, Restaurant Dagneau—rue de Buci, A "creditors'" refuge—The abbey prison—The garden and the Church of the Three Towers 332

III *Saint Germain des Prés* 346

IV *To "Little Geneva" (the rue Visconti) and the Altar of Jacob.*

Fragments—In the Domain of the Abbey—rue Jacob, "Alas poor Yorick"—An échaudé—Théâtre Guénégaud—"Little Geneva" (the rue Visconti)—The Altar of Jacob—Quai Malaquais, "The most beautiful spot in the world" 353

CHAP. VI FROM THE TOUR SAINT JACQUES TO THE MAISON DU GRAND PIGNON

PART I THE FOREWORD.

I *In the Shadow of Saint Jacques* 361

II *"Messieurs les Voleurs," a Bad Man, and a Barricade* 365

III *"La Rue" and the Murder at "The Wooden Sword"* 369

IV *The Swiss Soldier of the rue aux Oies* . . 372

PART II THE VISIT.

I *Tour Saint Jacques to Fontaine Maubuée.*

Tour Saint Jacques—Saint Bon—A Valois at the pawn-shop—Saint Merri—Cabs—A "wicked bad" versifier—rue Aubry le Boucher—Jabach—Break Loaf Street—Fontaine Maubuée—The mercers . 375

II *Rue de Venise and "La Rue"* 386

PAGE

III *"Strangled Street" by the Cour de Rome to the Maison du Grand Pignon.*

Fleurie de Chartres—A neck well wrung—The old and the new—Beau Bourg—Saint Ladre—"Ça fait la rue Michel." The glazier's foster-child—On ne badine pas avec la potence—Monmoranci—Ciapponi, farcical-tragical, Maison du Massacre, A "fille du monde"—Gravel workers—Balzac—Street of Virtues—Cour de Rome—No. 3 rue Volta—Maison du Grand Pignon, A fascinating façade . . 389

CHAP. VII AROUND LES HALLES

PART I FOREWORD.

I *The Inn of the Golden Compass* 403

II *Tales of Two Towers.*

Concerning the Fearless One, Les Comédiens du Roi, Rose de Mai, Church versus Stage, Market and Pillory, Catherine and the Stars 404

III *La Croix du Trahoir.*

Treating of Baths, Fallen Monarchs, Molière, Justice, a Literary Cake Shop and a Ghost Story . . 411

IV *A Parisian Campo Santo.*

Introducing a Cemetery-Promenade, "The Cursed Corner," "Monsieur Saint Denis," Henri IV and Mlle. Jeanne 419

PART II ON THE SPOT.

I *From the Compas d'Or to the Tour de Jean sans Peur and the Colonne de Médicis.*

The Inn of the Golden Compass—Second Empire—Songs and sedition—The Scottish Queen—The Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Tower of the Fearless—The Well of Love—Bad Counsel—Mons Superbus

PAGE

—Queen of Hungary—Du Barry—Pilgrimage—A Renaissance hôtel—Fencing and sampling—The church of the market-women—Truanderie—The Corsican—"The Tower and the Stars remain" . . 428

II *From the Croix du Trahoir to the Fontaine des Innocents.*

Croix du Trahoir—rue Saint Honoré, "Honorably lodged and well amused," Treasure Trove, "Pull-Cloak" and a spider—The Board of Gold, Dog Ditch—Wolves—The Cellar—The first Bourbon and the first du Barry—Lombards—rue Courtalon—"Monsieur Saint Denis"—Fontaine des Innocents, Dance of Death and Renaissance 439

SNAP SHOTS AT THE CENTURIES . . . 449

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Hôtel de Sens . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Marguerite de Valois 26

An old woodcut depicting the execution of Madame de Brinvilliers . . . . . PAGE 55

Hôtel de Beauvais 74

The Hôtel Saint Paul 90

The Lance Thrust which created the Place Royale 106

La Place Royale 138

Le Petit Châtelet 184

Jeanne de Saint Remy 238

Hôtel de Lamoignon 252

Hôtel de Guise 292

Vaux Hall 306

An attraction at the Fair 306

Fontaine des Quatre Saisons 322

Rue Quincampoix 370

The Barricade 382

The Tower of the Fearless 404

Scene from the Dance of the "Cimetière des Innocents" 446

The Fontaines des Innocents 446

LIST OF MAPS

	PAGE
Saint Paul Quarter	57
The Place Royale (now Place des Vosges)	135
The Mediæval Latin Quarter	193
In the Marais	265
In the Faubourg Saint Germain	323
From the Tour Saint Jacques to the Maison du Grand Pignon	377
Around Les Halles	429

THE PARIS THAT IS PARIS

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CHAPTER I.

THE SAINT PAUL QUARTER.

Part I. The Story of the Quarter and Its Stories.

The story of the Saint Paul Quarter—that section of Paris lying east of the Hôtel de Ville between the rue Saint Antoine and the Seine and extending to the Place de la Bastille and the Canal Saint Martin—revolves about "the road which moves," the sudden rise to power of that dramatic mediaeval figure Etienne Marcel, and the royal palace of Saint Paul. Its stories include the chequered history of an archbishops' palace, the tale of an arsenal which turned from guns to statues and folios and the tragedy of a frightful little woman, the Marquise de Brinvilliers.

I. "The Road Which Moves."

"Rivers," said Pascal, "are roads which move and which carry one where one wishes to go." This peculiarity of rivers was recognized by the Celtic tribe of the Parisii, who made extensive use of the Seine as an avenue of trade at an epoch when it was easier to make boats than to make roads. Evidence that "the road which moves" was utilized in Gallo-Roman days is re-

vealed by the discovery under the choir of Notre Dame of an altar to Jupiter erected by the boatmen of Paris in the reign of Tiberius and of a statue of Mercury, god of commerce, at the junction of the Seine and the Marne. "In this fertile basin," writes Jean de Jundun at the beginning of the fourteenth century, "which seems to have received from on high the rôle of terrestrial paradise, a river justly celebrated, called the Seine, takes its course. The adequate size of its bed and the moderate speed of its current, neither too swift nor too sluggish, furnish Paris in abundance with the riches of all parts of the world necessary for the wants of man." [1]

As early as the twelfth century we find established in the eastern section of the city the harbor of Saint Paul, which serves as landing place for the heavy merchandise, the stone, wood and iron brought from the Upper Seine and the Marne, while further down stream is the Port du Foin, or hay port, and further still, opposite the present Hôtel de Ville, the Port de la Grève, to which come wheat and wines from Champagne and Burgundy. The district adjoining these harbors was bisected about the year 1200 by the first city wall of Paris, the wall of Philip Augustus. The region enclosed by the wall, and lying between it and the Hôtel de Ville, was settled at an early date by a river-faring population, concerned directly or indirectly with the Seine and comprising the boatmen, the ferrymen, the fishermen, the rope-makers and, in the rue de la Mortellerie (now the rue de l'Hôtel de Ville), the masons who dealt with the limestone landed at the harbor of Saint Paul.

The development of the region outside of and to the east of this wall was naturally of slower growth. The first settlement followed the establishment in the seventh century of a cemetery and mortuary chapel by Eloi, prime minister and goldsmith of the good King Dagobert, that legend enshrouded monarch about whom any French school child can sing you a song. The mortuary chapel, dedicated to Saint Paul, became the center of a small

[1] Tractatus de laudibus Parisius.

hamlet called Saint Eloi in honor of the canonized prime minister, but aside from this tiny cluster of houses, the Culture Saint Eloi, as the region was known, consisted of cleared fields and it was several centuries before it was built upon. Not until the fourteenth century did this eastern, outlying section come into prominence through the establishment of a palace of Charles V, the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul, which has left its trace today in the street names of this region. To discover why Charles selected this neighborhood for his new palace, we must return to our river traders of the Seine.

We have seen that the initial commercial impulse turned to "the road which moves" and that the first extensive trading was done east and west by water. The river traders of the Seine, who thus early in the commercial life of the city held important place, were united in a powerful organization known as the Marchandise de l'Eau, or Hanse Parisienne, which was chiefly associated with the eastern part of Paris around the harbor of Saint Paul. With the development of roads by land a new power arose. This was the Marchandise de la Terre which, trading with the regions lying to the north and south, rivaled and eventually eclipsed in importance the traders by water. The two organizations were united in the middle of the twelfth century under the common name of the Prévôté des Marchands, but in the combined body it was the group of land traders who had the upper hand. When, in the fourteenth century, during the captivity in England of Jean II, the Prévôté, under the leadership of Etienne Marcel, became seditious and played a political instead of a merely commercial rôle, the greater part of the Marchands de l'Eau were loyal to the king and withdrew from the joint organization. Thus when the Dauphin who was to reign as Charles V found himself harassed by the formidable Prévôt des Marchands, his palace invaded and his ministers murdered before his eyes, what was more natural than that he should seek refuge and establish his new palace in the eastern section of the city which contained

his loyal supporters, the river traders of the harbor of Saint Paul. We are now concerned with the dramatic story of how this mighty Prévôt became the ruler of Paris, of how he bearded Charles in his island den and so enslaved him that he was compelled to slip away by night from a capital where he was no longer master, and of how he so implanted the fear of the bourgeois in the royal heart that the returning monarch found it prudent to desert his palace on the island and establish a new one in a safer location among friends.

II. Etienne Marcel.

In the darkest hours of the sombre fourteenth century, in a war-torn, pillaged France arises a great figure with a vision. It is a vision of government by elected representatives, of taxation voted by the taxpayers, the suppression of privileges founded upon birth, the extension of political rights to all citizens and the subordination of the will of the ruler to the will of the people. The vision was immediately realized on parchment but not in practice. Its practical realization was to come some four centuries and a half later in the Great Revolution. To understand this man with a vision and the dramatic events which caused Charles V to abandon his palace on the Ile de la Cité and to build the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul, we must glance at the development of France in the previous century and the catastrophe which postponed the working out of her national destiny.

The thirteenth century has been a good century. Three strong kings—Philippe Auguste, Louis IX (Saint Louis) and Philippe le Bel—have fostered the growth of national unity by the expansion of the royal power. Under their egis has come into being a great intellectual movement—the rise of the Universities—and the religious and artistic awakening which has left us Gothic art. Order and security have superseded the old feudal anarchy. The reality of royal authority is steadily drawing nearer to the theory. Another great reign like that of Philip

Augustus or Saint Louis and the work of national unity will be achieved. But France is not to work out her destiny in peace, for around the corner lurks that ruinous accident which is to let loose the feudal lords from the Pandora's box where the royal power has imprisoned them.

With the death of the three sons of Philippe le Bel the direct line of the Capetian dynasty came to an end and in 1328 the House of Valois ascended the throne in the person of Philip VI. A troublesome rival claimant was Charles the Bad of Navarre whose mother, Jeanne, Queen of Navarre, was a daughter of Louis X, le Hutin, and a more formidable pretender was Edward III of England, grandson of Philippe le Bel by his mother, Isabelle.

Despite these ominous shadows, Philip's reign opened brilliantly with a victory over the rebellious Flemish burghers at Cassel. Not since Charlemagne had a French king appeared so powerful. With profitable alliances on all sides and the Pope in virtual captivity at Avignon, Philip's influence was widespread and in the intoxication of success he even dreamed of leading European chivalry to another and glorious crusade. Rude was the awakening when the English invasion under Edward III inaugurated that hideous period of butchery and civil strife, that desolate era of famine and plague known as the Hundred Years War. The first blow fell at Crécy in 1346 when the fantastically reckless chivalry of France were put to rout by the well-trained English archers in the worst defeat that France had ever known. Calais fell, and ten years later the battle of Poitiers proved another Crécy. This second great disaster left the kingdom of France in a parlous state. King John, successor of Philip VI, and a large part of the nobility of France, prisoners in the hands of the English, the long-suffering peasants the prey of roving bands of pillagers and saddled with the huge ransoms required to liberate their lords and masters, the crime-stained Charles the Bad laying waste the land with his Navarrois, the Dauphin crying

relying, probably, on the royal right of seizure, despite the fact that this vexatious privilege had been specifically renounced in the Great Ordinance. On the twenty-fourth of January debtor and creditor came face to face in the rue Neuve Saint Merri, the rue Saint Merri of to-day. Perrin Marc demanded his money but Baillet, with a disdainful smile, assured him that he would never get it. In the ensuing quarrel Perrin Marc stabbed the treasurer in the armpit, killing him on the spot, and took refuge in the neighboring church of Saint Merri. Here, according to accepted mediaeval ideas, he should have been secure but the angry Dauphin, throwing prudence to the winds, despatched the Maréchal de Normandie with a troop of archers to seize the culprit. The clergy of Saint Merri had closed the doors of the church but the archers smashed them in and, despite the expostulations of the crowd, dragged the frightened boy from the altar and clapped him into the Châtelet. The next day his right hand was cut off on the scene of the crime and he was hanged on the Place de Grève.

Horror spread through the clergy at this infringement by the civil power of the time-honored right of asylum. By command of the Bishop of Paris the body of Perrin Marc was cut down from the gibbet and, followed by Etienne Marcel and a large number of bourgeois, was buried with pomp and ceremony in Saint Merri. If the clergy were outraged, the bourgeois were no less indignant; Perrin Marc was within his rights in defying the attempt at seizure, the party of the Dauphin was trying to subvert the liberties gained by the Ordinance. Antagonism centered on the Maréchal de Normandie, who had made the arrest, and on his colleague of Champagne, who became the scapegoats of a populace eager to believe that, with the marshals out of the way, the Dauphin would throw himself into their arms. The tension was by no means lessened when, in contravention of his promise, the Dauphin decreed a further debasement of the coinage.

Marcel lived in the street which took its name from

the headquarters of the trade to which he belonged—the rue de la Draperie, now the rue de Lutèce, opposite the Palais de Justice. Near Marcel's house was the church of Saint Eloi and here a meeting took place of the leaders of the bourgeoisie. Its purpose was soon to be revealed.

* * *

At nine o'clock on Thursday, February 22, 1358, the tocsin of Notre Dame pealed forth and at the signal upwards of three thousand armed men assembled in the Place Saint Eloi and, led by Marcel, attacked the palace. Brushing by the frightened guards, the crowd poured in and swarmed into the courtyards and throughout the building. Marcel penetrated to the chamber of the Dauphin and found him surrounded by his councilors. Addressing the young prince, the bourgeois leader called upon him to come to the aid of an oppressed people, portrayed the English and roving bands of freebooters at the very gates of Paris, demanded prompt and virile action. The Dauphin, pale and irritated, made no reply but turned to the two marshals beside him and appeared to be asking their advice. It was a bad move. Nor was it bettered when, as a result of the conference, he announced "that it was for those who received the profits to provide for the defense of the realm." An exchange of recriminations followed. Marcel cut short the discussion. "Sire," he said, "do not be frightened at what you see, for it is ordained, and it is fitting that it should be done." Turning to the mob, he commanded, "Do quickly what you came here to do." The crowd hurled themselves on the Maréchal de Champagne and stabbed him beside his master. The Maréchal de Normandie fled to an adjoining room, but the pack were hot on his heels and he fell without resistance. Deserted by his followers, who had scattered to the furthermost corners of the palace, the frightened Dauphin, his robes stained by the blood of his murdered minister, knelt down at Marcel's feet and humbly begged for life. Marcel bade him not

to be afraid and pulling off the red and blue hat, the insignia of the bourgeois organization, he placed it as a sign of protection on the head of the Dauphin and on his own head he placed the hat of the Dauphin, a black hat fringed with gold. Thus arrayed, he showed himself at the window to the cheering crowds.

The Maison aux Piliers, so called from the pillars of the ground story arcade, was the forerunner of the present Hôtel de Ville and occupied its site on the old Place de Grève. It was to the Maison aux Piliers that Marcel repaired on leaving the palace after the murder of the marshals and from a window in this building he addressed the crowd and appealed for their support,—the massacred ministers were traitors, what had been done was for the public good. "We acknowledge the deed and we stand by it," they cried to him and, headed by Marcel, the crowd surged back to the palace. The abandoned and bewildered Dauphin promised that he would be the people's friend; he was even forced to ratify the death of his ministers and the crowd withdrew, exultant. Shortly afterwards Marcel sent to the Dauphin two pieces of cloth, one blue, one red, bidding him make hats thereof for himself and his followers. The hats were made and worn by the members of the royal household, by holders of public office and even by the members of Parliament. The humiliating livery was a confession of defeat, an acknowledgment of servitude. Henceforth four bourgeois, including Marcel himself, were members of the royal council. The popular victory seemed complete.

Marcel's feet rested, however, on shifting sand. The murder of the marshals was a false step, alienating the more conservative bourgeois opinion. But for the moment all was well. The Dauphin was virtually a prisoner in his palace on the island and the gates were closely watched to prevent him from joining his supporters outside Paris. A nobleman who had attempted to arrange for the Dauphin's escape was beheaded at Les Halles by the orders of the Prévôt.

One dark night, about a month after the affair at the palace, the Grand Pont, the Pont au Change of today, saw a boat glide silently beneath the great arch. It was the Dauphin escaping from his palace. Thomas Fougant, Master of Waters, and Jean Perret, Master of the Arch of the Grand Pont, had been induced by royal gold to lift the barrier which closed the arch of the bridge each night. Two months afterwards, their guilt discovered, they were decapitated on the Place de Grève and their bodies were quartered and hung on the city gates. Their lives were nearly saved by a characteristic mediaeval superstition. When the Master of the Arch had placed his head upon the block, the executioner, overcome by an attack of epilepsy, rolled on the ground, foaming at the mouth. The people cried out that it was a miracle, a sign from on high proving that the accused were unjustly condemned and so loud waxed the popular clamor that it looked for a moment as if the block would lose its victims, when a lawyer of the Châtelet, who was watching from a window in the Maison aux Piliers, cried out that it was no miracle and that Raoullet, the executioner, was subject to such fits. Grudgingly, the crowd subsided and the justice of the Prévôt took its course.

At Compiègne the nobles, seven thousand strong, rallied around the escaped Dauphin and advanced on Paris, capturing Saint Maur and the bridge at Charenton. Marcel hastily pushed forward the work on the fortifications, took possession of the Louvre, blocked the Seine and prepared chains which could be drawn across the streets. Too shrewd not to perceive that with the murder of the marshals his Rubicon was crossed, Marcel cast about for support in the impending fight between the bourgeois of Paris and the royal power. To his natural allies, the bourgeois of the provincial cities, he made fervent appeal. He sought to revive in them the old spirit of civic independence, portrayed the wrongs sustained by the common people at the hands of those who had so badly upheld the national honor at Crécy and at Poitiers, and called upon them to unite against these

"new Saracens," to defend "le bon peuple, les bons laboureurs et les bons marchands, sans lesquels on ne peut vivre," but despite his pleadings, they refused to follow the commune of Paris in the path of revolution.

With the peasants it was another matter. Of Jacques Bonhomme, as he was contemptuously called, the saying went, "Oignez vilain, il vous poindra; poignez vilain, il vous oindra"—"Anoint a commoner, he will sting you; sting a commoner, he will anoint you." The stinging treatment was fully carried out. A favorite diversion for a party of young nobles was to topple a peasant into his own flour bin while his wife was violated and when the ridiculous and indignant Jacques emerged all white and puffing, the laughter waxed loudest. None too prosperous in the best of times, the peasants now faced the added burdens of famine, of pillaged fields and of extortionate ransoms for their noble masters so ingloriously taken prisoner at Poitiers. The worm turned and frightful was the turning. Castles were pillaged and their inhabitants massacred, men, women and children. Cities closed their gates and nothing stood in the way of this holocaust of carnage and destruction as it swept across the desolated countryside. Against the menace of extinction the nobles took alarm and those in territory where the storm had not yet broken hurriedly united in self-defense.

At this time—June, 1358—the Duchess d'Orléans, the Duchess de Normandie and about three hundred noblewomen were in great danger in the city of Meaux. The revolting peasants, the terrible Jacques, were bearing down on the city, which was itself not unfriendly to their cause. As reinforcement to the Jacques, Etienne Marcel despatched two companies of bourgeois militia, commanded by a grocer of the rue Saint Denis named Pierre Gilles. The sole defenders of the helpless women were the Count de Foix and a band of sixty nobles. Fighting under the eyes of their ladies fair, the knights outdid themselves, and with the advantage of being well armed, charged their ill-equipped adversaries, broke their

ranks, butchered large numbers of the fleeing peasants and drove others into the Marne.

The reverse at Meaux, in dealing a death blow to the Jacquerie, as the peasant revolt was termed, deprived Marcel of an important ally. The cities had failed him and now the peasants had proved of little help. Overtures to the Regent were answered by demands for his head. In desperation he leaned to the one resource left, the King of Navarre, and even went so far as to admit within the city walls a number of the followers of Charles, to whom he assigned posts on the ramparts. Many of these mercenaries were English and were looked upon with hatred and distrust. Feeling was intensified by an unfortunate accident. A Parisian force, six hundred strong, who had made a sortie to drive off pillaging bands, were surprised, as they were returning through the Bois de Boulogne, and massacred. Marcel was accused of having betrayed them. To make matters worse the double siege by the English and Navarrois was making itself felt in a shortage of supplies. The grumbling against the Prévôt was fomented by the agents of the Dauphin and Marcel was in desperate straits. He turned definitely to the one way out.

Charles the Bad, at the head of his troops, was to be admitted into the city on the night of the thirty-first of July and the houses of the enemies of Marcel were already marked with chalk that the new rulers of Paris might know where to strike. With a band of sixty followers Marcel dined that evening in the Bastille Saint Denis,[1] the fortress which guarded the gate of that name, and demanded that the keys of the Porte Saint Denis be turned over to Josseran de Mâcon, treasurer of the King of Navarre. The guardian of the gate, Jean Maillart, one of the most influential members of the Marchandise de l'Eau, was regarded by Marcel as his closest friend, but in secret he was the leader of the partisans of the Dauphin. He flatly refused Marcel's request. "Plusieurs

[1] Not to be confused with the Bastille of revolutionary fame which was the Bastille Saint Antoine.

grosses paroles" were exchanged and Maillart, followed by his friends, went through the streets leading to Les Halles crying, "Montjoie et Saint Denis, au roi et au duc." The alarm took effect and sleepy citizens tumbled from their beds. Marcel and his men hurried to the gate of Saint Antoine but found that Maillart and his band had forestalled them. High words led to blows and though "Marcel, who was well armed and had a helmet on his head, defended himself right well, Maillart or Jean de Charny with a blow from an ax on the head struck him down on the bodies of his followers."

The next morning, Maillart harangued the citizens at Les Halles, proclaiming the treason of Marcel and his attempt to surrender the city to Charles the Bad. The Parisians were quick to turn against their former idol. The bodies of Marcel and his followers were dragged through the mud of the streets and exposed naked on the steps of Sainte Catherine du Val des Escholiers, which a month before had seen the knife-hacked ministers of the king, and were finally thrown into the Seine at the Port Saint Paul.

The next day, August 1, 1358, the Dauphin reentered Paris at the head of his troops. There was some noise of acclamation but little real enthusiasm for this pale, long-faced monarch. Who could foresee that the tribulations of his youth and that ill health, which, by barring enterprises of mad chivalry, chained him to his duties as king, were to so ripen and develop his character that he would go down in history as Charles the Wise? After his coronation at Reims in 1364 he abandoned his palace on the island, which had also been his prison, and henceforth, except for occasional state ceremonies, it was reserved for the administration of justice, a purpose for which it continued to be used, so that we know its modern successor as the Palais de Justice. In the eastern part of the city, district of the loyal Marchandise de l'Eau, Charles V established his new residence,—the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul.

III. The Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul.

The Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul in the fourteenth century was by far the most magnificent royal palace in Paris, not excepting the Louvre. Far from being a unified structure, it was a patchwork collection of existing hôtels, a conglomeration of Gothic buildings spread out over considerable ground and connected by galleries, courts and gardens. Charles' first step towards the creation of this new royal residence was the purchase of the Hôtel d'Etampes which fronted on the rue Saint Antoine between the rue Saint Paul and the rue du Petit Musc, and which was known, after the installation of the royal court, as the Hôtel Saint Paul. This was merely a beginning for Charles immediately began adding to his domain by the purchase of neighboring hôtels, so that the term Hôtel Saint Paul eventually applied to the entire district between the rue Saint Antoine on the north, the Seine on the south, the rue Saint Paul on the west and the rue du Petit Musc on the east.

The palace was a mediaeval marvel in point of luxury and splendor. The rooms were named after some famous personage, such as the Salle de Thésée (Theseus) and the Salle de Charlemagne, the latter a huge room decorated with frescoes and tapestries portraying the history of that mighty monarch. Sauval tells us of an antechamber, a royal bedchamber (chambre où gît le roi), an upper chapel, a lower chapel for the servants, a library, which was undoubtedly much used by its book-loving owner, a council chamber for ordinary use, a larger one for general assemblies, a bathroom, a room for vapor baths, two hot rooms, a *jeu de paume,* kennels, an aviary and houses for wild boars and lions. The stained glass windows showed heraldic devices and images of the saints. Iron bars furnished protection against intruders and a lattice work of the same metal "prevented the birds from coming in." There were no seats other than benches; the king alone had chairs upholstered in red leather with silk fringes and decorated with the royal

coat of arms. The beds were covered with cloth of gold. The chamber of the queen was decorated with frescoes portraying a forest of flowers and trees among which children walked to and fro. The scale on which Charles constructed this "hostel solennel des grands esbattemens," "this awe-inspiring hôtel of great buildings," is indicated by the size of the great fireplaces before which ten to twenty persons might warm themselves at one time. A huge retinue of servants and tradesmen were housed within the walls, forming a permanent population of several thousand souls.

An eye to usefulness as well as ornament presided over the laying out of the gardens for there was no telling when the hôtel might be besieged by a second Marcel. Fruit trees abounded, song-birds were to be heard on all sides and, intermingled with the lilies and rose bushes of the gardens, were vegetables and aromatic herbs. Grapevines produced a highly esteemed wine. Thus Charles V and the unhappy madman, Charles VI, who reigned after him, found the pleasures of the country within the gates of their capital. Aside from visits to Vincennes and Beauté sur Marne for the hunting, they spent most of their time in this "hostel," for which Charles V expressed such "love, pleasure and singular affection" that he issued a decree whereby it was to remain in perpetuity the domain of the Crown. Sometimes indeed the monarchs went to hold court at the Louvre or at the palace on the Ile de la Cité, but returned the same evening to sleep in safer quarters. In the reign of Charles V, the hôtel was the scene of brilliant receptions to foreign ambassadors. "When noble princes or their messengers came to visit him," writes Christine de Pisan of Charles V, "they dined with him and, if they were notables, sat at his table. At his dinners when great princes were there and even at solemn feasts, the table service, the noble ornaments of gold, the silk tapestry hung on all the walls of his rich chambers . . . the many strange coats of arms, the ornaments on every side, the cloth of gold, the large heavy vessels of

gold and silver, the great sideboards covered with flagons of gold and with cups and goblets and other gold vessels set with precious stones, the wines and delicious meats were wonderful to behold, and so excellent were the arrangements that notwithstanding the great quantity of people none were injured in the throng." [1]

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After Charles the Wise, Charles the Foolish. In the wake of festivities, the gloomy days of insane delirium.

"What caused the greatest astonishment," writes a contemporary of Charles VI, "was that in periods of madness when his spirit was covered with thick darkness, he forgot neither his familiar associates nor servants, whether present or absent, while he failed to recognize either the queen or his children even when they presented themselves before him. If he perceived his arms and those of the queen engraved or painted on the windows or on the walls, he rubbed them out, dancing the while in a burlesque and indecent fashion. He pretended that he was named George and that his arms were a lion pierced with a sword. It was feared that in his fits of madness when he had no consciousness of his dignity, some accident would befall him, and all the entrances to the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul were closed. He often exhausted his strength in running to and fro in his palace. However, he was not always in the same frame of mind; he had occasional intervals of calm. At such times he was present at the councils, received ambassadors and answered all questions with sufficiently good sense but afterwards he was seen to change; he shuddered and cried as though he had been pricked with a thousand points of iron and declared that he was pursued by his enemies."

The hôtel was the scene of one of those singular revels which accompanied the marriage of widows and which brought on a relapse of the king's madness. This was

[1] Livre des faits et bonnes meurs du sage roy Charles.

the famous Bal des Ardents which followed the wedding ceremony of one Catherine de Hainserville, a lady-in-waiting to the queen, who was marrying for the third time. As was the custom on such occasions a group of courtiers, six in number, arrayed themselves in a cloth disguise to which strips of wool were attached with rosin to represent the hair of wild apes. Chained together in this fantastic garb, they suddenly appeared in the ball-room, uttering piercing cries and dancing madly about. In an attempt to discover their identity, Louis d'Orléans advanced a torch too near the motley crew and the rosin and wool were instantly ablaze. As luck would have it, the Duchess de Berri recognized among the dancers her nephew, the king, and with great presence of mind wrapped her dress about him and so saved his life. Another dancer broke loose and jumped into a tub of water but the other four were fatally burned. "They were nearly half an hour in burning like torches," relates the unperturbed chronicler.

Although his father had fled the center of Paris to be safe from popular uprising and to that end had established the Hôtel Saint Paul in what was then an outlying district, Charles VI was himself doomed to become a prisoner in his father's place of refuge. The English, invited by the Burgundian faction, were again invading France; Agincourt (1415) was another Poitiers. Burgundian at heart, the Parisians hated the Armagnacs, the party of the crown, even to the point of preferring the English. The popular uprising of the Cabochiens, so called from their leader, a butcher named Caboche, recalled the terrifying days of Etienne Marcel. The mob besieged and overran the new palace as their fathers had overrun the old, hurling violent abuse at the cowering madman, its tenant. They put a stop to the music and dancing within its walls and carried off several of the king's advisers for trial, disposing on the way of the best hated among them.

The king was abandoned for the most part by his wife and children, for Isabelle of Bavaria preferred the

Hôtel Barbette—the hôtel near which her brother-in-law and lover, Duke Louis d'Orléans, was tragically murdered by Jean sans Peur, the Duke de Bourgogne. Her royal spouse was left to the ministrations of the daughter of a horse merchant, one Odette de Champdivers, nicknamed "la petite reine," who seemed to be the only person who could manage the king when the madness was upon him. As a result of the intrigues with the English of his wife and Jean sans Peur—for the unscrupulous Isabelle did not hesitate to ally herself with her lover's murderer—Charles saw his daughter married to Henry V of England. The English king and his bride came to live at the Hôtel Saint Paul before moving to the Château de Vincennes, where Henry V died, leaving as English claimant to the throne a child of ten months. Henry VI proved to be a pale and weak boy, bowed down by the curse of his insane grandfather. The meeting between the puny monarch and the aged Isabelle tempts us to pity a moment that unlovable queen. "They told the royal child that it was his grandmother," writes a contemporary.[1] "The two shadows looked at one another. The pale young figure removed his hood and saluted. The old queen bowed most humbly before him and turned aside, weeping."

The intriguing Isabelle survived her mad husband thirteen years, terminating her sinister existence shut up in the Hôtel Saint Paul. "Her body was so scorned," writes Brantôme, "that it was taken from the hôtel and put in a small boat on the river Seine without pomp or ceremony. Attended only by four monks, each with a lighted candle, it was carried to Saint Denis for burial exactly as though it had been that of 'une simple demoiselle.'"

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Scarcely more agreeable than those of his father were the associations of Charles VII with the Hôtel Saint Paul. His grandfather, Charles V, had rid the country

[1] Manuscrit de la Bibliothèque Nationale. (Fr. 2813).

of the English, but the faction-sown reign of his mad father, Charles VI, afforded a new opportunity for invasion. Their victory at Agincourt had left the English masters of all Normandy. Paris, defended by the Connétable d'Armagnac, was besieged by Burgundian bands. There was no commerce; the fields were uncultivated; there was no bread; famine and plague were imminent. The worst was yet to come. On the night of May 29th, 1418, three years after the Armagnacs had gone down to defeat at Agincourt, young Perrinet Leclerc, son of the guardian of the Porte de Buci near Saint Germain des Près, under the smart of punishment for some youthful misdeed, stole the keys from beneath the pillow of his sleeping father, lowered the drawbridge and opened the gate to the Burgundians. Six hundred horsemen filed down the narrow rue Saint André des Arts, clattered across the Pont Saint Michel, traversed the Ile de la Cité and the Pont au Change and at the Grand Châtelet joined four hundred bourgeois who were waiting for them. At the first cries of "Notre Dame! Vive le roi, le dauphin et le duc de Bourgogne!" the populace were abroad, wearing embroidered on their garments the red cross of Saint André, symbol of the house of Burgundy. They broke into the Hôtel Saint Paul, awoke the sleeping king and obliged him to mount horse and ride throughout the city to show that he authorized what was done in the name of the duke. The courageous and devoted Tanneguy du Châtel, Prévôt of Paris, had anticipated the mob and rushed to the Hôtel Saint Paul where he wrapped the sleeping Dauphin, the future Charles VII, in his bedclothes and carried him to the Bastille. The next morning he got him safely out of Paris.

It was high time. True to the traditions of the frightful feud which had begun with the murder of Louis d'Orléans by Jean sans Peur, the Burgundians lost no time in imprisoning and massacring the Armagnacs. The Conciergerie, the Châtelet, Saint Eloi and the other prisons were first gorged with prisoners who were later

set upon and despatched in blind fury. "Kill the dogs," was the cry at the Conciergerie where the nobles were imprisoned, "these traitorous Armagnacs who have sold the kingdom of France to the English." All who were found there were killed outright, even the luckless wretches imprisoned for debt. "Nor did they leave in a prison of Paris," writes the Bourgeois of Paris in his "Journal," "except the Louvre, because the king was there, a single prisoner whom they did not kill by fire or sword."

In the wake of the victorious Jeanne d'Arc and the retreating English, Charles VII returned to Paris in 1439 but spent little time in the hôtel from which the Prévôt had rescued him. He preferred the Hôtel des Tournelles on the other side of the rue Saint Antoine. Under his successors, beginning with Louis XI, the buildings of the Hôtel Saint Paul were, one by one, despite the edict of its founder, alienated from the crown until finally under François I the "hostel solennel des grands esbattemens," where Charles the Wise had reigned in splendor and his unhappy son had dwelt in misery, ceased to exist and streets were laid out through its grounds.

IV. The Hôtel de Sens.

Most visitors to Paris whose artistic curiosity carries them beyond a perfunctory "doing" of the Louvre find their way to the magnificent collections of the Musée de Cluny and the Gothic-Renaissance hôtel which so fittingly houses them. Others may have discovered on a visit to the Gobelin tapestry works the building known as the Maison de la Reine Blanche at No. 17 rue des Gobelins, while others again, returning from the Musée Carnavalet, may have experienced the joy of stumbling upon that delightful Gothic tower at the corner of the rue Vieille du Temple and the rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

But it is reserved for "the passionate few," in Arnold Bennett's phrase, to discover what is doubtless the most impressive example of civil architecture in Paris of the end of the fifteenth century, the Hôtel de Sens. Ideally

situated at the meeting of five roads and bordered on either side by tortuous ancient streets is the fortified façade of the Hôtel de Sens. Less influenced than Cluny by the comfort-seeking, peaceful Renaissance, the Hôtel de Sens remains essentially the austere Gothic fortress of the days of feudalism. Cluny's squared doors and wide windows are thrown open to the sunlight of the new era; Sens, with her picturesque turrets, stands as a grim sentinel of the warring past. Why this warlike appearance, so little in accord with the comparatively peaceful end of the Middle Ages? The explanation we shall find in the character of its builder, a soldier by trade and an archbishop by accident, who seems to have imparted to the Gothic dwelling in the rue du Figuier his own blunt and downright personality.

The Hôtel de Sens was the Paris residence of the Archbishops of Sens. The capital of one of the seventeen provinces of Gaul and favored by the Emperor Julian, Sens, in Roman days, was of greater importance than Paris and thus it happened that Paris was placed under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Sens, a jurisdiction which endured to the seventeenth century. In the early Middle Ages, the archbishops had no need of a residence outside their own city for when they fared abroad they were sheltered gratis by the monasteries; but in course of time, as the monasteries began to make a charge for their hospitality and the archbishops waxed rich and powerful, they felt the need of a fixed residence in the capital. Their first hôtel in Paris was built in 1296 at a point further up the Seine, near the rue du Petit Musc. Charles V, anxious to acquire this hôtel to incorporate it in his Hôtel Saint Paul, persuaded the archbishops to accept in exchange a hôtel further down the river at the end of the rue du Figuier. The rue du Figuier building having fallen in ruins, a new hôtel, the one we see today, was erected on the same site at the end of the fifteenth century by the Archbishop Tristan de Salazar.

Who was the architect? We can only conjecture for

there is no record to clinch the matter. Perhaps it was executed by Tristan's accredited architect, Martin de Chambiges, who constructed the transept for the archbishops' cathedral at Sens, the west front of the cathedral at Troyes and the north façade of that at Beauvais, or very possibly Tristan himself had a hand in its stern and martial design.

Tristan de Salazar, the son of a Spanish captain, had crossed the Alps with Louis XII in his Italian campaigns. Made archbishop because his father had saved the life of Louis XI, Tristan remained a blunt and fearless soldier, accustomed to ride into battle lance in hand. So little of the ecclesiastic was in his temper that when in need of relics for the chapel of the Hôtel de Sens, Tristan calmly stole the foot and winding sheet of Saint Bartholomew from the church dedicated to that saint in Genoa. Protests were not long in reaching the ears of Louis XII and the pious robber was compelled to restore his sacred booty.

The influence of the Archbishops of Sens extended to affairs of state. Beginning with Tristan's successor, Duprat, they wielded no small political power and there was henceforth a close connection between the Louvre and the hôtel of the rue du Figuier. The main feature of Duprat's tenancy was a meeting in the great hall of the hôtel, known as the Council of Sens, at which he assembled the bishops of his jurisdiction for the purpose of condemning Luther and his adherents. For this zeal in combating heresy, a zeal according ill with his character which was far from apostolic, Duprat became the butt of the Protestants, who nicknamed him, in reference to his enormous bulk, "Sa Grandeur Ventripotente." So fat was "His Stomach-potent Highness" that when he sat down to dine the tables had to be arranged in a hollow square to enable him to reach his food. Nor was Duprat's case exceptional, for the prelates of Sens were famous for their attachment to the good things of this world. When Louis I of Lorraine, dubbed "the Cardinal of the Bottles," was passing through Geneva he was served with some

trout from the lake which found instant favor with the archiepiscopal palate. "The people of Geneva are heretics," he declared, "but the fish are certainly not." This recalls the complaint of Erasmus at the meagre fare of the Collège de Montagu, "I have the soul of a good Catholic but alas, the belly of a Lutheran."

When Henri IV entered Paris at the close of the sixteenth century, the occupant of the Hôtel de Sens was the choleric and fanatical Cardinal Pellevé. His violent temper was evinced on one occasion when a citizen having neglected to salute him, Pellevé seized him, swore at him and threatened to drown him in the Seine. Following the election of Pellevé as chief of the League, the hôtel became the headquarters of that organization. Pellevé was ill in bed when the chimes of Notre Dame across the river rang out at an unwonted hour. On inquiring the cause of the unexpected Te Deum he was told that it proclaimed the entry into Paris of Henry of Navarre. The shock occasioned by this trafficking with the heretic was too much for him and he suffered a relapse from which four days later he died, "a good Spaniard and a poor Frenchman" in the phrase of a contemporary.

After the death of Pellevé, the archiepiscopal seat of Sens remained vacant for some time; it was not until 1596 that the king appointed Renaud de Beaune, who showed as great a zeal for his monarch as Pellevé had exhibited for the Guises. Renaud's Gargantuan appetite was remarkable even in this dynasty of "bons viveurs." After a substantial dinner at six Renaud retired to bed at eight, awoke at midnight and consumed a hearty meal, feasted again at four in the morning, regaled himself at eleven and managed to eke out the time until dinner with the aid of two light lunches. He dared not walk or take exercise, we are told, for fear of "awakening" his voracious appetite. His wits apparently remained undulled for he was an able scholar and an indefatigable worker.

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During the incumbency of this worthy prelate, a strange tenant came to the Hôtel de Sens. This was none other than the flighty and seductive Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre, she of the bewitching blue-gray eyes and the dark hair, which was concealed in the latter part of her long amatory career by a blond wig. Repudiated by her husband, Henry of Navarre, Henry the Fourth of France, Margot, as her brothers disrespectfully termed her, had been exiled to Auvergne. As long as Gabrielle d'Estrées was alive Margot had refused the king a divorce, having no wish to see "that disreputable hussy" on the throne of France, but when Gabrielle's untoward demise removed the possibility of Henry's marriage with his favorite Margot gave her consent. In the meanwhile Marguerite was confined by the king's orders in the Château d'Usson in Auvergne under the surveillance of the Marquis de Canillac. The irrepressible lady promptly seduced her jailer and reigned as mistress in the château which was to have been her prison. After eighteen years of life in Auvergne the pleasures of the capital proved beyond resisting and so it happened that, one fine day, the news was brought to Henry that Marguerite was at the gates of Paris. Resolved apparently to put a good face on the matter, Henry welcomed his divorced wife at the Louvre and cast about to find her lodgment.

The Hôtel de Sens having been left temporarily vacant by the appointment of Renaud de Beaune to the Grand Mastership of the Collège de Navarre and his subsequent withdrawal to the left bank of the Seine, Henry had little difficulty in obtaining the archiepiscopal dwelling. The Parisians, mockers ever, were not slow to find food for mirth in the occupancy of this pious abode by a princess whose morals were in such ill accord with the religion she devoutly professed and "La Reine Vénus" was no sooner installed in August, 1605, than a placard appeared on the door of the hôtel satirizing in broadest terms her licentious life. Fair, fat and twelve years beyond forty, Marguerite continued to sustain her reputa-

tion for coquetry and amorous dalliance. It was said that she slept between black sheets to offset the whiteness of her skin. To conceal the blotchy complexion induced by her corpulence she was the first to introduce the use of face powder at the French court. Her lover of the moment was a page in her retinue, the son of a tinker of Arles and formerly a lackey whose name of Julien Date was amended by his elderly mistress to Date de Saint-Julien. Now began an epoch full of songs and cooings, wherein for weeks at a time Marguerite would shut herself up with her lover in a room of the Hôtel de Sens of which the walls were lined with tapestries of a palm tree design emblematic of the beloved Date. Their happiness was short-lived for a jealous rival brooded outside the chamber door. This was the eighteen-year-old Count de Vermond, who had been brought up in the Château d'Usson under the eyes of the queen,—eyes in which he had found favor until eclipsed by Date, two years his senior.

One April day in 1606, La Reine Margot, driving in her coach with her youthful lover by her side, returned from mass at the Convent of the Célestins and drove up before the Hôtel de Sens. Saint-Julien was assisting his inamorata to alight when a shot rang out and he fell dead. The assassin, who was none other than the jealous Vermond, took horse and made off, the henchmen of the queen in pursuit. Being badly mounted he was overtaken before reaching the Porte Saint Denis and brought back to the Hôtel de Sens, there to be confronted with the prostrate body of his victim. "Turn him over," he cried, "that I may be quite certain he is really dead. How happy I am! If he were not dead, I would finish him."

The infuriated princess declared she would neither eat nor drink until the murderer of her lover had been executed and immediately wrote a letter to the king demanding justice. Two days later a scaffold was erected before the Hôtel de Sens and while Marguerite looked on from a turret window, Vermond was executed on the scene of his crime. When the culprit refused to ask par-

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.
The first wife of Henri IV.

don of the queen and haughtily flung aside the torch with which he should have made the "amende honorable," the wrath of the daughter of Catherine de Medici knew no bounds. "She roared like a lioness," relates a contemporary. "Kill him, kill him," she cried. "If you have no arms, take my garter and strangle him." When Vermond's head fell beneath the executioner's ax the royal spectator, exhausted by her fast, fainted away. That evening she left the Hôtel de Sens, never to return.

Scarcely was she gone when the story of her murdered lover and her summary vengeance was thus set forth in verse and widely sung in the streets of the town:

"La Royne Vénus, demi-morte
De voir mourir, devant sa porte,
Son Adonis, son cher amour,
Pour vengeance a devant sa face,
Fait desfaire, en la mesme place,
L'assassin presque au mesme jour." [1]

Marguerite went first to her hunting lodge at Issy but, finding this too far away, she soon moved to her new hôtel on the left bank of the river from the windows of which she could look across at the Louvre, where her divorced husband was residing with his second wife, Marie de Medici. Here in a gay round of fêtes, masquerades and balls, she pursued her amorous frenzies to the end of her days.

Her character was not wholly frivolous. She was widely read, was fond of poetry and music and anticipated the Marquise de Rambouillet by assembling in her receptions at the Hôtel de Sens, besides a number of utterly worthless characters, distinguished scholars, poets, musicians and artists. Her epitaph may be found in the words of a contemporary,—"On the twenty-seventh

[1] "Queen Venus, stricken low
At seeing die before her door
Her Adonis, her dear love,
For vengeance, has, before her face,
Beheaded in the same place,
The assassin, almost the same day."

of the month of March [1615], there died at Paris the Queen Marguerite, the last survivor of the race of Valois, a princess full of goodness and of good intentions for the welfare and peace of the State, who did harm to no one but herself." [1]

* * *

Following the departure of Marguerite, Renaud de Beaune returned to the archiepiscopal dwelling and resided there until his death in 1606. His successor, Jacques Duperron, known from his controversial prowess as the Converter, instructed Henri IV in the Catholic religion. He was present at the latter's abjuration and in place of the king received on his back the blow of the pole which was the supreme penitence of the reconciled heretic. As a reward, no doubt, for this sacrifice, he was made a cardinal the following year. Like Henry of Navarre, Duperron had himself been a Huguenot, but early in his career was advised by the poet Desportes that advancement was worth a mass. He was accordingly appointed reader to Henri III and because of his skill in argument soon acquired a great reputation. Duperron having proved in a long discourse, at which the king was present, that God existed, Henri was much pleased and warmly congratulated him, whereupon the Converter offered to prove for equally valid reasons that God did not exist. The angry monarch drove him from court but Duperron did not long remain in disgrace. On the road to Vincennes he pursued the royal coach, crying out in piteous lamentation, "Sire, Sire, c'est le pauvre Duperron!" and the king pardoned him.

The year 1623 marks a turning-point in the history of the Hôtel de Sens for in that year the bishopric of Paris was made an archbishopric. Though their ecclesiastical sovereignty over Paris was at an end, the archbishops of Sens did not relinquish their hôtel, but it was less frequently used by them and from now on this abode

[1] Journal et Mémoires de Pontchartrain.

of fat churchmen and ribald queen fell on evil days. In the last half of the seventeenth century it was rented to a succession of private citizens for whom it still served as residence, but the neighborhood was losing caste and the commercial invasion was at hand. Finally it became the starting point of the Burgundy coaches and from its cobbled courtyard and through the Gothic doorway clattered and rumbled the "Lyons Mail," which gave its name to the stirring melodrama in which Henry Irving starred.[1] When the Revolution broke loose, this church property was confiscated and sold to "Citizen" Petit of the rue des Nonnains d'Hyères. The nineteenth century saw it used as a shelter for wagons and the erstwhile apartments of the archbishops served as kitchen and dining hall for burly wagoners from Auvergne. This was an epoch of sad disfigurement both within and without the old hôtel and the vandalism even reached a point where statuettes from the façade were sold to visiting foreigners. When the wagoners quitted the Hôtel de Sens it became successively a laundry and a manufactory of food products and was afterwards shared by a dealer in rabbit skins and an optician who manufactured geodetic instruments. Finally it was restored by a jam-making concern. The last private tenant was a glass manufacturer.

As far back as 1842 began the struggle on the part of lovers of Old Paris to obtain possession of the building and prevent further mutilation. Victor Hugo, who was the first to raise his voice in defense of Gothic monuments, sounded vigorous but vain protest against the destruction of the rue du Figuier side of the hôtel. Various societies interested in Old Paris made repeated efforts to induce the municipal authorities to purchase the building but the owners, scenting a good thing where the city was buyer, asked on each occasion an exorbitant price. Finally the struggle waged by "Les Amis de Vieux Paris" prevailed and in 1911 the property passed to the city.

[1] "Le Courrier de Lyon" is still in the repertoire of the Théâtre Porte Saint Martin.

While the hôtel has undeniably suffered from its adventures in trade, we have no reason to feel sorry that Paris was made a bishopric in 1623 and that the archbishops lost interest in their residence. For had they remained, they would most certainly have discovered that they possessed a barbaric Gothic structure, out of fashion and unworthy of their rank and dignity, and would have replaced that delicious façade with some pompous neo-Doric atrocity better suited to the taste of "le grand siècle." So let us thank God that his henchmen left when they did. At present, a part of the hôtel is used as a lodging house and the rest lies in a sadly dilapidated condition. There has been talk of converting it into a museum and undoubtedly when the housing crisis is past and the tenants can be decently evicted it will be used for some such purpose.

Meanwhile the shades of the past run riot in the grande salle where the Leaguers convened and where Queen Marguerite held her literary "academy." They haunt the tower and lurk in the dungeon where ecclesiastical offenders were imprisoned and where the jealous Count de Vermond spent the last forty-eight hours of his life. At midnight we may picture them stealing into the courtyard there to disport in some ghostly dance of death. The nocturnal saraband is headed by Tristan de Salazar, armor clad and lance in hand. He is followed by the corpulent shade of "Sa Grandeur Ventripotente," by the joyous Guise, "the Cardinal of the Bottles," by the zealous leaguer, Pellevé, the ill-omened chimes of Notre Dame still ringing in his ghostly ears, and by that prince of gourmands, Renaud de Beaune, freed of his too solid flesh and dancing beyond fear of impending appetite. When the merriment is at its height, the cry is raised "The Queen, the Queen," and through the arched doorway slips a shadowy equipage. A well-loved servitor opens the door and from the coach descends "La Reine Vénus," powdered and frilled as of yore and ready to join in the festivities with an ardor unabated by three centuries. Hark! the tooting of an invisible horn and the

cracking of an unseen whip and the lumbering Lyons Mail sways into the courtyard. Ghosts of past occupants crowd to welcome it and we may descry in the encircling throng the buxom shade of a blanchisseuse, the liberty-capped Citizen Petit and a spirit with the bullet head and stubby figure of a wagoner from Auvergne. But the dawn is already whitening the little market across the way, and lo! they have left us, this motley company, priest and wagoner, laundress and queen, and we are left in reverie before Tristan's soldier-like façade.

V. The Arsenal turned Library.

In the southeastern corner of the Quartier Saint Paul, near the Seine and just beyond the eastern or up-stream end of the Ile Saint Louis is the Arsenal which turned Library. It is now the second most important library in France both in number and value of books and manuscripts but that is not our reason for visiting it. We are concerned with its associations with that most human and sympathetic of French monarchs, Henri IV, and with the brilliant group of writers who represented the Romantic movement in France; we shall find there seventeenth and eighteenth century decoration well worth the seeing, and there we may turn over the pages of a beautiful mediaeval manuscript thumbed some seven centuries ago by a French king's saintly fingers.

In 1410, Charles VI conceded to the city of Paris for the storage of cannon some barns occupying land beyond the Convent of the Célestins and between the Bastille and the Seine. One of these barns was "borrowed" by François I, who appropriated another and, despite repeated requests from the Prévôt des Marchands, they were never given back. His son, Henri II, tore down the barns and built a royal arsenal on their site. On the 13th of January, 1563, one of the seven powder mills caught fire. The terrific explosion which followed killed a score of persons and wounded as many more. It worked havoc in the houses of the neighborhood, destroyed the

stained glass windows in the Chapel of the Célestins and in the old Church of Saint Paul and even damaged several windows in Notre Dame. The blame was laid on the Huguenots, who had succeeded the Jews of the Middle Ages as general scapegoats, and an immediate massacre was averted only by a royal edict requiring the inhabitants of Paris to surrender all arms in their possession at the Hôtel de Ville. Reconstruction was begun at once and pushed rapidly forward by Charles IX who feared a Huguenot rebellion. The new arsenal was a vast establishment occupying, with the exception of the ground belonging to the Célestins, the triangle bounded by the Seine, the present Boulevard Henri IV and the Saint Martin canal. Its population of two thousand workmen formed a miniature city over which the Grand Master of Artillery, in accordance with an ancient feudal custom which assigned him the "bailliage" or bailiwick of the Arsenal, reigned as absolute monarch with powers of life and death over his subjects.

The first name of interest in the list of Grand Masters is that of the Duke de Sully, minister of Henri IV, and with it, as we might expect, is closely associated that of his boon companion, Henri of France and Navarre. At the miniature court which Sully held at the Arsenal, fêtes, ballets and masquerades were of frequent occurrence over which the grave Grand Master presided with solemn dignity. Henry came here often on horseback, in his coach, or by boat on the Seine, for only at the Arsenal could he take council of Sully, free from the eavesdropping spies which beset the Louvre. The Hôtel of the Grand Master at that epoch fronted on the river, for a narrow arm of the Seine flowed where the Boulevard Morland is now, making the region to the south an island called the Ile Louviers, an island which lasted until 1843. A pleasant walk, lined with trees, extended along this arm of the Seine and here, in fair weather, King and Minister were wont to stroll, deep in discussion of affairs of state or of Henry's domestic infelicities. When it rained, the bosom friends paced up and down

in the great halls of the Arsenal where the sight of the cannon gladdened the heart of the soldier monarch. Sometimes their colloquies would be interrupted by the arrival of that sinister adventurer, Zamet, to announce that one of his famous dinners was awaiting the royal approbation in his Italian palace of the rue de la Cerisaie. So fond was Henry of the Arsenal that he expressed a desire to have an apartment in its precincts, where, free from etiquette and spies, he might spend a few days of each month. A wing was accordingly added on the south side and overlooking the Seine so that Henry's pied-à-terre could be easily reached by boat from the Louvre and its royal tenant could take a plunge in the river when the fancy seized him. But alas for the best laid plans of mice and monarchs! Henry never occupied the apartment built expressly for his use. The fate he had long foreseen at last befell him. While on his way to the Arsenal to visit Sully, who was ill at the time, his coach was blocked in the rue de la Ferronnerie and its royal occupant was fatally stabbed by the red-bearded Ravaillac.

With the death of the Gascon monarch and the departure of Sully, the Arsenal changed character and while it remained a depot for arms it was no longer a factory for making cannon and powder. Louis XIV built new arsenals on the frontier and in the old, although he did not beat the casts for making cannon into ploughshares, he used them for casting statues for the park of Versailles and the parks of his other châteaux. In 1634 Marshal de la Meilleraie came to live in the Arsenal as Grand Master of Artillery and, on his marriage three years later to Marie de Cossé, redecorated for his wife the apartment which had been constructed for Henri IV.

* * *

The study and bedroom of Henri IV exist today, transferred to another part of the building. The decorations, though dating approximately from the middle of the seventeenth century and attributed to Simon Vouet and

Pierre Mignard, partake of the character of the Renaissance; the arabesques, chimeras and infant figures, with garlands of flowers and leaves, are charmingly executed.

In the room known as the *Cabinet de Sully,* which served as bedchamber for the Duke and Duchess de la Meilleraie, the walls are ornamented with paintings which recall the feats of arms of the Duke and among others the siege of La Rochelle. One painting, which goes back to the time of Sully, represents the Entry of Henri IV into Paris in 1594. It was owned by Mme de la Meilleraie and was placed here among the military triumphs of her husband. Over the mantelpiece is a charming nymph by Van Loo. The features are those of the Duchess du Maine, whose husband, the son of Louis XIV and Mme. de Montespan, was at one time Grand Master of Artillery. Adjoining is the bedroom of Henri IV converted by Mme. de la Meilleraie into an *oratory* and decorated with a gallery of famous women, including Esther, Sémiramis, Judith, Débora, Bérénice, Marie Stuart and Jeanne d'Arc. The picture representing Marie Stuart is in reality a portrait of Mme de la Meilleraie. The delicate gilt panels make of this room a little jewel. Later on, the Marquis de Paulmy, bibliophile and founder of the library which was destined to take peaceful possession of the Arsenal, lined the walls of bedroom and oratory with his books and it is to this happy circumstance that we owe the preservation of the paintings, for when the revolutionists ran riot the paintings were concealed by the Marquis' books and were thus preserved for posterity.

The name of the Duchess du Maine attaches to a *salon* which is one of the most delicate specimens of woodwork of the first half of the eighteenth century (1725-1728). It was designed probably by Boffrand.

* * *

In the second half of the eighteenth century, the Arsenal was better known by the library of the Marquis de Paulmy than by the debris of the artillery museums

which Sully had created there. "The iron at the Paris arsenal," wrote Mercier in his "Tableau de Paris en 1784," "is only good for making soup. . . . Instead of engines of war, one sees there, across large panes of glass, a curious library which belongs to the Marquis de Paulmy. A garden, with a fine view, affords a promenade for the inhabitants of the Marais who always have an antiquated, not to say annoyed air; the quarter is altogether different, even in the manner of promenading, from the rest of the city." From Paulmy the library passed to the Count d'Artois, was confiscated during the Revolution, at the Restoration was given back to the Count d'Artois, and was by him returned to the State.

The Arsenal library was the cradle of the Romantic movement. When Charles Nodier, one of the best-loved leaders of the young Romantic school, was appointed librarian in 1824, he assembled here the great writers who have made famous in literary history the third decade of the nineteenth century. Frequenters of this first cénacle were Victor Hugo, Dumas, de Vigny, Lamartine, de Musset, Sainte-Beuve and that fiery young artist with the most romantic of romantic heads, Eugène Delacroix. It was in looking at the apse of Notre Dame, the tradition runs, from the balcony of Charles Nodier's apartment that Victor Hugo conceived the idea of his immortal romance, "Notre Dame de Paris." Less violently romantic than that formed later on by Victor Hugo, the cénacle of Nodier was distinguished by its tolerance of the classicist camp and it is no small tribute to the gracious tact of the host that the two factions were restrained from flying at each other's throats. Nodier united with personal charm the art of the raconteur. Leaning against the chimney, his blue eyes turned towards his youthful auditors (for Nodier was from twenty to thirty years their senior) we may picture him holding forth, as he alone knew how to hold forth, from his immense store of knowledge and his host of memories. Then turning to one or another of the poets present, he would ask him to recite some verse.

"Alors, dans la grande boutique
Romantique
Chacun avait, page ou garçon
Sa chanson."

Nor was the atmosphere always erudite. Madame Nodier and her daughter were delightful hostesses. "Nous dansions," records Alfred de Musset.

"Lorsque rassemblés sous ton aile
Paternelle
Echappés de nos pensions
Nous dansions.

Gais comme l'oiseau sur la branche
Le dimanche
Nous rendions parfois matinal
L'Arsenal.

Quelqu'un récitait quelque chose
Vers ou prose
Puis nous courions recommencer
A danser."

There is no more dancing at the Arsenal. No engines of war and no casts for making statues for Versailles, but the exquisite decorations of the oratory of the Duchess de la Meilleraie and those of the misnamed "Cabinet de Sully" are still to be seen, as well as the fine woodwork of Boffrand in the Salon de la Duchesse du Maine. An edition of Terence and the breviary of Saint Louis are fascinating mediaeval manuscripts. One is shown as well a part of the cloak worn by the crusading king and some curiosities from the Bastille. One finds moreover the "curious library" of the Marquis de Paulmy, though enriched beyond his dreaming, and in the tiny, musty, airless corridors as well as in the "antiquated, not to say annoyed, air" of the custodians one senses something peculiarly of books, bookish, which is the breath of life to the book-lover.

VI. The Marquise de Brinvilliers.

At No. 12 rue Charles V, formerly the rue Neuve Saint Paul, is an imposing gateway which conceals a house of strange associations. Despite the overawing air of privacy one may step inside the court without fear of challenge. Framed by the two wings of the house, is a little formal garden set with religious statues. In this quiet courtyard a strange peace broods, a delightful air of ancient things laid away in lavender. The gentle calm of bygone ages steals over the spirit. Yet it has not always been as quiet here "as waters stilled at even"; for three centuries ago this peaceful house harbored a little pink and white chit of a woman with the most innocent air in the world, who was destined to go down in history as the most celebrated figure in French judicial annals.

"Short and slender, with thick chestnut hair, a round and rather pretty face, sweet and very beautiful blue eyes, and a complexion of extraordinary whiteness,"—such is the portrait left us by the confessor of this monstrous little creature who sowed death on all sides. "Who would have thought," wrote La Reynie, Lieutenant of Police, "that a woman, brought up in an honest family, whose figure and constitution were feeble, of an apparently sweet disposition, would have found diversion in going into hospitals to poison the patients in order to observe the different effects of the poison?" The whole house reeked with poison; bottles of arsenic and the famous "succession powders" turned up in the most unexpected nooks and corners. Like the hospital patients, the servants of her household were the objects of the Marquise' experiments. "Having eaten ham given her by her mistress," says a contemporary, "Françoise Roussel felt as though her heart had been pierced."

Marie Madeleine Dreux d'Aubray was descended from a bourgeois family which originated in Soissons. Her father held the dignified post of Civil Lieutenant of the Châtelet. At the age of twenty-one Marie Madeleine

was married to Antoine Gobelin, Marquis de Brinvilliers, a direct descendant of the dyer whose name was given to the famous tapestry works. It was a love match and it is interesting to note that the Marquis is said to have been enchanted with the sweet disposition of his bride.

The first shadow fell across the matrimonial path when the Marquis brought to live at his house one of his military cronies, a young cavalry captain named Sainte-Croix, an illegitimate scion of a Gascon family. Sainte-Croix made a great show of piety and it was said that he even wrote books on religious subjects and was prone to "philosophiser,"—to engage in the search for the philosophers' stone—but despite these grave and pious preoccupations the youthful captain was by no means insensible either to the "gloire du monde" or to the charms of Madame de Brinvilliers. Thus it happened that he was frequently seen abroad as the brilliant and dashing escort of the blue-eyed Marquise. Though connived at by her husband, who had consolations of his own, the liaison became such a public scandal as to arouse the indignation of that stern magistrate, the Marquise' father, and one fine day, Sainte-Croix found himself taken out of the coach in which he was driving with his lady love and "embastillé" in the summary fashion of the period. To be "embastillé" was to be shut up in the Bastille by the familiar means of a lettre de cachet from the king. In the Bastille Sainte-Croix is said to have made the acquaintance of an Italian named Exili, in the service of Queen Christine of Sweden, and to have been instructed by him in the art of making poisons. Exili, so the legend ran, had held the office of poisoner under Madame Olympia, Queen of Rome, and had procured for his employer one hundred and fifty deaths by which she had acquired inheritances. According to other accounts, Sainte-Croix gained his poisoning wisdom from a celebrated Swiss chemist named Glaser, who, under the title of First Apothecary to the King, conducted a shop near the Foire Saint Germain on the rue du Petit Lion, the rue Saint Sulpice of today.

On his liberation from the Bastille, Sainte-Croix rejoined the Marquise, but the couple had gone the pace and funds were lacking for the spendthrift life they loved. The coach had been seized. Creditors were insistent. In this dilemma the knavish pair decided to make practical application of Sainte-Croix's recently acquired learning. The plan envisaged nothing less than the poisoning of all the members of the d'Aubray family that the substantial family fortune might fall to Mme de Brinvilliers. After preliminary trials at hospitals and on the servants, the Marquise was ready to begin. She selected her father as the initial victim for here was the added relish of revenge for the imprisonment of her lover, but the judicial constitution does not appear to have been very amenable to poison for Mme de Brinvilliers confessed that she tried "twenty-eight or thirty times" before success crowned her efforts. Finding that his health was not all that it should be at Paris, the magistrate moved to the country where he began at once to improve, but on being joined shortly afterwards by his daughter a relapse set in. Each change of climate seemed only to make him worse. "She put in eight months at killing him," writes Madame de Sévigné, "and in receiving his caresses and kindnesses to which her only response was to double the dose."

Freed at last from this oppressive censor, Madame de Brinvilliers increased the number of her lovers by two cousins and her children's tutor, a young theological student named Briancourt. These new attachments did not prevent her from going into paroxysms of rage when she discovered that Sainte-Croix was unfaithful to her or from threatening to poignard her husband when it reached her ears that he was supporting a certain Mademoiselle Dufay. "She had naturally a great delicacy," wrote her infatuated confessor, "and a very exquisite sentiment on a point of honor and in the matter of injuries."

To dispose of her two brothers, who were next on the list, she employed the services of a former lackey of

Sainte-Croix named La Chaussée, a curious fellow who was barber, cook, gardener, valet de chambre, man of affairs and a person of no mean intelligence. This many-sided individual she introduced into the joint household of her brothers, but the plan nearly collapsed through excess of zeal. As La Chaussée was serving, one day, at the brothers' table, the civil lieutenant arose in anger, crying, "Wretch, what have you given me? I believe you want to poison me," and, taking a leaf from the royal book, he commanded his secretary to drink from the glass. The secretary cautiously poured out a little into a spoon and declared that it smelt strongly of vitriol. La Chaussée did not lose his head. "It must be the glass used this morning by La Croix, the valet de chambre, when he took a dose of medicine," he replied, and quickly emptied the contents into the fire.

Warned by this experience, La Chaussée strung out the process by the constant administration of small doses. The poisoning began in March, 1670. By June the civil lieutenant was dead. In September his brother, the councilor, followed him to the grave. Autopsies were performed and a certain similarity of symptoms noted, but such was the state of that medical science so amusingly lampooned by Molière that the doctors, while puzzled, could reach no definite conclusion. The immediate perpetrator, if not the real author of the crime, was so far from suspected that he received a hundred crowns left him by his master for his loyal services.

Despite these successes all was not well with the conspirators. Sainte-Croix had in his possession a casket which contained over a score of letters from the Marquise, several bottles of poison and two promissory notes signed by Madame de Brinvilliers, one of which was dated three days after the death of the elder brother. The casket, destined to be an important stage property in this strange drama, was already being employed by Sainte-Croix to extort money from his mistress and the disillusioned Marquise began to perceive that it was not for her "beaux yeux" that she was loved. Quarrels were frequent.

Sainte-Croix gave her arsenic on one occasion and she saved her life only by swallowing large quantities of hot milk.

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The Marquise now began preparations for the demise of her sister and sister-in-law. Here she made a false move. She turned for help to Briancourt, the timid tutor of her children, who was in love with her, but the issue proved that he was neither so timid nor so much in love that he could be browbeaten or cajoled into complicity with her criminal designs. He even ventured to upbraid her on the evil of her ways and told her roundly that she was "la plus cruelle et la plus méchante femme" that had ever been or ever would be and it would seem that he gave warning to the intended victims. This rebuff and act of treachery were not to pass unpunished, and the infuriated Marquise turned to her favorite method. In the Brinvilliers household was a cousin of La Chaussée, a lackey named Bazile, who from now on manifested great zeal in plying the young tutor with things to eat and drink. But Briancourt was on his guard and by convicting the lackey of some rascality or other, obliged his mistress to discharge him.

Thwarted on the poisoning field, the resourceful lady changed her tactics. Feigning the greatest affection, she gave Briancourt a rendezvous in her chamber at midnight but stipulated that he must not come before that hour because of the servants. Disregarding this injunction, the tutor arrived in advance of the time set and stationed himself in a gallery from which he could see into his mistress's room. His suspicions were soon confirmed. He saw a man in rags emerge from the large boarded-over fireplace, talk a few minutes with the Marquise, kiss her affectionately and return to his hiding-place. Despite the disguise the tutor had recognized Sainte-Croix. Whether from mortification or fear Briancourt nearly fainted and fell against the door. At the sound the Marquise opened it. "What is the matter?"

she asked, "Why don't you come in?" He saw in her face, so he testified at the trial, "beaucoup de furïe, étant tout changé et tout extraordinaire." He entered and after some conversation the Marquise remarked on his sadness. "Ah, how cruel you are," cried the agonized boy, "and what have I done that you wish to have me stabbed?" Mme de Brinvilliers responded by pouncing upon him from behind and attempting to pin his arms. Shaking her off, he strode over to the chimney and disclosed the hiding-place of Sainte-Croix. "Rascal," he said, "you have come to stab me." Fearing that the noise of the encounter might have awakened the household, Sainte-Croix turned and fled, leaving the little pink and white woman alone with the man whose death she had plotted. The Marquise underwent a fit of remorse and rolled on the floor, declaring that she wished to live no more and was ready to die. Suiting the action to the word, she started for her box of poisons, but Briancourt frustrated her design. "You wanted to have me poisoned by Bazile," he reproached her, "and now you wish to have me stabbed by Sainte-Croix." The Marquise in delirium threw herself at the young man's feet protesting that such a catastrophe had never happened and never would happen and that she would pay for what she had just done by her death. Her youthful admirer, deeply moved, besought her to do herself no harm and shaken by her tears, promised to forgive and forget, and so the curtain rings down on this strange scene with the lovers sobbing in each others' arms.

Morning light brought counsel and fatuously lovesick though the boy might be, he was wise enough to realize with what sort of woman he had to deal and that her penitence was as likely to be as short as it was sweet. Accordingly his first act was to secure a brace of pistols. His second was to pay a visit to one Bocager, professor of law, who had secured him his post with the Brinvilliers, and to tell him what had transpired. The face of the professor turned pale and in his excitement he fell from his chair. "Say nothing," was his strange advice,

"neither to the curé of Saint Paul nor to anyone else; stay on where you are for a while and I will find you another situation." The poor tutor's head reeled with amazement. What interest had his mentor in shielding this dreadful woman? Two days later he was fired upon twice in front of the church of Saint Paul, one of the bullets piercing his jerkin. "Seeing that I was persecuted," recounts Briancourt, "I went the next day to Sainte-Croix with two pistols, having left a man at the street door to keep the path clear. I told Sainte-Croix that he was a rascal and an evil-doer, that he would be broken on the wheel alive and that he had caused the death of several persons of quality. Sainte-Croix told me that he had never caused anyone's death but that if I wished to go behind the Hôpital Général with pistols he would give me every sort of satisfaction, to which I replied that I was not a man of the sword but that when I was attacked I would defend myself."

Briancourt stayed on at the Brinvilliers' but took the precaution to season his food with antidotes. The Marquis likewise affected this diet. Funck-Brentano draws an engaging picture of the family at dinner. "The Marquise de Brinvilliers had Sainte-Croix placed at her right; the Marquis was on the side nearest the buffet.[1] The latter had himself very attentively waited upon by a servant especially attached to his person whom he constantly enjoined, 'Do not change my glass and rinse it every time that you give me anything to drink.' The evening over, the Marquis de Brinvilliers retired to his room. Sainte-Croix and the Marquise withdrew to the latter's chamber and Briancourt went upstairs with the children. To the horror of crime were mixed these burlesque scenes."

That she might be free to marry Sainte-Croix, the Marquise constantly attempted to poison her husband but at this point she encountered opposition from Sainte-Croix himself. Whether, as Madame de Sévigné suggests, he had no mind for a wife as "méchante" as the

[1] A strategic position evidently.

Marquise or whether his designs were better served by blackmailing from a position outside the family, it was evident that the rascal in question had no intention of marrying his mistress and accordingly administered antidotes to the unhappy man with the same regularity that the Marquise administered poisons. The common battle ground of these various drugs, "sometimes poisoned, sometimes unpoisoned," managed to survive, and although suffering from an infirmity in his legs he lived, in spite of his wife, to be a witness of her punishment. Briancourt finally succeeded in taking leave of this strange household, and as if to blot from memory its turbulent associations, retired to a monastery where he continued his profession as tutor.

*
* *

Shortly after the midnight gathering in the Marquise' chamber, Sainte-Croix died. Tradition has endowed him with a retributive end worthy of Greek tragedy. It was said that he had fallen victim to his own diabolical art, that while mixing poisons in the laboratory of his house in the Impasse Maubert a glass mask which he was wearing fell to the ground and he was instantly suffocated by the deadly fumes. As he owed debts, his effects were confiscated by the police. Among them was the casket, containing various bottles of poison together with the letters and promissory notes which Sainte-Croix had used to blackmail his mistress. The casket bore an inscription, beginning "Par le Dieu que j'adore, je prie qu'on remette ceci à Mme. la marquise de Brinvilliers, demeurant rue Neuve Saint Paul" and affirming with many protestations of piety that the contents concerned her and her alone. Madame de Brinvilliers was at once on the scene clamoring for possession. She woke up astonished police functionaries at weird hours of the night, offering "all that she had in the world" for the coveted casket. Such eagerness was suspect. Moreover the widow of Sainte-Croix, aware of her husband's liaison and fear-

ing that the casket contained a gift to the Marquise to the prejudice of her own claims, demanded that the casket be opened.

Thrown out on the street by the death of his master, La Chaussée turned up with the claim that a sack addressed to him, containing two hundred pistoles and a hundred silver crowns, would be found behind the window of a cabinet in Sainte-Croix's laboratory. He also demanded various other papers, stating their exact location. His familiarity with the laboratory was duly noted by the police and now a blow was to fall from an unexpected quarter. The widow of the poisoned civil lieutenant and sister-in-law of Madame de Brinvilliers demanded an investigation. La Chaussée was arrested, tried and sentenced, albeit on the flimsiest of evidence, to be broken on the wheel. The Marquise de Brinvilliers was condemned by default to be beheaded. To extort the names of his accomplices the unlucky valet was put to that mediaeval torture which subsisted till the Revolution, known as the "boots." The "boots" were four wooden boards bound about the legs of the victim with rope and compressed by the insertion of a wooden wedge. This excruciating torture the condemned man bore with singular bravery and disclosed not a word. It was only after his release from the infernal instrument when he was placed upon a mattress, brought to the chimney corner and restored with brandy that, conscious of his impending death, he spontaneously confessed all.

Perceiving that the casket and its incriminating contents were not to be restored to her, Mme. de Brinvilliers had fled to London where, accompanied only by a kitchen maid, she led a miserable life with scant funds. Louis XIV took a lively personal interest in the case but negotiations for extradition moved slowly and before they could be effected the Marquise had made off to the continent. After wandering about Picardy and Flanders she finally entered a convent at Liège where she felt herself secure but where, deprived of that "gloire du monde" she coveted, she suffered from intense boredom. Relief

was on the way. A genial French abbé appeared at the convent who at once set himself the task of lightening the ennui of the little pink and white exile. Suave and smooth of tongue, with ingratiating manners, the young cleric wormed his way into her affections. One morning he invited her to go for a drive outside the city. The plan was to take dinner at an inn renowned for amorous rendezvous on the banks of the Ourthe, an invitation which the lady readily accepted. By the poplar trees which border the river, the coach in which the couple were driving met another coach and halted. From the second coach stepped four archers and the abbé revealed himself in his true colors—one Desgrez, a police agent in the service of La Reynie, the Paris Lieutenant of Police.

The volatile Marquise was trapped. She was taken under guard to Maëstricht, where she tried to commit suicide first by swallowing a glass which she broke with her teeth, then by swallowing pins, and a third time in a revoltingly brutal fashion. Brought to Paris with an imposing escort of a hundred horsemen, she was imprisoned in the Conciergerie in the topmost room of the original Tour Montgomery, named for the Count de Montgomery whose misfortune in fatally wounding Henri II in a tournament cost him his life. It was later occupied by the red-bearded Ravaillac who assassinated Henri IV and by the young Calvinist poet, Théophile de Viau, who left trace of his passage in licentious verses upon its walls. In this chamber of grim associations the Marquise divided her time between piquet to relieve her boredom and further attempts at suicide.

After the arrest, Desgrez returned to the convent and ransacked the room of Madame de Brinvilliers where he unearthed a dozen sheets of paper each carrying a few lines in the handwriting of the Marquise. It is a curious sort of litany in which the lady notes down bluntly her manifold crimes. Of the twenty-eight indictments, some of the more printable will show the character of this extraordinary document.

"I accuse myself of having given it [poison] to a woman to give to her husband.

"I accuse myself of not having honored my father and of not having rendered to him the respect which I owed him.

"I have committed many adulteries with a married man [Sainte-Croix] during fourteen years.

"I accuse myself of having given a great deal of property to this man and he has ruined me.

"I accuse myself of having poisoned my father myself. A lackey gave him poison. I was vexed at the imprisonment of this man [Sainte-Croix]. And besides I was to have his [her father's] property. I had my two brothers poisoned and there was a boy broken on the wheel for that [La Chaussée].

"I wished many times the death of my father and of my brothers a score of times.

"I wanted to poison my sister, she having spoken to me about my manner of life, which was horrible.

"I accuse myself of having given poison to my husband five or six times. Regret seized me. I had him well taken care of and he got well. But he is always the worse for it.

"It was in order that I might be well-to-do.

"I accuse myself of having taken poison and of having given it to one of my children because she was pregnant.

"I have confessed at Easter during seven years and gone to communion without intention to mend my ways. And since then I led the same disordered life. And I have not confessed it.

"I accuse myself of having burned an outhouse on one of our lands and it was to avenge myself."

* * *

There was little else talked of at Paris aside from the Brinvilliers case. "Cela fait tort aux affaires de la guerre," writes Madame de Sévigné. Incidents concerning the Marquise were now recalled, such as that which

gave rise to the term "succession powders." One day, flushed with wine, Mme. de Brinvilliers mounted the stairway to her chamber with a small casket in her hand. Meeting a servant on the way, she said to the woman, "I have here something with which to avenge myself on my enemies. There are in this box many successions," and showed the contents of the box. It chanced that the maid was the daughter of an apothecary and recognized the contents as sublimate. The phrase was attributed to Madame de Brinvilliers, "When a man is displeasing he should be given a pistol shot in a cup of bouillon."

Madame de Brinvilliers' singular will power and force of character made a strong impression on her judges. Though disgrace and death loomed before her, she was inflexible. "It is a spirit which astonishes us," said the presiding magistrate, President Lamoignon, "She could not have had more respect for the judges nor greater haughtiness towards the witness with whom she was confronted, reproaching him with being a drunken valet expelled from the household for his bad conduct whose testimony ought not to be received against her." To Briancourt, disordered and sobbing, she scornfully flung, "You have no courage, you are weeping; you are a fellow of low degree to weep before all these gentlemen." But Briancourt was not alone in giving way to his emotions; President Lamoignon himself wept, all the judges wept, the accused alone was adamant; there were no tears in her cold blue eyes. Funck-Brentano likens her to the heroines of Racine of whom Taine has written, "On devine les larmes qui n'arrivent pas jusqu'à leurs beaux yeux." In haughty tones she denied the accusations made against her; of poison and antidote she knew nothing, the supposed confession found at Liège was a piece of pure folly. But the evidence was too strong. Her sentence was read to her:

"The Court has declared and declares that the said d'Aubray de Brinvilliers, duly charged and convicted of having caused to be poisoned Maître Dreux d'Aubray,

her father, and her two brothers, civil lieutenant and councilor in the said Court, and of having made an attempt on the life of the deceased Thérèse d'Aubray her sister, and for reparation has condemned and condemns the said d'Aubray de Brinvilliers to make *amende honorable* before the principal door of the Church of Paris, whither she will be conducted in a cart, barefoot, a rope about her neck, holding in her hands a burning torch weighing two pounds and there, being on her knees, to say and declare that, wickedly, by vengeance, and to have their property, she poisoned her father and her two brothers and made an attempt on the life of the deceased her sister, of which she repents and asks pardon of God, of the King and of Justice; this done, to be led and conducted in the said cart to the Place de Grève of this city, there to have her head cut off on a scaffold, which for this purpose will be erected in the said square; her body to be burned and the cinders thrown to the winds, she having been given the *question ordinaire* and the *question extraordinaire* to reveal her accomplices."

The reading finished, Madame de Brinvilliers asked to have the sentence read again, explaining that the clause ordaining the humiliating ride in a cart had so troubled her that she had paid no attention to what followed. Her request was complied with and the accused was then led to the torture chamber to undergo the question. In this mediaeval survival, which was supposed to serve the ends of justice by extorting confession of crime and accomplices, the victim was strapped to a table and water was poured down his throat by means of a funnel. In case of refusal to swallow, the nostrils were blocked so that the mouth involuntarily opened for air. First came the *question ordinaire* which was applied by pouring down four quarts of water. If this did not elicit sufficient information it was supplemented by the *question extraordinaire* which involved another four quarts.

"She entered," writes Madame de Sévigné, "the place where they were to give her the question, and seeing three vessels of water exclaimed: 'That is certainly to drown

me, for with my small size they can't expect me to drink all that!'" She then turned to her accusers. "Gentlemen," she said, "all this is useless. I will tell everything without being asked. Not that I expect to escape the question, my sentence decrees that it shall be given me and I do not expect to be let off from it, but I will declare all first. I have denied everything up to now because I thought to defend myself by that means and that I would not be obliged to confess anything. I have been convinced to the contrary and I will conduct myself according to the precepts which have been given me. And I can assure you that if I had seen, three weeks ago, the person whom you have given me in the last twenty-four hours you would already be in possession of what you are now going to learn." She then made a complete declaration of her crimes, affirming that her only accomplices were Sainte-Croix and the two lackeys. Asked about the composition of the poisons which she used, she mentioned vitriol, arsenic and toad's venom.

The frankness of her words carried conviction, but she was nevertheless given the question. Meanwhile Père Pirot, her confessor, to whom she had paid the tribute of declaring that his earlier arrival would have elicited a confession at a much earlier date, was himself in agony at the thought of the tortures his charge was enduring. When it was over he returned and found the victim on a mattress by the fireside. The Christian resignation induced by the spiritual ministrations of the good father had given place to anger before the brutality she had just endured. The priest found her "extrêmement émue, le visage tout en feu, les yeux étincelants et fumants, la bouche altérée." She denied everything, charged Briancourt with bearing false witness and accused Desgrez of having suppressed some papers found at Liège. Under Pirot's soothing words she grew calm. His influence over her had been from the beginning a source of wonderment to all. At first rebellious, she seems to have been completely won by him, less no doubt by the pedantic matter of his consolations than by the sensibility and kind heart

revealed in his attitude and in the tones of his voice. To any sort of religious training the condemned woman was a complete stranger and her ignorance of the Scriptures amazed the good man. When he spoke to her of Jezebel, she asked if Jezebel were a Christian. She had never read the Old Testament; the New she had taken up at the convent at Liège "by way of distraction."

The Marquis de Brinvilliers with no little generosity requested pardon for his erring spouse but without success. This extraordinary fellow had calmly installed himself with his family and servants in the Château d'Offémont, a property which had belonged to his father-in-law and the brothers-in-law whom his wife had poisoned, and it required two lettres de cachet from Louis XIV before he could be persuaded to turn it over to the rightful owner, the widow of the civil lieutenant.

* * *

Before her execution, Madame de Brinvilliers was allowed to go to the chapel of the Conciergerie to pray. As she was leaving the chapel, a crowd of aristocratic women jostled each other to see her pass. Stung to the quick at this indignity, the Marquise regarded them fixedly a moment, then turning to her confessor, remarked, "Monsieur, this is a strange sight." In the gaping throng was Olympe Mancini, a niece of Mazarin and Countess de Soissons, that "sombre Italienne noire de corps et d'âme," in Michelet's telling phrase, who was soon to flee the country suspected of having poisoned her husband.

The Marquise de Brinvilliers passed through the doorway of the Conciergerie, barefoot and dressed in a coarse white shirt. In one hand she held the taper carried by penitents and in the other a crucifix. An immense crowd was waiting for a glimpse of her; the majority cursed her while some few had words of pity. She got into the cart, her confessor took his place beside her and the executioner and his assistant completed the party on this sorry ride. As the cart advanced slowly through the crowd,

Le Brun, who was in the throng, made a sketch of the Marquise, which is now in the Louvre.[1] She was concerned about the coarse shirt which they had made her wear. "Me voilà tout habillée de blanc," she exclaimed. Pirot tried to turn her thoughts to higher things but in the midst of his exhortations her face suddenly contracted with anger for she had caught sight of Desgrez, the pseudo-abbé whose wiles had entrapped her. She requested the executioner to shift his position that she might be spared the sight of the enemy whose dupe she had been. Her confessor objected that such conduct was scarcely becoming a Christian. Meekly she asked the executioner to change back again.

Madame de Sévigné was an eye-witness of the proceedings from a window of a house on the Pont Notre Dame, which she had rented for ten pistoles. "July 16, 1676, about six o'clock in the evening, they led her naked except for a shirt, a rope around her neck to Notre Dame to make the *amende honorable* and then they put her back in the same cart, where I saw her lying back on the straw in a shirt and low mob-cap, a doctor [of divinity] beside her, the executioner on the other side. Truly it made me shudder. Those who saw the execution say that she mounted the scaffold with great courage. As for me, I was on the Pont Notre Dame with the good d'Escars; never have so many people been seen in one place, never has Paris been so moved and so attentive."

From Notre Dame the journey was again a slow one through the hooting crowds to the Place de Grève. On the way a physical fear seized the condemned woman and she turned trembling to her confessor; there could have been no mistaking her sentence, she was to be beheaded and then burned, she was not to be burned alive? The good father reassured her. The executioner gave a word of encouragement. "It is not enough, Madame, to have come thus far and to have answered Monsieur, you must go through with it to the end." She nodded her head.

Her attitude at the last, thanks to her complete resig-

[1] No. 853.

nation to the good counsels of her confessor, seems to have been one of great piety. The executioner placed the ladder against the scaffold. "She looked at me," writes Père Pirot, "with a gentle face and with an expression full of gratitude and tenderness, the tears in her eyes. 'Monsieur,' she said to me, in clear tones which showed her self-possession but which were as frank as they were firm, 'it is not here that we are to separate. You have promised not to leave me until my head is severed. I hope you will keep your word.' And as I could not reply because the tears and sighs which I kept back with difficulty choked my words, she continued, 'I beg you will pardon me and not regret the time which you have given me. I am grieved to have given you, on my part, so little satisfaction, at least at certain moments; I ask your pardon. But I cannot die without begging you to say for me a De Profundis on the scaffold at the moment of my death, and tomorrow a mass. *Souvenez-vous de moi, Monsieur, et priez Dieu pour moi.*'"

She mounted the scaffold with a radiant air of penitence and submission, her features enshrined in a sort of heavenly beauty. Her manner awed the crowd. "Ce fut un grand murmure et une grande cruauté," records Madame de Sévigné. The mob, which had begun by reviling her, were soon to scramble for her bones as though she had been a saint. To the protracted and none too gentle ministrations of the executioner, who cut and arranged her hair so that her neck might receive the knife, she submitted with patience. She knelt facing Notre Dame. Her eyes were bound. The condemned repeated her last prayers with her confessor. The executioner wiped the perspiration from his forehead. There was a dull thud.

* * *

"Monsieur," said the executioner, turning to Père Pirot, "n'est-ce pas un beau coup? I always recommend myself to God on these occasions and up till now he has helped me, but for the last five or six days this lady has

made me uneasy and buzzed in my brain; I will say six masses for her," and uncorking a bottle of wine, he drank a deep draught.

"Well, it's done," writes Madame de Sévigné with her breezy cheerfulness, "the Brinvilliers is in the air, her poor little body was thrown after the execution into a very great fire and the cinders flung to the winds so that we breathe her in the air, and by the communication of evil spirits some poisoning humor will seize us which will astonish all."

A "poisoning humor" most certainly did seize the French aristocracy of that epoch to the astonishment of all. The priests of Notre Dame declared that the greater part of those whose confessions they had heard for some time past confessed to having poisoned someone. The situation recalled the year 423 at Rome and the poisonings of the Italian Renaissance. "Devineresses," as they were called, acquired hôtels, coaches and splendor by preying upon a superstitious age (what age is not?) through fortune telling, the black arts and the selling of poisons. Because of the exalted rank of the persons involved the matter was a delicate one and to deal with it a special court, the Chambre Ardente, was appointed. There was alarm in all the great families. Suddenly a halt was called in the Court's investigations. Its findings were never published. In February, 1680, a woman known as La Voisin was convicted of foretelling the future, of instituting the Black Mass and of selling poisons. She was executed and a few unimportant scapegoats were punished. But there the matter rested for it was whispered that the trail had led to the very shadow of the throne and that among the clients of La Voisin was no less a personage than the reigning favorite of Louis XIV, Madame de Montespan.

L'EXECVTION

REMARQVABLE,

DE MADAME DE BRINVILLIERS,

qui a eſté condamnée à faire Amande honorable devant Noſtre-Dame, & de là conduite à la Gréve, pour y eſtre Décollée & enſuitte jettée au feu, pour avoir empoiſonné ſon Pere, ſes Freres, & quantité d'autres gens de Condition.

IL faut mourir ma Sentence eſt renduë;
Mais ce ſeul mot me rend toute eſperduë,
Me faut mourir deſſus vn échaffaut,
C'eſt pour punir mes trop cruels deffauts.

An Old Wood Cut Depicting the Execution of Madame de Brinvilliers.

THE SAINT PAUL QUARTER.

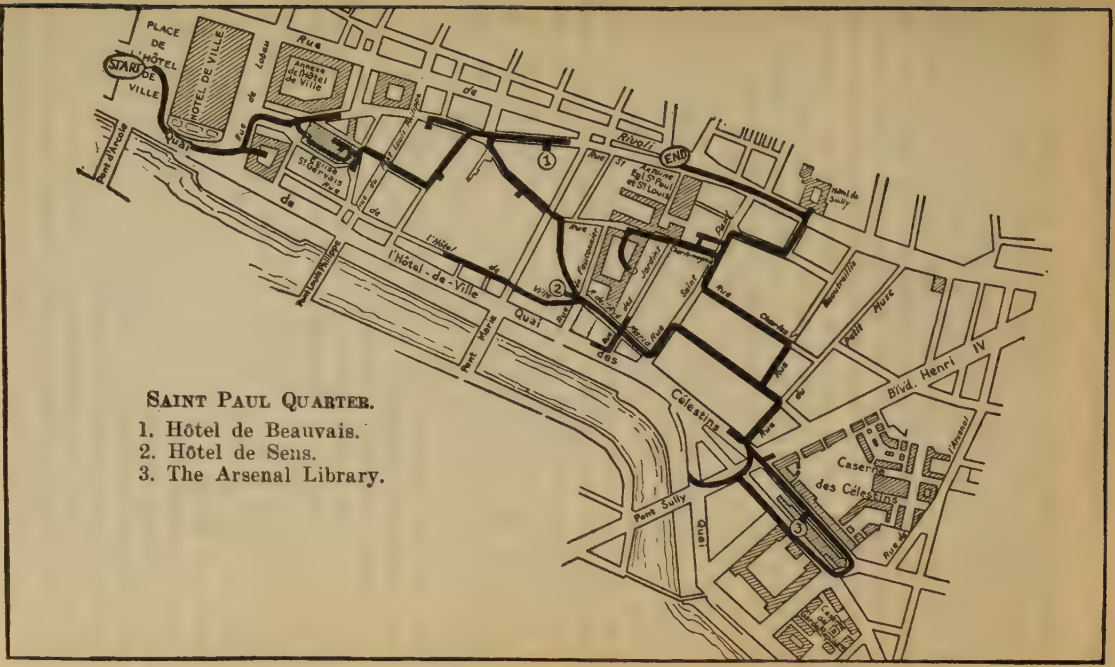
Part II. A Ramble.

We have found that the boundaries of the Quartier Saint Paul are the Seine, the rue Saint Antoine, the Hôtel de Ville and the Canal Saint Martin; we have read something of its history and we have followed the story of some of its hôtels. We may now ramble about its ancient streets, seek out the Hôtel de Sens, peep inside the Arsenal Library, visit the home of the Marquise de Brinvilliers and discover as we go, many another quaint hôtel of historic and architectural interest.

Start at the western end of the quarter at the Place de de l'Hôtel de Ville. (Métro station: Hôtel de Ville. Busses.)

I. The Old Place de Grève and Saint Gervais.

The life of any city must center, in greater or less degree, about the municipal structure which houses its administration and to this rule Paris is no exception. To recount the historic events in which the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville has figured would be to write a history of France but we must pause long enough to note that here was the starting point of all the great popular insurrections. At a window in the Maison aux Piliers, which stood on the site of the present Hôtel de Ville, we have seen Marcel appealing to the people for justification of the murder of the king's advisers and we have seen the crowd, stirred by his words, surging back to the royal palace in the Ile de la Cité to demand further concessions from a helpless Dauphin. A quarter of a century later, in the reign of



Saint Paul Quarter.

1. Hôtel de Beauvais.
2. Hôtel de Sens.
3. The Arsenal Library.

Charles VI, the Place was the scene of another insurrection when the Maillotins stormed the Maison aux Piliers, and, getting possession of the new mallets stored there against another English invasion, made themselves masters of the town. Some three centuries later during the Fronde, the rebellion in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV, the paving stones of this historic square were torn up to construct barricades. To the Hôtel de Ville, in the greatest revolution of them all, trooped the crowd from the Palais Royal garden, inflamed by the oratory of Camille Desmoulins in his impromptu speech delivered from a chair, the chair which a daring sculptor has immortalized in stone. Arms they demanded for the newly voted civic guard, arms obtained that night from gunshops and used, two days later, in the attack on the Bastille. Victorious from that attack, the crowd brought their prisoners to the Hôtel de Ville, hanging many of them on the way.

The Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, like the street of that name, has not always borne so prosaic a designation. Until 1830 it was called the Place de Grève because of the gravel washed up by the Seine on the sloping bank. It was the gathering place of men out of work, especially masons, who lived near by in the old rue de la Mortellerie (rue de l'Hôtel de Ville) and thus the word "grève," meaning originally gravel, acquired a derivative meaning of stoppage of work or strike. To regain the mediaeval aspect of the Place de Grève we must conjure away this appallingly wide open space and imagine in its stead something irregular and cramped, sinister and sombre. For despite its bland official air, it was once the site of gallows and scaffolds and resounded with the screams of poor devils whose bodies were tortured on wheels and burned on funeral pyres. From the beginning of the fourteenth century down to 1832, the Place de Grève has been the scene of capital punishments. In the middle was a Gothic cross "without an image and without pity," approached by eight high steps destined to receive the prayers of the unhappy victims. The first to die was one Marguerite Porette, burned as a heretic and a "drinker of blood" in 1310. Here the Count de Montgomery, who had mortally wounded Henri II in a tournament, forfeited his head to please a vindictive widow and here Ravaillac was butchered for having assassinated a greater monarch, Henri IV. Here Montmorency Bouteville

and his cousin, des Chapelles, paid the price of dueling in the era of the dread Cardinal and here the throngs gathered to witness the brave death of that terrible little woman, the Marquise de Brinvilliers. Here, too, the Marquis de Favras was executed in 1790 for having engaged in a counter-Revolutionary plot and here Cartouche, the gentleman bandit of the eighteenth century, ended his amazing career. In the May and June of 1792 the guillotine plied its grim trade on the Place de Grève.

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The first Hôtel de Ville, or the first hôtel to be given that name, succeeded the Maison aux Piliers in the reign of François I, but the wars of religion intervening, the hôtel was almost a century in the building and was not completed until the reign of Louis XIII. This Hôtel de Ville of François I was burned by the Communards in 1871. The fine Renaissance building which we see today is modeled very much on the plan of its predecessor. The **interior** contains paintings of uneven merit. One is swept along relentlessly by the guide but try to see, as you wing your way through: in the **Salle Lobau,** "Etienne Marcel protecting the Dauphin" by Jean Paul Laurens; in the **Salon des Sciences,** the ceiling by Besnard; and in the **Salon d'Arrivée Sud,** panels representing summer and winter by Puvis de Chavannes.

Circle the Hôtel de Ville by the river end. Among the numerous statues which bedeck the building it is an amusing game to see how many friends one can recognize. On the ground floor on the river side, best seen from the plaza, are Mme. Roland of Revolutionary fame and (beyond) a youthful Mme. de Sévigné. Facing the river stands the too high perched but imposing equestrian statue of the haughty Prévôt des Marchands, holding aloft the Great Ordinance protected by a sword.

The building at the corner behind the Hôtel de Ville and its twin on the other side of the open square were constructed as barracks by Napoleon III who appreciated the strategic advantage of stationing troops near the starting point of revolutions. 1871 lopped off the head of the imperial eagle on the frieze of the nearer building. Here several Communards were lined up and shot; the curious may enter the court to see the bullet-spattered walls. This

building is connected by an underground passage with the Hôtel de Ville and with its neighbor across the way.

Walk down to the nearest entrance of the Hôtel de Ville, guarded by the disdainful lions of Jacquemart. At the back of the open space is the Church of Saint Gervais-Saint Protais.

"Wait for me under the Elm."

In mediaeval days, this open space, which has since been leveled, was known as the Monceau Saint Gervais, or Saint Gervais Mound, and was a much frequented meeting place. In front of the church is a twenty-year-old elm which was planted here in 1914 through the initiative of the present curé of Saint Gervais. It is the successor of a huge tree known as the Saint Gervais elm, the ancestor of which was supposed to have been planted by the Druids. Under the spreading shade of the Saint Gervais elm the judges of the time of Saint Louis rendered justice, tax collectors collected taxes, citizens transacted business and lovers exchanged vows. We may conceive that these agreements, legal and extra-legal, were sometimes honored in the breach, that the anxious lover waited in vain, that the seeker after justice found the waiting long, and that the debtor lay low in a neighboring tavern chuckling over the discomfiture of some anxious creditor who was fretting under the elm. At any rate the saying, "Attendez-moi sous l'orme" became an ironical invitation to a rendezvous which the giver had no intention of keeping. "Attendre sous l'orme" meant "Wait till doomsday."

When did the last great elm disappear? Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables" mentions the Saint Gervais elm to fix the locality of the barber shop where Gavroche came in the hope of stealing a cake of soap—the exemplary gamin—from the outdoor counter but remained to see the little Thénardiers thrown out by the barber. You recall the sequel; how he took them manfully in charge, housed them in Napoleon's plaster elephant of the Place de la Bastille and later avenged these unsuspected brothers of his by smashing the shop window of the stony-hearted barber. This is one of Hugo's topographical slips for the elm was certainly not here at the time of his story in 1832, and the consensus of opinion is that it did not outlive the Revolu-

tion, or at latest the First Empire. According to a story in "Le Petit Parisien" of October 3, 1915, it would seem that the new elm runs true to mediaeval tradition as a place of rendezvous. Two young shoplifters, with a purloined bottle of rum, there awaited an accomplice, described as an "ex-petite danseuse." The waiting under the elm was long, so they sampled the rum with such liberality as to attract the attention of police inspectors, who found their pockets stuffed with stolen goods and marched them off to prison, where the "ex-petite danseuse" came to claim them but remained to join them. In the early days of the World War a group of twenty young recruits, who had just been accepted at the neighboring mairie of the fourth arrondissement, joined hands, danced around the elm and sang the Marseillaise in the very shadow of the church where the barbarian invader was to wreak such havoc.

The memory of the ancient elm is preserved not only in the young tree which the good curé planted but in the choir stalls and lighting fixtures of the church and in the block of houses to the left of the church.[1] Erected in 1733, these houses replace fifteenth century buildings constructed by permission of Pope Sixtus IV on the border of the ancient cemetery. In the window railings above the entresol you will see the well-wrought design of an elm, the work of a master iron-worker named Baptiste Bouillot. On the church, below the sign "rue François Miron" are the words "Loix et Actes de l'Autorité Publique" marking a spot where bulletins were posted during the revolutionary period.

Saint Gervais.

The Renaissance marked the change from the vertical lines and pointed arch of the Gothic mode of building to the horizontal Græco-Roman traditions of colonnade and pediment. While the early French Renaissance drew its inspiration from the Greek, with a feeling for delicacy and purity of treatment, the later builders, influenced by Rome, sought to reproduce the majesty and imposing mass of its architecture. To this later period belongs the façade of Saint Gervais, designed by Salomon de Brosse (1616-1621).

[1] A shop sign representing the Saint Gervais elm was formerly in this neighborhood and later at 20 rue du Temple. It is now in the Musée Carnavalet, to the left after mounting steps near entrance.

It marks the first application in France to a religious building of the three classic orders which are here superimposed,—Doric, Ionic and Corinthian. The façade is barren rather than majestic and the width is disproportionately narrow in relation to the height. The multiple niches of a Gothic church have been reduced to two, which contain the statues of the saints to which the church was dedicated, Saint Gervais and Saint Protais. Notice their ciphers with martyrs' crowns on the doors and in the garlands of the entablature.

Gervasius and Protasius were two young officers of the Roman army who perished at Milan in the year 63 under the persecutions of Nero. Towards the end of the fourth century, Saint Ambrose by divine inspiration found their mortal remains at the exact moment, observes Grant Allen, when he needed relics for his newly built church (A. D. 387). Two centuries later, Saint Germain, Bishop of Paris, brought back some relics of the saints to Paris. Owing to the fact that these holy men were renowned for their miraculous cures, their relics were held, at a time when plagues ran riot, in the greatest veneration and a church was erected to house them. The sixth century chapel was replaced by a larger church in the thirteenth century. The present building was in process of construction throughout the sixteenth century and in the early years of the seventeenth; to the seventeenth century it owes the incongruous façade incontinently slapped on to a Gothic building.

The **interior** is a beautiful example of late Gothic. The slender, unbroken shafts, gracefully molded where they blend into the ribs of the vaults, are characteristic of the final stage of Gothic architecture, when in Michelet's exquisite phrase, "the Gothic caught fire, leapt up in the tongues of the Flamboyant and disappeared."

In the **second and third bays** of the nave the vaulting is whiter and newer than the rest, recalling the atrocity of Good Friday, 1918.

In that last year of the World War, Paris had sustained an irregular bombardment on Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week. Wednesday and Thursday were quiet. Both sides were pledged to abstain from bombardment of cities on Good Friday. The reputation of the Chanteurs de Saint Gervais always attracts crowds to the Good Friday service

and the church was jammed. It was dimly lighted by a few candles to be extinguished one by one in commemoration of the dying Saviour. The Psalms had been recited, the first notes of the organ had sounded and the choir was about to begin the lament of Jeremiah when suddenly there was a sharp report, followed by a series of crashing sounds. The Hun shell had pierced the roof and struck one of the piers. The vaulting fell in a blinding mass of dust and plaster. Seventy-five were killed and ninety wounded. Policemen, firemen, the Republican Guard and the American Ambulance were early on the scene aiding in the work of rescue. Cardinal Amette, the Archbishop of Paris, treading his way among the bodies of the slain, wept on the arm of an accompanying priest. "Les misérables, les misérables," he cried, "ils ont choisi le jour et l'heure de la mort du Christ pour commettre ce crime."

Proceed down the **R.** aisle. In the **first chapel** is a Christ on the Cross attributed to Philippe de Champagne. This seventeenth century artist was buried at Saint Gervais and here lie the tragic poet Crébillon and the comic poet whose life was so far from comic, Paul Scarron. It was in this church that Madame de Sévigné, the delightful letter writer of the seventeenth century, was married to her volatile husband.

Altar commemorating the victims of the Good Friday outrage in the **second chapel** of the nave. Painting on **first pier of choir, L.**, and tablet, **R.**, riddled with holes from the effect of the shell. In the **second chapel** of the choir, stained glass window by Pinaigrier (restored) representing the Judgment of Solomon. One may note, in passing the next chapel, an appealing "Saint Genevieve restoring sight to her mother" by Boulanger, a pupil of Ingres. In the large chapel at the curve of the apse is the theatrical and partly dismantled tomb of Michel Le Tellier, Chancellor of France. Le Tellier, on his death bed, craved of Louis XIV what was to prove so terrible a blunder, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. At the Chancellor's funeral at Saint Gervais, Bossuet delivered one of his greatest orations. In the Chapelle de la Vierge the three central windows, depicting the lives of Saint Anne and the Virgin, are also by Pinaigrier though much restored. From the vaults hang elaborate pendants, characteristic of flamboy-

ant Gothic. Beyond the Chapelle de la Vierge is a door leading to the street surmounted by a stained glass window with scenes from the life of Christ. In the upper part are beautiful fragments of sixteenth century glass.

The **choir stalls** contain some quaint carving, especially the realistic scenes depicted on the misereres.

When choir and priests are compelled to remain standing for protracted periods in the church service, they are afforded relief by resting against projections on the under side of the upturned seats known as misereres. The misereres at Saint Gervais divide into two groups. The earlier group, and the more interesting, dates back to the middle of the sixteenth century and is said to have been ordered by Henri II for the church of Port Royal, the celebrated Jansenist community with which was associated the great French philosopher Pascal. On the destruction of that monastery in 1710, the seats were transported to the Chapel of the Bernardins at Paris and when that college was suppressed by the Revolution they were brought to Saint Gervais. A later group dates from the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The earlier group is that nearest the high altar, and is the first encountered on entering the little **wicket gate** beyond the second pillar from the altar.[1] In many instances, these seats were the gift of mediaeval guilds who were privileged to have a representative seated in the choir. Notice not only the misereres but the grimacing heads, human and animal, which form the **elbow rests.** Turn up each seat as you come to it.

Nearer (north) side. Lower row (beginning at second from altar): **(1) Public letter writer** at work, representing the guild of that profession. There is still an *écrivain public* at Paris near the prison of Saint Lazare. **(2)** Skip (cherub). **(3) Recumbent figure** of a woman to whom an apothecary is about to administer a purge. Guild of apothecaries. **(4) Figure with hood** with ass's ears crouching before the doorstep of a house; the owner is glaring from a window.

Passageway: panels depicting **Saint Paul** with sword and **Saint Anthony** with book, staff, chaplet, bell and pig, this

[1] Visitors are allowed in the choir on application to the sacristan.

last symbolic of the fleshly temptation in the desert. The pig reappears on front of panel.

Continue on lower row. **(1) Woman in bathtub;** a man getting into the tub strokes her chin. The male figure is beautifully carved. Guild of proprietors of public baths. **(2) Woman at confessional,** the woman's style of headdress is still worn at Naples. **(3) Naked child** lying on a tomb, his elbow resting on a skull. Presumably the guild of tombstone makers. A sort of death's head with laurel wreath forms the elbow rest.

Walk back and go through the **passageway** bordered by Saint Paul and Saint Anthony.

Take **upper row** beginning at the second seat to the left of pillar and **adjoining organ. (1) Crown and palms** of the martyred saints, Gervasius and Protasius. Return towards altar. **(2)** The Saint Gervais **Elm.** (These seats belong to the later group.)

Continue towards altar. (We are back in the earlier group.) **(1)** Three entwined **crescents,** the emblem of Henri II, of Diane de Poitiers and of Catherine de Medici. Their concavities are filled by three faces symbolizing youth, middle age and old age. **(2)** An architect-builder, with square in one hand gives indications to an apprentice as to the cutting of a stone. The guild of architect-builders. To the fact that architect and builder were one and the same we owe the superb individuality and strength of Gothic work. **(3) Wine merchant** tapping a cask. The guild of wine merchants. This guild and the Marchandise de l'Eau were the two most powerful guilds here represented. The next two seats lack special interest (mask and cupid); cross to the other side.

Further (south) side. Lower row, beginning nearest altar. **(1)** Skip (lion's head). **(2) Sow eating** from a bucket. Doubtless guild of pork-butchers. **(3) A man rowing** a boat. This represents the Marchandise de l'Eau whose importance in this district we understand (the harbor of Saint Paul). Expressive elbow rests. **(4) Salamander,** emblem of François I, in flames. **(5)** (Cherub).

In passageway: panels showing realistically carved **bishop** and **Saint Peter** with key to Paradise. Expressive head on front of second panel.

Continue on lower row. **(1)** Scene in a **rôtisserie,** showing fowl being turned on a spit before an open fire. Guild

of rôtisseurs. **(2) Cobbler** at work; shoes hung on the wall of his shop. Guild of cobblers. **(3) Woman of ill-repute,** with skirt caught up in front, seeking to seduce a reveler who is out larking in a masquerade costume, that of a court jester. This represents, curiously enough, the association of prostitutes, who were probably organized into some sort of guild. Segregated by royal edict in the time of Saint Louis, they were assigned, among other streets, the near-by rue Guespine (now Impasse Guépine) in this parish. They presented this miserere to the church. They were not, however, allowed a representative in the choir. **(4)** Skip (cherub). Beyond passage, and belonging to later group, **(5) monograms** of Saint Gervais and Saint Protais. We have now seen the most interesting of the misereres but the indefatigables may turn to the upper row, the group nearest the altar, and glance at the first, third and fifth misereres and the first and fourth elbow rests.

After showing you the misereres, the sacristan will conduct you, should you so desire, to the so-called **Chapelle de Scarron,** a tiny oratory which was supposed to have been erected by Madame de Maintenon for the interment of her first husband, Scarron, the crippled poet. In reality it probably belonged to the Bétauld family whose arms are over the altar. The walls and ceiling are covered with wooden panels on which are painted scenes from the life of Christ, dating from the seventeenth century and showing Flemish influence. They are said to have been restored in 1825 but are now painfully dilapidated and are to undergo further restoration.

In the **Chapelle du Sacré Coeur,** which occupies the entire **N.** transept, is a large picture painted on nine wooden panels, depicting the principal episodes of the Passion. The inscription incorrectly attributes it to Albert Dürer. It was painted by one of his pupils, Aldegrever.

On the further side of the nave, over the churchwardens' pew, is an exquisite **Perugino,** representing God the Father surrounded by angels. It is the upper section of a large painting of the Ascension of which the main part is now at Lyon and the predella at Rouen. This work of Perugino came to France as a result of Bonaparte's victories and the Treaty of Tolentino in 1797 and was divided between Saint Gervais and the museums of Lyons and Rouen. In 1815

when the Congress of Vienna decreed the restitution of the spoils of war the municipality of Lyon asked permission of the Pope to keep its Perugino and, as His Holiness had pleasant memories of that city, where he had been hospitably entertained, the request was granted. The remaining portions of the picture were overlooked and thus remained in France.[1]

In the first bay of the choir, adjoining the **N.** transept, where framed notices are hung on the wall, is an inscription beginning, "Bonnes gens plaise vous savoir." This is the **dedication stone** of the church. In the sixth line appears the date, "l'an mil quatre cens et vint,"—1420, showing that the church was dedicated following the prolonged reconstruction begun in the thirteenth century. At the five hundredth anniversary of the dedication in 1920, an impressive service was held in which prayers were said at each pier of the church and to commemorate the event, M. le curé Gauthier placed at every pier the bronze lighting fixtures with the image of the Saint Gervais elm.

Continue to the pillar at the curve of the apse. Tap it at the base. It rings hollow. During the Revolution an attempt was made to destroy the church and the pillars of the apse were actually sawn part way through and mined.

II. From Saint Gervais to the Hôtel de Beauvais.

Leave Saint Gervais by the apsidal door beneath the stained glass window, which brings one out on the rue des Barres. Turn to the right and descend the slope towards the river until you gain a good view of the apse. The cluster of chapels tucked in between the huge buttresses is as quaint a sight as Paris affords. Notice how elaborate and slender the buttresses have become in the late Gothic work. The sundial on the tower bears the date of its installation,—1654.

The **rue des Barres** is so named from the iron bars, which formerly served as a barrier to persons landing from the river and enabled the customs officers to exact payment on dutiable goods. The old Hôtel des Barres belonged to that luckless lover of Isabelle of Bavaria, Louis de Boisredon, who by the orders of the outraged husband, Charles VI, was tied up in a sack with the inscription, "Laissez passer la justice du roi," and thrown into the Seine. The

[1] Some figures of apostles from the frame are at the Vatican.

royal agent whose mission it was to seize the letters of the faithless Isabelle was rummaging in the drawer of an old chest when he came across some serpents, and on the following day, his corpse was found with the serpents entwined about his neck. The hôtel later became a convent. In revolutionary days it was the headquarters of the Commune Committee and here Robespierre the Younger, having fallen from a window in the Hôtel de Ville, was carried bleeding before being led to the scaffold with his famous brother. In flight from the National Guard which had been sent against the outlawed Robespierrists, the younger Robespierre crawled out of a window to the cornice of the Hôtel de Ville and either jumped or fell to the ground. He landed on the head of a member of the attacking force, one Citizen Chabru, knocking him unconscious. Citizen Chabru was so badly damaged by Robespierre's falling on him that he applied for a pension but it was not granted.

Walk back past the church to the narrow opening of the **rue Grenier sur l'Eau** where the corner house juts out over the street. This house was a dependency of the abbey of Maubuisson, founded by Queen Blanche of Castille, mother of Saint Louis. The arms of the abbey—the castle of Castille, **R.**, and the French fleur-de-lis, **L.**, separated by an abbot's crozier turned **L.**—may be distinguished on the projection known as a cul-de-lampe on the side facing the rue Grenier sur l'Eau. The rue Grenier sur l'Eau, which dates back to the thirteenth century, owes its name to one Garnier or Guernier, corrupted to Grenier, whose property extended to the river and was thus "sur l'eau." Garnier lived here in 1241 and gave some houses on this street to the Knights Templars. The wine merchants, whom we saw represented by a miserere in the choir of the church of Saint Gervais (man tapping a cask), had the headquarters of their corporation in the rue Grenier sur l'Eau. Walk down it and before you arrive at the first cross-street, turn and look back at the dominating tower of Saint Gervais. This is one of the most picturesque glimpses in Paris and a great favorite with artists.

Beyond is the new and broad rue du Pont Louis Philippe. From the **nearer sidewalk**, looking across the Ile Saint Louis, one may see the tower of Saint Etienne du Mont on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève (Left Bank); from the **further side**, the massive dome of the Panthéon.

Continue on the widened section of the rue Grenier sur l'Eau, which was once as narrow as the part you have just traversed.

Hôtel de Chalons-Luxembourg.

At the end of the rue Grenier sur l'Eau at **No. 26 rue Geoffroy l'Asnier**, is an imposing doorway, dating from the early seventeenth century, and a fine example of the style of Louis XIII. The cartouche, bearing the names "Chalons" and "Luxembourg," is held by the jaws of a lion, of which the shaggy mane falls on each side and the claws appear above. The vigorously carved knocker is formed by a shield, supported by horses emerging from cornucopias, united at their bases by a lion's head.

Step into the **courtyard.** The hôtel is built of brick with stone facings in a style which is wrongly classified as Louis XIII and which was popularized in Paris by the father of that monarch, Henri IV. We shall meet it again in the Place Royale (Place des Vosges). The façade is harmonious and pleasing, dignified but warm, and suggestive of a private residence. Notice the double stairway, the monograms over the dormer windows and the finials on the roof.

The hôtel belonged in 1608 to Antoine la Fèvre de la Borderie, a mediocre poet but a good Councilor of State. Sent to England as Ambassador, he returned with a convoy of one hundred and fifty horses, a parting present from the English. He generously gave them all away except one which he reserved for hunting. One day, on a royal hunting party, Henri IV asked him, "Am I the only one of your friends to whom you refuse a horse?" The ex-ambassador loyally dismounted and his last horse fell into good hands. In 1623 the hôtel was acquired by Perrochel, Maître d'Hôtel du Roi, who rented it to the Chalons, a Norman family enriched in the manufacture of a special kind of cotton cloth known from the town of its manufacture as *rouennerie.* The daughter of Perrochel sold it to Madame Béon de Luxembourg, wife of a King's Councilor. D'Annunzio, the Italian poet, lived here for several years preceding the World War. When Italy showed signs of entering the conflict he abandoned his Buddha-filled Paris home and, leaving his love letters scattered about the house,

returned to Rome where he was given a triumphal welcome.

The hôtel is now occupied by a firm of building contractors. The garden façade (which you may perhaps be fortunate enough to see; the request is worth making) reveals what dignity and charm may be given a comparatively modest dwelling. Note on the garden side how the projecting wings lift up the façade and notice on these wings the handsome finials.

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Return to the **rue Geoffroy l'Asnier.** The name has undergone a curious transformation. Originally called the rue Frogier Lasnier after a bourgeois family which, in the sixteenth century, owned almost all the adjoining land, the final r of the first name was dropped, giving Frogie. From Frogie an anagram was made, resulting in Gefroi, later assuming the present form of Geoffroy. Lasnier reverted to l'Asnier and hence the present name of Geoffroy l'Asnier.

When Danton first arrived in Paris he put up in this street at the Auberge du Cheval Noir, which was the favorite inn of travelers from Champagne. Vinot, the lawyer to whom Danton offered his services, complained that the lad's handwriting was not satisfactory. "Je ne suis pas venu pour être copiste" stoutly proclaimed the youth and, this early symptom of "l'audace" finding favor, he was taken on as a clerk. The clerks used to go swimming in the Seine, and Danton, being a stout swimmer, not infrequently saved a comrade from drowning. From the part of the river where the young men bathed, at the foot of the rue Geoffroy l'Asnier, were plainly visible the great towers of the Bastille. More than once, his comrades saw Danton raise his head from the water like some ancient sea-god and, with gaze riveted on the hated prison, heard him boom forth in that amazing deep-toned voice of his, "That fortress suspended above our heads offends me and irritates me. When shall we see it pulled down? For my part, on that day, I should like to give it a proud whack with a pick-axe." Some years later, when the mob was overrunning the dismantled fortress, Soulès, placed in charge by the Revolutionary party, sought to stop further damage on account of the expense of repairs. The idea of repairing the Bastille was too much for Danton. At the head of his section of the National

Guard, he descended on the fortress prison, seized the unhappy Soulès by the collar and dragged him off to the Hôtel de Ville. A lively discussion ensued as a result of which the crowd was allowed to swarm unhampered over the Bastille and that hated symbol of tyranny was sentenced to demolition. Danton's "proud whack" was a death blow.

With a parting look at this vigorous and spirited doorway **turn L.**, if you are facing the door, and follow the rue Geoffroy l'Asnier to its end in the rue François Miron.

This section of the **rue François Miron**, formerly a part of the great eastern highway, the rue Saint Antoine, was re-named in honor of a Prévôt des Marchands under Henri IV. In contrast to his predecessors of the Middle Ages, Miron worked in admirable harmony with the king. We have a letter of his in which he enjoins a city official to cease meddling in the king's affairs. "Tenez votre langue captive," he admonishes his subordinate, and threatens him with dismissal if he continues to "make a bell of it," for the king "has a good foot and a good eye, is a strong man and eminent in counsels." Such was the royal estimation of Miron's loyalty and judgment that to break the deadlocks which usually followed the king's disputes with his prime minister, Sully, Henry was wont to suggest, "Allez voir notre confrère Miron." Often as not when acting as arbiter the provost would turn gravely to His Majesty and say, "Vous avez tort, Sire."

Turn L. An old house with fifteenth century gable is at the corner of the **rue Cloche Perce.** The name has been held to be a corruption of Cloche Percée, the Cracked Bell, derived from the sign of an inn, but according to another explanation, recently advanced by M. Henry Martin, a member of the Old Paris Commission, Perce is a corruption of Perse, meaning blue, and the original inn sign displayed a Blue Bell.

A Renaissance Courtyard.

At **No. 30 L. rue François Miron** is a beautifully preserved Renaissance courtyard. The building is now a travelers' hotel. Enter boldly as they are accustomed to visitors, and if questioned as you pass the office, explain that you would like to see the court. ("Peut-on voir la cour, s. v. p.?" If a servant is assigned to accompany you,

she expects a tip.) In the **first court** are two superimposed pilasters with the delicate carving of the time of François I. Continue to the **second court.** It is of the same period and of timber and plaster construction. This court is a little gem of its kind; the finely carved wooden panels are astonishingly well preserved when you consider that they date back to the sixteenth century. Notice the curious bulge of the upper window. The *patronne* of the hotel has it that Charles IX constructed this building for Marie Touchet and that the Duke d'Angoulême was born here, but this we may be permitted to doubt.

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On leaving the hotel glance **L.** The public building on the further side of the street is the Mairie of the Fourth Arrondissement. The open space beyond it was formerly a part of the Monceau Saint Gervais, that favorite idling place of mediaeval Paris where the criers cried their news. In those days pigs ran at large in the streets, gaining a livelihood from the filth which was dumped broadcast. Early in the twelfth century, the 13th of October, 1131, to be exact, the King of France, one Louis the Fat, and his son passed by this mound on horseback. A foraging pig mixed himself up in the feet of the prince's horse, whereat the frightened steed reared up and threw his rider, who died from his injuries a few hours afterwards. The edict accordingly went forth that pigs should not be allowed to run wild,—an edict largely honored in the breach. Exception was made for the pigs of the Abbey of Saint Antoine, a monk of that monastery having declared that Saint Anthony had appeared to him in a dream and predicted dire misfortune for the city if his pigs were subjected to restraint. And so by royal decree the pigs of the Abbey of Saint Antoine, distinguished by a bell marked with a cross, enjoyed a monopoly as municipal scavengers.

Turn **R.**, retracing your steps along the rue François Miron; re-pass the rue Geoffroy l'Asnier, **R.**, and pass for the moment the rue de Jouy, **R.**, to which we shall presently return. Stop on the left hand side of the rue François Miron opposite **No. 68** (old number 62), the Hôtel de Beauvais.

Hôtel de Beauvais.

The French hôtel is, more often than not, a stern fortress as regards the street, and reveals its smiling side only to court or garden. Of this sort is the hôtel which we see before us, for the grim façade gives little promise of the great architectural interest which awaits us in courtyard and stairway.

The Hôtel de Beauvais is associated in more ways than one with "le grand monarque." It was from the balcony over the doorway that a distinguished group, which included Anne of Austria, the Queen Mother, Marshal Turenne, Henriette Marie of France, widow of the English king, Charles I, and her daughter Henriette Anne of England, witnessed the triumphal entry along the rue Saint Antoine (for this street we saw was a part of the old rue Saint Antoine) of Louis XIV and his Spanish bride Maria Teresa. Moreover, the hôtel owes its construction to a youthful intrigue of the Sun King. Madame de Beauvais, née Catherine Bellier, was First Lady of the Bedchamber to Anne of Austria, and though one-eyed, ugly and advanced in years, succeeded in completely captivating the sixteen-year-old monarch. The stone used in the construction of the hôtel had been intended for the Louvre and was given to Catherine Bellier by Anne of Austria, despite the protests of Mazarin, in recognition of Catherine's services in "déniaisant" the son of Louis XIII. The royal arms of France and Navarre appeared on the façade. Catherine married one Pierre de Beauvais, a merchant from the town of that name, who had made a fortune in selling ribbons and had purchased the title of baron.

Follow the passage leading to the circular vestibule and to the court and stables beyond. From the back of the court look up at the building, designed in 1654 by Antoine Lepautre, First Architect of the King, and by far the most original of the Paris hôtels of the seventeenth century. The architect has cleverly solved the problem of adapting his building to a triangular plot of ground and has created in what is really a small court an impression of depth. Notice in the lower frieze the rams' heads, a pun on the maiden name of Madame de Beauvais (bélier, ram) and the monogram, P. C. H. B. What appears to be a "D" in the monogram is composed in reality of interlaced C's forming

an "H" and the designations are Pierre Beauvais and Catherine Henriette Bellier. The vigorously modeled masks over the stable doors at the rear of the court are worth a glance, especially the weeping head at the extreme left, the lady with the pear-shaped ear-rings, and the jovial, mediaeval-looking roustabout at the extreme right. Similar expressive masks on the main building below the cornice. Beneath the weeping mask at the back of the courtyard is a spiral stairway which led to a chapel over the stables. At intervals were niches in which were stationed valets with torches to light milord and lady to their prayers. This end of the court, which was decorated with a hanging garden, was allotted to Monsieur de Beauvais, the rest of the building being ruled by his strong-minded spouse.

Retrace your steps to the circular **vestibule.** Note the doors on each side; their effect is at once simple and rich. Visitors, it would appear from the notice, are no longer welcome on the stairway, but one may gaze at leisure through the glass door and obtain some notion of its original and excellent design. The graceful but substantial arabesques on the stair railing recall those of the rood-loft of Saint Etienne du Mont, executed in 1605. Note the sphinx, generally considered an attribute of the style of Louis XVI, but employed much earlier as here and at the Hôtel de Chalons-Luxembourg; also at the Hôtel de Sully which we shall visit later. The decoration of the Hôtel de Beauvais is of Italian inspiration while the less ornate treatment of the Hôtel de Chalons-Luxembourg is essentially French.

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The oldest part of the building is the cellar which exhibits the pointed arch of Gothic construction and dates from an earlier hôtel, which was the branch house in Paris of the monastery of Chaalis (near Senlis). Here Tasso composed a part of his great poem "Jerusalem Delivered."

The hôtel passed to **Nicolas Fouquet,** Minister of Finance under Louis XIV. The collapse of Fouquet at the height of his power forms one of the most dramatic chapters in the early reign of Louis XIV. As Minister of Finance, Fouquet amassed enormous wealth and built a magnificent château at Vaux-le-Vicomte, which still stands near Melun

HÔTEL DE BEAUVAIS.

From the balcony, the royal party witnessed the triumphal entry of Louis XIV and Maria Teresa

on the road to Fontainebleau and is visible from the train window on the left. This imposing structure, decorated by the foremost artists of the time, and the spacious park designed by Le Nôtre were shown to the king and the court of France in a memorable fête given on August 16, 1661, in the first year of Louis' personal rule.

"Tout combattit à Vaux pour le plaisir du roy:
La musique, les eaux, les lustres, les étoiles"

writes La Fontaine, who was a protégé of the great financier. Unfortunately for Fouquet the fête at Vaux aroused the envy of the king, who moreover misunderstood his minister's attempts to ingratiate himself with the royal favorite, Mlle. de la Vallière. We may picture the lordly monarch passing majestically through the marble halls of the gorgeous palace of Vaux and regarding with jealous distrust the "Quo non ascendam" of the Fouquet arms which meets his eye on all sides. The downfall of Fouquet was then and there determined and it was only the restraining counsel of the Queen Mother which prevented her son from arresting the owner of all this magnificence in the midst of the fête. Shortly afterwards Fouquet was arrested on the charge of malversation of the money entrusted to him and for three years the proceedings of his trial at the Arsenal, so sympathetically recorded by Mme. de Sévigné, were the center of interest for all Paris. He was imprisoned for life, the magnificent estate at Vaux was confiscated and the orange trees were taken to the royal orangery at Versailles.

Fouquet ceded his Paris dwelling to Mme. de Beauvais who tore it down and erected the present building. Its glories were celebrated by Loret who kept a journal in verse:

"Mercredi matin, notre auguste Reine
Cette charmante souveraine
Fut chez Madame de Beauvais
Pour de son aimable palais
Voir les merveilles étonnantes
Et les raretés surprenantes."

Soon after the Revolution the rooms of this "amiable palace" were cut up for lodging house purposes and the "astonishing marvels" and "surprising rarities" are now con-

fined to court and stairway. An extra story was inserted in the building and another added at the top.

The property passed in 1763 to the Count von Eyck, who used his privileges as Bavarian ambassador to turn his residence into a gaming house. To lodge with him, carrying letters of recommendation, came Leopold Mozart, second chapel master of the archiepiscopal chapel of Salzburg, accompanied by his wife, his daughter, Marie Anne, aged twelve, and his son, Wolfgang, aged seven, who was to startle the Parisians with his precocious genius. The Mozarts became the fashion; their portraits were engraved, poems were written about them, at the New Year's banquet the Swiss Guards cleared the way for them to the royal table and they were everywhere treated with distinction. The little boy played before the royal family at Versailles and gave an organ performance in the chapel there. "The people are all crazy about my children," writes their father. Madame de Pompadour had the young Wolfgang placed upon a table but when he advanced to salute her, she turned away. "Who is this who will not kiss me?" cried the angered prodigy, "The Empress kissed me." In Paris Wolfgang published his first works, two sets of sonatas for the clavier with violin accompaniment.

Queen Christine of Sweden stayed here at one time. Because of its architectural interest, royalty still comes to the Hôtel de Beauvais; its visitors of this generation have included King Peter of Servia and Queen Amelia of Portugal.

III. From the Hôtel de Beauvais to the Hôtel de Sens.

On leaving the Hôtel de Beauvais, turn **R.** in the rue François Miron and stop on the further side opposite **No. 82** to note the fine **balcony** sustained by handsome consoles and a Moor's head. It belongs to the end of the reign of Louis XIV. Penetrate the **court**, which is a lovely sight when the little garden at the rear is in bloom. Note wrought iron stair railing ascending from the steps, **R.** The hôtel was owned by a President of Parliament.

Retrace your steps to the rue de Jouy. Near the beginning of this street is a blind alley, the **Impasse Guépine, R.,** of which record is found as far back as 1266. Guépine is probably a corruption of Guespine, the name of a village situated in the time of Saint Louis outside the Baudoyer

gate (opposite the present Lycée Charlemagne). The present alley was formerly a street where prostitutes were segregated by a decree of Saint Louis. It was their corporation which presented to the church of Saint Gervais the miserere which we saw in the choir.

The **rue de Jouy** was called in the thirteenth century the rue de l'Abbè de Jouy because an abbé from Jouy had a hôtel here. Follow the rue de Jouy to **No. 12 L.** Louis XV doorway with the C-shaped scrolls which characterize that style. Monogram in lower row of window railings. The cellar of this hôtel is of Gothic construction similar to that of the Hôtel de Beauvais which it adjoins in the rear. The two properties were originally one, the owner being the branch house of the monastery of Chaalis to which reference has been made. The rue de Jouy portion did not pass to Fouquet but was afterwards sold to his successor, Madame de Beauvais.

In the court of **No. 9** opposite, interesting bas-reliefs.

Hôtel d'Aumont.

Next door at **No. 7 R.** rue de Jouy, where the sign reads "Pharmacie Centrale de France," is the formidable wall and gateway of the **Hôtel d'Aumont.** An earlier hôtel on this site was reconstructed in 1648 by Le Vau for Antoine Scarron, uncle of the poet and father-in-law of the Maréchal d'Aumont. When the marshal bought the hôtel in 1656, the principal façade was rebuilt by the great architect, François Mansart.

Step inside the **court.** The effect is, at first, confusing, owing to the fact that we are confronted with the separate work of two architects. The earlier construction, betraying the somewhat heavy hand of Le Vau, is on the front of the court, or part nearest the street, and extends on each side to the end of the ground story arcades. The façade at the rear of the court and the three adjoining bays on each side are by Mansart. The bull's-eye windows are characteristic of the period. As treated by Mansart they are solid but not heavy. A dignified Louis XIV stair railing is visible from the left hand corner of the court. The hôtel was formerly decorated with paintings by Le Brun and Vouet and had an exceptionally fine escalier d'honneur, but all are gone, alas! except a few grisailles and possibly a

covered-over ceiling by Le Brun. The grounds extended to the rue de la Mortellerie or almost to the river.

The Maréchal d'Aumont was succeeded by his son, a cavalry colonel at the age of ten and a collector of curios. An eighteenth century tenant was Pierre Terray, Lord of Rosières and brother of the notorious Abbé Terray, minister of finance under Louis XV. Of the abbé they tell a story redolent of Parisian wit. A delegation of shopkeepers from the rue Saint Denis waited upon him to protest against his pitiless taxation. "Monsieur l'abbé," said the spokesman, "You are always taking money from our pockets." "Where the devil would you have me take it?" was the unfeeling reply. The discomfited deputation retired in anger but their revenge was prompt. The rue Vide Gousset is a tiny street opening into the Place des Victoires, near which ran the old city wall of Charles V. Like all streets near city walls, it was of ill repute and thus gained its name of Pick-pocket Street. On the morning which followed the shop-keepers' unsuccessful visit, the Parisians rubbed their eyes in wonderment. The sign "Vide Gousset" had been effaced and in its place was the inscription "rue Terray."

There is evidence that Cardinal Richelieu, that terrible erector of scaffolds for nobility in rebellion, was born on the rue de Jouy in a house called the Sign of the Crescent which stood on the site of this hôtel. The house belonged to Mme. d'Absac, the second wife of Henri du Plessis, Lord of Richelieu.

On leaving, notice, over street entrance, mask against a background of "leather work," characteristic of Le Vau.

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Continue on the rue de Jouy to the cross roads where a large oil painting of Saint Anthony, with his faithful companion, is appropriately displayed over a pork-butcher's shop. Beyond the crossroads at **No. 25, R.** rue Charlemagne, handsome eighteenth century doorway of a Louis XVI building, which was formerly a convent.

Turn **R.** on the **rue du Figuier**, dating from 1300, a quaintly curving, grimy street with low-studded cafés and weird junk shops whose saturnine owners, visible through heavy-arched doorways, seem perpetually engaged in sorting strange trash. It derives its name from a magnificent

fig tree, which stood at the further end opposite the Hôtel de Sens, and which was cut down because it obstructed traffic, when Marguerite de Valois moved into the hôtel.

Pretty Louis XV mask, with sprays of holly, over door of **No. 9 R.** (For the indefatigables, an old well with sculptured spout and staircase in the court of **No. 5.**) **No. 3, R.**, the Hôtel de la Comête d'Or, is a house of typical fifteenth century construction. Lefeuve says that the tailor of Louis XI *might* have lived there. At **No. 8, L.** is a gabled house of the same period where, according to fairly good evidence, Rabelais *did* live. Wih sound reasons for fearing the funeral pyre of the Sorbonnists, the "old coughers" whom he so richly ridiculed, Rabelais came here to put himself under the protection of Cardinal Duprat of the Hôtel de Sens. We shall presently see the street where he died and the site of the cemetery where he was buried. **No. 4** is a battered relic of the sixteenth century. At the end of the rue du Figuier we emerge on a little square formed by the junction of five roads and dominated by the imposing façade of the

Hôtel de Sens.

The Hôtel de Sens, you will recall, was the Paris residence of the Archbishops of Sens. The façade violates every architectural precept and the effect is delightful. The pointed arches, pepper box towers and irregularity of line are characteristically Gothic while the squared windows bear the imprint of the dawning Renaissance. From one of the tower windows, the vindictive Marguerite, weak from her two days fast, watched the execution of the assassin of her lover and fainted when it was accomplished. Embedded in the masonry of the gable you will see a cannon ball marked with the date "28 July 1830." It is a present from the revolution of that year, "the usual present," observes Georges Cain, "made by revolutions to old monuments." During the attack on the neighboring convent of Ave Maria (no longer existent) which at that time was used as cavalry barracks, a cannon was deflected and turned on the Hôtel de Sens. An earlier revolution, the great one of 1789, effaced the shield with fleurs-de-lis which decorated the impost above the doorway.

Approach the Gothic doorway and when directly underneath the arch, look up. You will now perceive that how-

ever charming the effect of the pinched-up arch in lifting and lightening the façade, it was not fashioned with æsthetic intent. Its reason for being was to afford space for that yawning chute which you see above you, a chute destined for boiling oil or flaming pitch or whatever mediaeval greeting might be selected for the unwelcome and unwary visitor.

Step inside and notice the elaborate Gothic vaulting of the **porch**, characteristic of the end of the fifteenth century. The corbels are amusing; next to the door on the right is a pair of griffons, beyond, a griffon with a snake in his mouth, and diagonally opposite this last, a hunched-up little beast with a curled tail. Opposite and to the left is the **tower**, at present closed to visitors because unsafe. On the thirty-first step, roughly carved with a knife and ending with a fleur-de-lis is the inscription, "duchesse Destouteville contesse [sic] de St. Pol." This refers to Adrienne d'Estouteville, wife of François de Bourbon and sister-in-law of Cardinal Louis de Bourbon, Archbishop of Sens. The duchess may have visited the Hôtel de Sens or perhaps resided here when her brother-in-law was living at the Hôtel de Bourbon near the Louvre. Underneath the tower is the **dungeon** used for ecclesiastical culprits, where the Count de Vermond, after his assault on Queen Marguerite's lover, awaited the royal order for his execution.

To the **right of the tower** is a glass-paneled door which, though locked at present, affords a peep at a splendid chimney, which could certainly warm ten men at one time and so challenge comparison with the monumental chimneys of the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul. This great fireplace is in the **grande salle**, or assembly room, where the Concile de Sens was summoned by the zealous Duprat to excoriate Luther and his followers, where the fanatical Pellevé plotted with the leaders of the League, and where La Reine Margot presided over her *académie* of men of letters.

At the present writing, some vestiges of frescoes on the wall of the courtyard opposite the entrance are still discernible. They belonged to the walls of the chapel for which the irrepressible Tristan stole the foot and winding sheet of Saint Bartholomew from the Genoese. The smooth wall, above and to the right of this chapel, and the similar construction on the rue du Figuier side, are obviously modern and supplant that section of the hôtel

which was destroyed in 1842 and which even the mighty voice of Victor Hugo was powerless to save.

Rue de la Mortellerie.

(Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville.)

On leaving the courtyard, cross over to the modern market, then turn and face the Hôtel de Sens and the beautifully curving street on the left. This narrow lane of fifteenth and sixteenth century houses is one of the most interesting in Paris. Its old name, as attested by a sign on this end erected by the Old Paris Commission, was the rue de la Mortellerie. The morteliers (Old French for mortar-maker) were masons from the Limousin, the country around Limoges, who, in mediaeval times as now, migrated from the Limousin to Paris where the limestone is equally good and the work more plentiful. They lived in this street which contained the headquarters of their guild, established here in the thirteenth century by one Richard le Mortelier (Richard the Mason). This was also the street of the boatmen and fishermen of the Seine. In 1832 came the cholera which carried off over eighteen thousand people in Paris and almost depopulated the quarter, taking three hundred victims in this street alone. The inhabitants found the explanation not in unsanitary dwellings but in a name of which the first syllable spelt death, so on their petition the name was changed and in 1835 the street was officially baptized rue de l'Hôtel de Ville. Tradition has it that that sympathetic fellow, François Villon and his joyous "compaings" frequented an inn of this street, the Hostellerie du Pestel. Where is it? "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

Walk down the rue de la Mortellerie (as I prefer to call it) following **R.** the southern boundary of the domain of Sens. At the first curve in the street and just before the street number "4" is reached is a curious round-arched doorway, surmounted by a window and Gothic arch. The doorway, now blocked up, was formerly a tradesmen's entrance. Passing another pepper box tower, we come to a Gothic doorway which gave access to the archiepiscopal palace, but is now, curiously enough, the entrance to a Jewish synagogue. Over the door are the tables of the

law of Moses, a decoration, observes M. Beaurepaire, which the archbishops had certainly not foreseen. The gardens of the Hôtel de Sens extended to the rue des Nonnains d'Hyères. At the corner of the street is a curious sign in painted stone, representing a knife grinder plying his trade. He is dressed in the cocked hat, wig, long coat, knee breeches and buckled shoes of the seventeenth century, as complete as though he had stepped from a comedy of Molière.

The rue des Nonnains d'Hyères is one of the oldest streets in Paris, dating back to 1182. It was originally the rue des Nonnains d'Yerres, named after a community of nuns whose main convent was in the town of Yerres near Paris and who had a branch house here. The name was contracted in course of time to rue des Nonaindières, and then, the origin having been forgotten, it was expanded erroneously to rue des Nonnains d'Hyères, Hyères being a town on the Mediterranean coast some four hundred miles away.

As you may have divined from passing faces, you are on the edge of a Parisian Ghetto, swollen since the war by an influx from central Europe. (Another Ghetto is the rue des Rosiers on the other side of the rue Saint Antoine.) Lenin lived in the rue de la Mortellerie in his student days in Paris. Venture down a little way, picking your path between the rope-skipping little Hebrews, and pass the rue de la Masure, **L.**, to where the street widens. Old house at **No. 18 R**; the lower story is a typical mediaeval shop front.

In olden times, even as now, credulous travelers or boastful Gascons brought back from their travels in distant lands marvelous descriptions of fantastic animals, such as unicorns, green monkeys and white peacocks. Sometimes they did better and brought the animals themselves. Thus in the thirteenth century, upon payment of a small sum, the Parisians were allowed to gape at a pretended unicorn and at a white peacock. Unicorn and peacock left their names to two streets, the rue de la Licorne and the rue du Paon Blanc. The rue de la Licorne has been effaced by the flower market of the Ile de la Cité but the **rue du Paon Blanc** still exists and leads off the rue de l'Hôtel de Ville, **L.**, beyond the widened space. It is the narrowest street in Paris, measuring 4 ft. 4 in. Notice old inscription on the

further corner, and on the nearer corner, a sign, in large part concealed, "Rue de la Mortellerie."[1]

Opposite the end of the rue du Paon Blanc, at **No. 20,** is a building which formerly displayed a peacock painted on the façade and which housed the Cabaret du Paon Blanc, successor, we may suppose, of the tavern where the thirteenth century Barnum displayed his peacock white. The Cabaret du Paon Blanc was frequented by the masons of this street and was the resort of masons as late as 1910. Shops dealing in masons' tools still exist at the further end of the street. According to a not too well authenticated tradition, Marat, Camille Desmoulins and Danton, whose first abode in Paris, you remember, was the Inn of the Black Horse in the neighboring rue Geoffroy l'Asnier, held many a secret meeting at the White Peacock in which plans were discussed for the twentieth of June, 1792, when the mob first surged through the Tuileries, for the tenth of August, when the Swiss Guards were massacred and for getting possession of the Hôtel de Ville. The inn is now the butcher shop of Citizen Sosnovsky.

Beyond, at **No. 26 R,** is a very satisfactory arched doorway which gives on a narrow passage leading to a picturesque, half-timbered courtyard.

IV. From the Hôtel de Sens to the Arsenal Library.

Return to the Hôtel de Sens. Notice the battered Gothic niche on the house at the corner of the rue du Figuier and the rue du Fauconnier. It dates from the end of the fifteenth century. We find mention of the rue du Fauconnier as existing in 1265. Its name comes from the Grand Falconer, or Governor of the Birds of Prey, who had a hôtel on this street.

Leave the little square by the **rue de l'Ave Maria,** opposite, and when you arrive at the manhole in the further sidewalk, turn and look back at the Hôtel de Sens. From this point the façade is in admirable focus and well set off by the high buildings of the curving rue de la Mortellerie. The spot is a favorite with artists who in outdoor weather are pretty sure to be camped here with their easels. Nor is

[1] The rue du Paon Blanc has been damaged, if not entirely swept away, by the recent demolition of the houses on the south side of the rue de l'Hôtel de Ville.

it difficult to see why they come; the graceful pointed doorway, the sturdy high-roofed towers, the dormer window perched on one side, the broken line of the gable cut into by the left hand tower,—in short, all the elements of this delicious mediaeval hotchpotch blend together in as pretty a picture as one could wish to see.

On the grounds beside which you are standing was the Convent of Ave Maria. The nuns went about ringing a bell, the legend runs, and asking for alms on receipt of which they gave thanks crying "Ave Maria." The conventual chapel contained such remarkable relics as a bone of Saint Luke the Evangelist, a foot of one of the Holy Innocents and the heads of three of Saint Ursula's Eleven Thousand Virgins. Converted by the Revolution of 1789 into cavalry barracks, the building was stormed by the revolutionaries of 1830 and it was during this attack that a cannon was trained on the Hôtel de Sens and the cannon ball lodged in the façade.

Continue to the corner of the first street, the rue des Jardins (inscription: rue des Jardins Saint Paul) and turn **R.** to the Quai. Opposite is the Ile Saint Louis. Turn **R.** again on the **Quai des Célestins** and stop opposite **No. 32**, on the façade of which are two marble plaques. To take them in historic order read the further one first, which relates that here stood the Barbeau tower of the wall of Philip Augustus. Philip's wall, a tower of which we shall see later in the Petit Lycée Charlemagne, came down to the river at a right angle just west of the rue des Jardins and ended in the huge Tour Barbeau, so named from the Abbey of Barbeau which adjoined it on the site now occupied by the market.

The nearer plaque refers to the theatre of Molière which was installed on this site in the Jeu de Paume de la Croix Noire. The Jeu de Paume de la Croix Noire was patronized by the boatmen of the neighboring harbor of Saint Paul. The jeu de paume was a sort of indoor tennis court, invariably erected for economy's sake against the side of the city wall. The players stood in the ditch outside and battered the ball against the wall. In the rear was a place for the humble spectators while those of high degree looked on from a gallery. As indicated by the name, the players first used the palm of the hand, but with the spread of soft Italian fashions in the sixteenth century, they protected the

hand with a glove, and finally the racket was invented. For a long time immensely popular with all classes, the game began to lose favor during the reign of Louis XIV and the courts were utilized for theatrical representations. So it came about that the "Illustre Théâtre" of Molière, despite scandalized protests from the neighboring convent of Ave Maria, was installed in this jeu de paume in 1645.

The Béjart troupe to which Molière belonged had unsuccessfully tried their luck in a jeu de paume on the Left Bank at the present Nos. 10-14 rue Mazarine, back of the Institut de France. Driven away by the competition of the Saint Germain fair, the players sought a more fashionable situation in this quarter of Saint Paul to which they came under the egis of the Duke de la Meilleraie, Grand Master of Artillery, who resided at the Arsenal further down the Quai. Despite his protection, the theater with the pretentious name failed to interest the aristocracy and wealthy bourgeoisie of the Saint Paul quarter and matters went from bad to worse until one fine day Molière, who was manager of the troupe, was arrested as he left the theater by the stage door on the rue de l'Ave Maria and was thrown into the Châtelet for a debt of 115 pounds owed to one Antoine Fausser, master candle maker, for the candles which supplied the footlights. Through the generosity of a friend the manager was released but the troupe abandoned their theater on the Quai and the Jeu de Paume de la Croix Noire reverted to its original intention and the boatmen of the Port Saint Paul. After a second disheartening attempt in the Faubourg Saint Germain, the actors hied them to the provinces and began that long and dreary twelve years Odyssey which was to culminate so brilliantly in the performance before the king in the Salle des Cariatides of the Louvre and the ensuing triumphal march from success to success.

Return along the Quai to the corner of the **rue des Jardins** where a plaque relates that Rabelais died in a house on that street. It is recorded that Charles Nodier, at whose rooms in the Arsenal the standard bearers of the romantic movement used to foregather, always paused in his strolls through the quarter before **No. 8** and removed his hat in honor of the great Renaissance philosopher. But as houses were not numbered in Rabelais' day, location is not easy; some hold a brief for the site of No. 9 while others think

that the house occupied by the creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel stood on this very corner which bears the plaque, so in view of the general uncertainty, it would seem incumbent on the ardent Rabelaisian to walk uncovered at this end of the street. Rabelais should be read, as he himself advises, with an eye to "la substantifique mouelle" for only by piercing to the "marrow" of the matter can one understand his importance in the history of humanism.

The rue des Jardins, evocative of anything but gardens, and a playground for very dirty but apparently very happy children, was laid out through the gardens bordering the wall of Philip Augustus, which ran back of and parallel to the houses on the western side, **L.** When the Illustre Théâtre occupied the Jeu de Paume de la Croix Noire, Molière lodged over a draper's shop in the vicinity. A legal document has been found locating the house at the corner of the rue des Jardins and the rue de l'Ave Maria, but which corner is not stated. In any case he lived conveniently near the stage door of the theater, the door at which he was arrested. At **No. 5** rue des Jardins is a large hook indicating that the residents of this street were none too gentle folk, for the hook supported a chain which was stretched across the street at night as a reminder to the inhabitants that they were not to wander abroad.

Continue on the rue de l'Ave Maria to the end of the street and turn **L.** in the **rue Saint Paul.** At **No. 4** was the recently demolished **Hôtel de la Vieuville** named from a seventeenth century occupant, the Duke Charles de la Vieuville, son of Robert de la Vieuville, Grand Falconer of France, and himself Prime Minister and Superintendent of Finances. An antecedent hôtel on this site was a Hôtel d'Aumont (distinct from that on the rue de Jouy) which was a dependency of the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul. You are now in the southwest corner of the former royal domain; the rue Saint Paul, which you are on, marks its boundary on the west, the Seine on the south, the rue Saint Antoine on the north and the rue du Petit Musc on the east.

Continue on the rue Saint Paul and at **No. 6** on the corner notice the engraved inscription "Rue . . . Paul." The word *saint,* in common with all reminders of church and royalty, was effaced during the Revolution. On the

further corner at **No. 8** is the square sixteenth century tower of a Hôtel Saint Maur on the site of the stables of the Hôtel Saint Paul, which were constructed for Isabelle of Bavaria, wife of Charles VI. In the Hôtel Saint Maur the redoubtable Marquise de Brinvilliers installed her first laboratory for concocting poisons.

Descend the **rue des Lions**, which owes its name to that indispensable adjunct of a royal domain, the menagerie. The lions were the first to be seen in Europe and made a profound impression on the Parisian populace. Their roaring, the old chroniclers tell us, could be heard a long way off. When the German Emperor came to Paris in 1378 he made haste to visit these far-famed animals. The lions were the last tenants of the Hôtel Saint Paul, as they remained until 1487 after the rest of the hôtel had been abandoned.

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep."

The Marquis and Marquise de Sévigné, married at Saint Gervais in 1644, inhabited the rue des Lions Saint Paul in 1646, the year which witnessed the birth of Françoise Marguerite de Sévigné, who as the Countess de Grignan was to be the unworthy recipient of so many of those marvelous letters.

In a garret on the north side of the rue des Lions there dwelt in 1830 a Jewish family named Félix, which came originally from Switzerland. The father gave German lessons and peddled opera glasses while the mother dealt in old clothes and fortune-telling. Little Rachel Félix and her sister picked up coppers, and sometimes oranges and pommes frites, by singing in the streets. In a fanciful biography of Rachel, "La Comédienne," Arsène Houssaye imagines little Rachel singing in the Place Royale, the present Place des Vosges, and being presented with a copper and a more savory song by a benign gentleman who proves to be Victor Hugo. The ragged street-singer lived to possess a magnificent apartment in the Place Royale which contained the dwelling of the great poet and to it flocked one day "all Paris" to pay homage to the mortal remains of the great interpreter of Racine and Corneille.

No. 11, R., is a seventeenth century hôtel with dormer

windows recalling those of the Hôtel de la Vieuville. To the indefatigables with plenty of time and curiosity, the concierge will show a bedroom ornamented with a much mutilated chimney piece and a ceiling attributed to Boucher. An alcove with decorated ceiling and an adjoining cabinet de toilette form a suite which the concierge would have a place of rendezvous for Marie Antoinette! The rooms are filled with brushes and mops in various stages of manufacture and the effect of bruised grandeur produced by this mercantile invasion is tragic.

Traverse the courtyard of **No. 10, L.**, and you will be rewarded by a handsome staircase with an elaborately carved wooden railing bearing the monogram "C. A. F." The hôtel belonged at one time to the family of Cardinal André Hercule de Fleury, minister under Louis XV. His policy favored peace and economy. "France is an invalid," the saying went, "whom for a hundred years three doctors robed in red have successively treated. The first has bled her, the second has purged her and the third has put her on a diet." The three doctors robed in red were the Cardinals Richelieu, Mazarin and Fleury.

Handsome façade and fine doorway at **No. 5, R.** The knocker is of the same design as that on the entrance gate of the Hôtel de Chalons-Luxembourg. (Louis XIV stair railing for the indefatigables.) Next door at **No. 3, R,** there is a pretty Louis XV fountain the court and a staircase in archway. On the corner opposite No. 3, well preserved inscription, "Rue des Lions."

Continue on the rue des Lions to the **rue du Petit Musc.** a corruption of Pute-y-Musse. The origin of the name has been sought in "petimus," the first word in Latin petitions to the king (in his adjoining palace of Saint Paul). According to another theory the name is derived from a malodorous drain, "pute" coming from "puanteur" meaning smell and "musse" being the third person singular of "musser," meaning in Old French "se cacher," to hide—the Street of the Lurking Smell. A more probable explanation than either of the foregoing lies in the fact that this fourteenth century street was a "val d'amour," and that "pute" refers to the class of inhabitants who lived here,—the Street where Hides the Lady of Joy or the Lane of the Lurking Lady. In the sixteenth century there was a rue Pute-y-Musse at Mantes.

Turn **R.** in the rue du Petit Musc and continue to the Quai, passing at the corner **R.** an elaborate façade.

On the **Quai des Célestins** turn **R.** and, to read comfortably the following notes, I suggest that you install yourself on the bench opposite **No. 2bis** where the sign proclaims the "Ecole Massillon."

Hôtel Fieubet.

The building before you is the Hôtel Fieubet. At the junction of the rue Saint Paul and the Quai, we were at the **southwest** corner of the grounds of the Hôtel Saint Paul; here at the Hôtel Fieubet, where the rue du Petit Musc meets the Quai, we are at the **southeast** corner of the former royal domain.

On the western portion of the site now occupied by the Hôtel Fieubet was the original Hôtel de Sens which the archbishops ceded to Charles V in exchange for a hôtel on the rue du Figuier. We have seen that the Hôtel Saint Paul lasted approximately one hundred years through the reigns of Charles V, Charles VI and Charles VII, and that in the reign of the last-named it fell into disuse and neglect and the first partition was begun, until in subsequent reigns this "hostel solennel des grands esbattemens" was little by little alienated from the crown and sold off in lots. Thus the former Hôtel de Sens, which had become a part of the royal domain, was ceded by François I to one Jacques Gaiot de Genouillac, Marshal of Armagnac, Grand Squire of France and Grand Master of Artillery. Jacques de Genouillac, having made known to his sovereign his intention of building in Paris provided he could find a good plot of land on which to locate his dwelling, the king generously offered him "a large hôtel going to ruins, situated near the Church of Saint Paul, . . . because we have in our good city many other good lodgings and sumptuous abodes and the said hôtel is to us and to our domain of little worth." And so the old hôtel of the archbishops passed to the Grand Master of Artillery "in consideration of the good, great and praiseworthy services which he had rendered to the king and to the public welfare, especially at the battle of Marigny." In consideration likewise of four thousand crowns in gold.

The present hôtel was constructed in 1676 by Jules Har-

douin Mansart, nephew of François Mansart, for Gaspard de Fieubet, Chancellor of Anne of Austria, the wife of Louis XIII, and afterwards Chancellor of Maria Teresa, the wife of Louis XIV. A friend of La Fontaine and a patron of poets, Fieubet cared more for the composition of a sonnet than the pomp and panoply of Versailles and his literary "at homes" vied with the famous "Saturdays" of Mlle. de Scudéry. Unfortunately, the architectural treatment of Jules Hardouin Mansart is lost to us because of an injudicious "restoration" which befell the building in 1850, and to his charge must not be laid the sculptural riot overloading the façade. The hôtel is now owned by the Collège Massillon, which is responsible for the inharmonious modern addition rudely thrust in between the façade we are looking at and the wing on the corner, **R.**

While we are comfortably seated on the bench, a word as to the erstwhile **Couvent des Célestins**, which occupied the site of the great stone barracks on the further side of the Boulevard Henri IV. This rich and powerful monastery was established by Charles V between his Hôtel Saint Paul and his city wall. The king himself laid the corner stone and gave the monks a generous sum of money for their chapel and, as the royal example was soon followed, the church became one of the richest in France. The exemplary lives of the Célestins attracted the pious, and it became the fashion to assure burial in their church by costly gifts. For these benefactors was reserved the honor of taking the last sacrament clad in the garb of a Celestinian monk and of being thus represented on their tombs, and so the church filled with tombs on which were sculptured the effigies of peaceful monks but which in reality harbored the mortal remains of soldiers, doctors, magistrates and merchants. Not a single monk or church dignitary was among them, these last being relegated to the charnel houses or cellars of the convent. Adjoining the church was the funeral chapel of the Orléans family, built by Louis d'Orléans to fulfil a vow of his wife made in gratitude for her husband's escape from the catastrophe of the Bal des Ardents. Louis, himself, was the first to be buried in this chapel following his tragic assassination by Jean sans Peur. Of the many beautiful tombs here assembled, that of Louis d'Orléans and the column and

THE HÔTEL SAINT PAUL.

An imaginary reconstruction. In the background, the Convent des Célestins, right, and the Abbaye de Saint Antoine des Champs, left.

exquisitely sculptured urn containing the heart of François II are at Saint Denis while the group of the Three Graces, which supported the urn containing the heart of Henri II, is in the Louvre. With scant exception, the others were destroyed in the Revolution. Of chapel and convent not a sign remains. A parade ground now occupies the gardens where the good monks were wont to take the air and on the site of the chapel where La Reine Margot heard mass on that tragic April day dwells the bandmaster of the Republican Guard.

Enter the **courtyard** of the Hôtel Fieubet by the small door **L.** for a glance at the rather terrifying restoration. Notice door of loge occupied by concierge, **L.**

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On leaving, turn **R.** **Next door**, at **No. 4**, is a gateway inscribed "Hôtel de Nicolaï." The courtyard is rendered attractive by the garden ornaments of a firm which has an office here. The building was once a part of the Hôtel Fieubet; Nicolas de Nicolaï married the sister of Chancellor Fieubet.

In relatively modern times, Barye, the great animal sculptor, had his home and studio in this hôtel and here, as attested by the inscription, he died. Barye virtually opened a new field by his representations in bronze of the tense muscles of wild animals. Like many another innovator, it was his fate to be long unappreciated and when finally, after harrowing years of misery, he was flooded with orders from Napoleon III, he is said to have exclaimed, "They bring me things to eat when I have no longer any teeth." The artist, Ziem, slipped into Barye's hand a five hundred franc note when the latter was literally dying of starvation. Some days later, Ziem heard a knock on the door of his studio and in came Barye with a huge wicker basket, such as market women carry, full of statuettes of lions, tigers, rabbits and other animals. Ziem was reluctant to accept so valuable a gift. "Take them," said Barye sadly, "they won't sell." (Prenez, ça ne se vend pas.")

Turn **L.** as you leave the courtyard and cross the Boulevard Henri IV, one of the straight, broad highways of

Haussmann, to the large stone building on the further side at the corner of the rue de Sully. Here stood the Couvent des Célestins. (Plaque.)

The Arsenal Library.

You are on the corner of the rue de Sully, a name suggesting the proximity of the Arsenal where that excellent prime minister reigned supreme. Visitors are officially welcome on Thursday afternoons. The entrance is at **No. 3, R.** Climb the staircase, pass the door marked "Cabinet de Sully," flanked on the right by his bust and on the left by that of his master, and bear around to the **R.**

Ask to see the so-called **Cabinet de Sully** and the adjoining **oratoire** de la duchesse de La Meilleraie, which were the study and bedroom designed for Henri IV, and **la salle de musique** de la duchesse du Maine. (See Part I, p. 33 et sequit.) You will also be shown the beautifully decorated breviary or livre d'heures of Saint Louis, a part of the cloak (manteau) of the sainted king and a fourteenth century manuscript of Terence of which the colors are so bright one might think they were painted yesterday. Also les annales de la Bastille, including a letter which was sent with an explosive substance to Mme. de Pompadour by Latude, an unfortunate wretch who spent the greater part of his life in escaping from and being put back into the Bastille, a piece of Latude's shirt which figured in his most famous escape and a lettre de cachet of the king.

On leaving the Arsenal, it is worth while to take a glance at the south side which was reconstructed by Boffrand in the eighteenth century. To do so, turn **R.** in the rue de Sully, **R.** in the rue du Schomberg and **R.** in the Boulevard Morland. Cross to the further side. In the central portion of the Arsenal, **R.**, is the beautifully proportioned façade of Boffrand. Effective entablature decorated in bas-relief with weapons of war and a colonnade on which are mounted fire-belching mortars and a cannon at each end.

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Continue to the Boulevard Henri IV and the open space by the river. The sorry buildings, **R.**, which lie between

the Arsenal and the square, have been condemned and the Arsenal library will eventually be extended to the square with a worthy architectural frontage. To the south across the Pont Sully, limned against the sky-line of the Montagne Sainte Geneviève, is the majestic dome of the Panthéon. The square tower on the left is a relic of the old abbey church of Sainte Geneviève. Between the tower and the dome projects the gable of Saint Etienne du Mont and, in line with the dome, one may descry the tower of that church. Looking north, we catch sight of the July column on the site of the Bastille. The avenues of Haussmann! To give these relentless demolishers of old streets and old houses their due, they have created some magnificent vistas.

In the little park is a pile of stones from the Tour de la Liberté of the Bastille which were discovered under the rue Saint Antoine during the construction of the Métro in 1899. The tower received its name because the prisoners therein confined were given the "liberty" to promenade in the prison courtyard and garden.

At the river bank is a pretty view of the tree-shaded quai of the Ile Saint Louis; there are also benches for the tired explorer. Near where you are sitting, at the Port Saint Paul, disembarked, one October day in 1784, a group of five young men in charge of a priest. They came from the military preparatory school at Brienne and on leaving the boat, they followed the banks of the Seine on their way to the Ecole Militaire. As these raw lads from the provinces passed the great cathedral of Notre Dame and gazed at its stalwart towers and graceful spire, they can scarcely have foreseen the day when one of their number would enter that cathedral to be crowned Emperor of the French.

The hôtel across the channel, from which an ivy-covered wall runs in the direction of the bridge, is the Hôtel Lambert constructed by Le Vau for a President of Parliament, Lambert de Thorigny. It is decorated by Le Brun, Le Sueur and others. Voltaire stayed here when he was writing the "Henriade" as guest of the Marquise de Châtelet. The monument in the square across the bridge, at the end of the Ile Saint Louis, was erected in honor of Barye by French and American admirers "at the very place," writes Georges Cain, "where this sublime artist, misunderstood and scoffed at, came, at the twilight hour, from the Jardin des

Plantes or his modest studio on the quai to forget his sufferings before the adorable panorama of Paris." The panorama is indeed adorable,—a magnificent view of Notre Dame.

V. From the Arsenal Library to the Hôtel de Sully.

Cross the square and return to the rue du Petit Musc hidden from view by the Hôtel Fieubet. Follow the rue du Petit Musc, noting on the façade of the hôtel names of former occupants. The projection at the rear corner is the former oratory of Chancellor Fieubet, decorated by Le Sueur. Turn **L.** into the rue des Lions and stop at the first corner **R.**, where an old inscription records the "Rue Girard Beauguet" beneath a modern porcelain plaque inscribed rue Beautreillis.

The **Street of the Beautiful Trellis** evokes another souvenir of the Hôtel Saint Paul—the wine for which it was famous. The Hôtel Beautreillis, which was incorporated, along with its gardens and grapevines, in the Saint Paul domain, stood in the upper part of this street. When the grounds were parceled off, one Girard Beauquet acquired land in this vicinity and gave his name, with altered spelling, to the southern section of the street. Hence the stone inscription. Over the doorway of **No. 6** we read, "Hôtel de Jean-Louis Raoul." Raoul was a rich manufacturer of files under the Empire. His son-in-law was one Siméon Chaumier, novelist and poet, of whom it has been said that his verse was inferior in quality to his father-in-law's files. The hôtel is constructed with material from the Italian palace of Zamet, whom we shall meet later as the villain in the tragedy of Gabrielle d'Estrées. Curious clock in courtyard. Across the street at **No. 7** is a much older looking house ensconced behind a high wall. Nor does its air of antiquity belie it, for it is a typical dwelling of the time of Henri IV. Notice the characteristic small window panes. Penetrate the court and the hallway opposite to see the curious staircase. The grapevine in the court passes in the quarter as an offshoot of the original vine of the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul from which the famous *vin Saint Paul* was made. "At any rate," comments the Marquis de Rochegude, "it is a very old vine."

At the corner of this house turn **L.** into the **rue Charles V,** pronounced rue Charles Vee by some of the quarter's old inhabitants. This is another street laid out in the sixteenth century on the domain of the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul. Over the door of **No. 15, L.,** a jovial mask.

Hôtel d'Aubray (Marquise de Brinvilliers).

At **No. 12 R.** rue Charles V is the Hôtel d'Aubray, residence of the notorious Marquise de Brinvilliers (See Part I, page 37 et sequit). Handsome entrance gate with mask. Enter the courtyard to which a kindly concierge will make you welcome and will permit you to look at the fine **stairway** on the left of the court. The wrought iron railing is typically Louis XIV, as majestic, substantial and dignified as the "Sun King" himself. Decorative panel on the landing and frieze at top of well.

This quiet abode which witnessed the attempted assassination of Briancourt and the frenzied short-lived repentance of the Marquise is now occupied by a religious order of nursing sisters who minister with unfailing charity to the poor of all denominations. The pretty garden, enclosed by ivy-coated walls, where we may picture the little pink and white chit of a woman meditating her dastardly crimes, is a shrine with sacred statuary where the sweet-faced sisters tell their beads, and over the fireplace where Sainte-Croix hid at his mistress's bidding is an image of the Mother of Sorrows.

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On leaving the Hôtel d'Aubray turn **R.** On the left-hand side of the street, beginning with **No. 23,** good Louis XV wrought iron in the window railings. Cross to the further sidewalk of the **rue Saint Paul** and look back. On the corner house you will see a wee niche with a wee image, a charming little statue of Our Lady, the tiniest of its kind, I believe, in Paris. Perhaps to its small size it owes escape from the eyes and hands of the revolutionists who, further down the street, hacked away the "Saint" from "rue Saint Paul." At any rate here it is and let us exult in it. On the other corner is a gabled house of the sixteenth century. The house at **No. 19** rue Saint Paul has the emblem of

Jesus in the iron grill over the door, "I.H.S.," standing for Jesus Hominum Salvator (Jesus, Saviour of Men).

Ascend the rue Saint Paul (direction of increasing house numbers), pass the rue Charlemagne, **L.**, and stop at the archway beyond. Looking through it, one perceives a somber alley called a street in deference to an unsuspected outlet at the further end and **Eginhard** in honor of the contemporary and historian of Charlemagne. It existed as early as the fourteenth century, but the gloomy, beetling houses which border it and the fountain-like niche at the back are of the seventeenth. To the left of the niche is an iron grille with the initials "A.S." The dour rue Eginhard of today hardly suggests an Arcadian bower or a lovers' trysting place but to the predecessor of the present niche, which was a real fountain and not a make-believe, came Abélard and Héloise, the legend runs, to plight their troth in this garden spot outside the city wall.

We may now make a short detour to see a tower of the wall of Philip Augustus. Leave the rue Eginhard by the further end, nearest the niche. At the corner of the rue Eginhard and the rue Charlemagne is the inscription, "Rue Neuve St. Anastaze," a former name of the street. Turn **R.** in the **rue Charlemagne.** At the corner of the rue des Jardins, over the Jewish butcher shop—we are in another bit of Ghetto—is an old sign, "Rue des Prestres"; the street was formerly "rue des Prestres Saint Pol," Street of the Priest of Saint Paul. At **No. 9, L.** rue Charlemagne, the Hôtel de Jassaud (1640-1784), the wooden rail of a Louis XIII staircase is visible from the street. At the further corner of this house, where it adjoins the Petit Lycée Charlemagne, was the Tour Montgomery, which guarded a postern gate in the wall of Philip Augustus known as the Poterne Saint Paul. A small segment of this tower remains and is now used by the Lycée for the gas meter. A tower in a better state of preservation lies further towards the river and behind the gymnasium of the Lycée. It serves as a coal bin. Apply at the Lycée, **No. 13**, and ask the concierge to show you "la tour de Philippe Auguste," and, if further precision is necessary, explain that it is "derrière la salle de gymnastique, l'endroit où l'on met le charbon." The upper portion is visible from the courtyard. The gas-smelling segment of the Tour Montgomery may be left to the indefatigables.

On leaving the Lycée turn **R.**, regain the rue Saint Paul, turn **L.** and stop at the first street, **R.**, the **rue Neuve Saint Pierre** behind the cinema.

You will recall that the first settlement in this quarter was a cluster of houses which grew up about a chapel established in the seventh century by Saint Eloi. This chapel, dedicated to Saint Paul, was rebuilt by Charles V and served as the royal chapel of the Hôtel Saint Paul just as the Sainte Chapelle was the chapel of the island palace and Saint Germain l'Auxerrois the chapel of the Louvre. Though rebuilt in the fourteenth century, the church maintained the rugged simplicity of the early Gothic. The façade was severe but impressive and it is a pity that the building was destroyed in 1793. It contained a stained glass window depicting Jeanne d'Arc which was executed about 1436 and still existed in the eighteenth century. It was probably the sole manifestation of royal gratitude, suggests Lambeau, "in honor of the great patriot who gave to France her courage, her example and her life."

The church faced the rue Saint Paul. At the northwest corner was a great tower of which the concave wall may still be seen behind the counter of the little red shop where tripe is sold. In the side street, at the back of the fruit seller's booth, is a niche of the tower, usually filled with old newspapers for wrapping up fruit.

In the **cemetery of Saint Paul**, which lay behind the church, were buried the famous architects, François Mansart and his nephew, Jules Hardouin Mansart. There, too, was interred that mysterious figure, The Man with the Iron Mask, whose debated identity has given rise to the wildest speculations and who appears in the pages of Dumas as the twin brother of Louis XIV. The masked prisoner of the Bastille was in reality Mattioli, minister of the Duke of Mantua, who had betrayed Louis XIV in negotiations for the sale of Casal, an Italian fortress. The peculiar feature of his imprisonment, the wearing of a mask—which was of velvet, by the way, not of iron—was due to the fact of his having been kidnapped on foreign soil and the necessity for keeping his whereabouts a secret. To a grave in this cemetery under a fig tree was brought the body of Rabelais from his dwelling in the rue des Jardins. "I go in search of a great perhaps," he is said to have exclaimed on his deathbed, "Draw the curtain, the farce is played." He re-

ceived the viaticum humbly but could not resist the observation that they were greasing his boots for the great journey.

On the cinema a plaque records the site of the **Saint Eloi prison**, traces of which were discovered in laying the foundations of the modern building. It was a dependency of the Hôtel Saint Paul and figured in the massacre of the Armagnacs of the year 1418. Here at Saint Eloi the prisoners were hacked to pieces with blows from hatchets. The sole survivor was the Abbot of Saint Denis who, hurriedly donning his sacerdotal robes, fled to the adjoining church of Saint Paul, fell on his knees before the altar and with upraised hands clasped the Host. The assassins dared not strike.

Follow the rue Neuve Saint Pierre, on the site of the Passage Saint Pierre, which led to the cemetery, and turn **L.** into a short street leading into the rue Saint Antoine. Stop a few feet this side of the bustling thoroughfare where you can get a view of the opposite building, the Hôtel de Sully.

As in ages past, the **rue Saint Antoine**, with its modern prolongation, the rue Faubourg Saint Antoine, is the great artery connecting the heart of the city with the suburbs and countryside lying to the east. On its broad expanse the pageantry, the merry-making and the rebellion of the city's life have found expression. Of the royal processions which have passed here we have had an example in that of Louis XIV which filed past the Queen Mother and her court at the Hôtel de Beauvais. Of the tournaments of the rue Saint Antoine one was made memorable when a French king, Henri II, lost his life. Beginning with the fifteenth century, the street was the scene of carnivals and popular rejoicings. Two centuries later—epoch of the Hôtels de Beauvais, Sully and Mayenne—this was an aristocratic quarter and the shops which lined the rue Saint Antoine, together with those in the Place Royale (Place des Vosges), were the fashionable shops of Paris. In the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 the rue Saint Antoine witnessed tense and bitter street fighting such as that so unforgettably described by Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables."

Hôtel de Sully.

The large building across the street at **No. 62** rue Saint Antoine is the Hôtel de Sully, associated with the famous minister of Henri IV. The hôtel was constructed in 1624 by Jean Androuet du Cerceau, grandson of the first Jacques Androuet du Cerceau, for one Gallet, an inveterate gambler who is said to have lost it on a throw of the dice. It was finally purchased by the Duke de Sully in 1634 and remained in his family over a hundred years. The architectural balance of the building has been destroyed by spurious construction between the pavilions, so to see the hôtel as it was, and as it may be again, we must imagine away this excrescence.

As you **cross the street**, let me urge you to **beware** of swift descending taxis. Every year, so they say, someone is killed on the rue Saint Antoine and nothing could be more disheartening than to lose a reader in the first chapter. The decoration of the vaulted passage leading to the court is typically Louis XIII. On the sides of the court are allegorical figures representing the four elements. Striking dormers. The sphinx are of the period. On the façade opposite the entrance, bas-reliefs symbolizing autumn and winter. Spring and summer are on the other side and to see them we must "gently trespass," in Mr. Lucas' delightful phrase, on the ground lying back of the hôtel. Corridor and stairway with elaborate paneled ceiling. From the rear of the hôtel, a garden stretched back to the Petit Hôtel Sully, a dependency of the larger hôtel with an entrance on the Place Royale. The garden is gone but the Petit Hôtel Sully, where its owner, squire of dames, spent many a riotous evening, still remains.

The Hôtel de Sully witnessed the sequel of the quarrel between Voltaire and the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot. Word came to Voltaire that the Duke de Sully expected him for dinner. Without suspicion that the invitation came in reality from the Chevalier, Voltaire went to the Hôtel de Sully and there dined with the descendant of the famous minister. A servant announced that someone wished to speak with the guest. When Voltaire came downstairs he was set upon and beaten by the lackeys of the Chevalier de Rohan-Chabot, while their master looked on from his coach. "Spare his head," he cried to his servants,

"it is still good to make the public laugh." "Oh, the kindly nobleman," exclaimed a wag in the gathering crowd. Following this incident Voltaire promptly challenged Rohan and received in return a personal application of that tyranny against which he fought his whole life long. He was clapped into the Bastille for having dared to challenge a nobleman.

The Hôtel de Sully has recently been purchased by the Countess de Béhague and pleasant rumors are afloat anent the restoration of the façade and the conversion of the hôtel into a museum of some sort or into studios for lovers of Old Paris. Here's hoping.

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On leaving the Hôtel de Sully, turn **R.** in the rue Saint Antoine. At the corner of the **rue de Sévigné, R.,** in a niche on a modern house is a statue of Saint Catherine with palm and the wheel of her martyrdom. The house is on ground which belonged to the Couvent de Sainte Catherine du Val des Escholiers on the porch of which the bodies of the murdered marshals and later those of Marcel and his followers were ignominiously exposed to public gaze. Opposite is the imposing façade of the **Church of Saint Paul-Saint Louis** of the same Jesuit style of architecture as Saint Gervais, but more harmonious and pleasing than its frigid predecessor. It was built as a chapel for a Jesuit community. To the original name of Saint Louis, whose statue occupies the place of honor on the façade, was added that of Saint Paul in memory of the destroyed Gothic church on the rue Saint Paul. The doors are the gift of Cardinal Richelieu who officiated at the first mass in the presence of Louis XIII and Anne of Austria. In the left transept is a Christ on the Mount of Olives, an early work of Delacroix, but with none of the fiery fury of the Chapelle des Anges at Saint Sulpice and no trace of the master's brilliant color unless it be found in the bit of green cloth which covers the head of a sleeping apostle. Mme. de Sévigné was baptized in this church and here Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables" places the marriage of Marius and Cosette.

Beyond the church a passage leads to the Lycée Charlemagne. The right hand (western) wall of this passage is

part of the actual wall of Philip Augustus. The annex of the furniture store, *Le Bûcheron,* **L.**, is an old house bedecked in antique trappings by a recent restoration, but of which the scroll work and consoles above the sign are genuinely old. **No. 133, L.**, just behind the Métro entrance, has a fine wrought iron railing on a balcony supported by chimeras (1728). The house was known as the Maison Séguier and was rented in 1756 to Elisabeth Mignot, widow of Nicolas-Joseph de Dompierre, a sister of Voltaire. Balconies are frequent along the rue Saint Antoine because they afforded points of vantage for witnessing the carnivals and the state processions. Further on, in what was formerly a part of the rue Saint Antoine, is our Moor's Head balcony and that of the Hôtel de Beauvais.

For the rue de Rivoli quarter, take bus, or Métro, direction Porte Maillot. For the Left Bank, Métro, direction Porte Maillot and change at Châtelet, direction Porte d'Orléans. Taxi stand at Métro entrance.

CHAPTER II.

LA PLACE ROYALE (NOW PLACE DES VOSGES).

Part I. The Story.

"Je vous recommande la place Royale."—Henri IV.

We have seen that the Quartier Saint Paul is associated with the hôtel of that name, which Charles V established in an outlying section of the city to escape the powerful Prévôté des Marchands under the aggressive leadership of Etienne Marcel. We have seen how the mad Charles VI was in his turn attacked and insulted in his father's place of refuge.

With Charles VII and the coming of the English to Paris in 1420 the center of interest shifts to the northern side of the rue Saint Antoine and to the Hôtel des Tournelles, on the grounds of which Henri IV will one day lay out the Place Royale, the present Place des Vosges. In this chapter we shall see how the Hôtel des Tournelles of Charles VI was taken over and transformed by the Duke of Bedford, how, on the ousting of the English in 1436, Charles VII, who had had quite enough of the Hôtel Saint Paul, made it his Paris residence, how it was occupied successively by the kings of France until, during the Renaissance, it lost favor in competition with the new châteaux, and how, finally, it received its coup de grâce from the lance thrust of Montgomery,—"the lance thrust," says François Victor Hugo, son of the poet, "which created the Place Royale." The Place Royale we shall follow through the period of its glory,—the seventeenth century—to the period of its decline—the eighteenth—and we shall find that if the lance

of Montgomery created the Place Royale, it was the booming of the cannon of the Bastille which sounded its death knell.

I. The Hôtel of the Little Towers.

The Quartier Saint Paul, you remember, occupies the land lying between the great eastern artery of Paris, the rue Saint Antoine, and the Seine. When we cross to the north side of the rue Saint Antoine, the side furthest from the river, we take leave of the Quartier Saint Paul and enter that part of Paris known from a marsh which covered it in early times as the Marais. The Marais extends north to the Place de la République and includes approximately the region bounded on the south by the rue Saint Antoine and the rue de Rivoli as far as the Place du Châtelet, on the west by the Boulevard Sébastopol and on the north and east by the Grands Boulevards. Under Philip Augustus the marsh was drained and the southern portion, owned by the monastery of Saint Catherine, was termed the Culture Sainte Catherine. On the Culture Sainte Catherine, near the Hôtel de Saint Paul of his royal master, Pierre Orgemont, minister of Charles V, ennobled bourgeois and Chancellor of France, erected a small country house, known from its ornamental towers as the Hôtel des Tournelles or the Hôtel of the Little Towers. A pleasant, tree-shaded park extended south to the rue Saint Antoine, east to the city wall of Charles V (where are now the Grands Boulevards), north to the rue Saint Claude and west over ground now occupied by the Place des Vosges to the present rue de Turenne. The Chancellor's son, the Bishop of Paris, sold the hôtel to the Duke Jean de Berri, uncle of Charles VI, who gave it in exchange for the Hôtel de Prévôt to his nephew Louis d'Orléans. From Louis d'Orléans it passed to his brother, Charles VI.

The shameful treaty made at Troyes in 1420 gave the reversion of the crown of France to Henry V of England. Two years later Henry died and was followed to the grave

by Charles VI of France. The Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V and now Regent of France, in expectation of a permanent residence in Paris, had already taken over the Hôtel des Tournelles. He extended the park to include twelve additional acres purchased from the monks of Saint Catherine and greatly enlarged and embellished the Palace of the Little Towers. In general scheme and interior arrangements it was a Hôtel Saint Paul on a smaller scale; that is, it was not a unified palace but a series of buildings strung together and surrounded by courts and gardens. "There was nothing but galleries and gardens on all sides," writes Sauval, "not to mention chapels." While those two grim handmaidens of war, Famine and Plague, were filling the cemeteries of Paris so that great ditches had to be dug into each of which was pitched pell-mell a score or two of corpses, Bedford, following Charles Fifth's example at the Hôtel Saint Paul, amused himself with collecting peacocks and rare birds of all sorts, which he housed in a great aviary of brass wire lighted by nine mirrors. Charles Fifth's taste for literature he likewise shared, which led him to transport from the Louvre to the Hôtel des Tournelles, the royal library of invaluable manuscripts,—that famous library which is today the tiny nucleus of the great Bibliothèque Nationale.

While Bedford was playing at Paris with his birds and his books and the "King of Bourges," as the Dauphin was contemptuously termed, was frittering away heedless days on the banks of the Loire in the company of the fascinating Agnès Sorel, a peasant girl at Domremy had heard the cry of her distressed country. It needed but the quickening spark of her indomitable will to kindle into flame a smoldering patriotism. The sluggish Dauphin was roused from his lethargy, Orleans relieved, the crowning at Reims consummated and little by little the country regained.

On the thirteenth of April, 1436, the Porte Saint Jacques, which stood at the corner of the rue Saint Jacques and the present rue Soufflot, was opened to the

army of the Duke de Richemont, Constable of France, and the Maréchal de l'Isle-Adam planted the banner of the fleurs-de-lis upon the city wall, crying, "Ville gagnée." The city, in truth, was won and in vain the soldiers of Henry VI went about Les Halles, the city markets, crying "Saint George! Saint George! Down with the French!" The Parisians, however Burgundian their sympathies, had not forgotten that they, themselves, were French and the English troops under Lord Willoughby were forced to take refuge in the Bastille Saint Antoine, where, two days later, they capitulated and were allowed to withdraw to Rouen. In the hope of escaping the insults of the populace they left by the Porte Saint Antoine and circled the city wall but, as they passed the Porte Saint Denis, the gibes and jeers of Parisian wit proffered a bitter stirrup-cup.

The following year, Charles VII returned to Paris but not to remain long at the Hôtel Saint Paul with its sinister memories of his turbulent childhood, for he found the Hôtel des Tournelles, beautified by the English Regent, much more to his liking. "To this hostel," records Du Breul in his "Théâtre des Antiquitez de Paris," "often went our kings for recreation because of the beauty and convenience of the said place." Charles' son and heir, Louis XI, stayed at the Hôtel des Tournelles in preference to the Louvre or to the palace on the Ile de la Cité, but this suspicious and terrible fellow, ill at ease among the rebelliously inclined Parisians, took pains not to prolong his sojourns in the capital. A sinister figure to his enemies, he was superstitious and cowardly at heart, and only when immured in his fortress of Plessis-les-Tours did he feel safe from the assassin's knife. Charles VIII preferred Blois and at Blois, likewise, Louis XII spent much of his time. (If you have been to Blois you will remember the Louis XII wing of the château and the fine equestrian statue of Louis over the entrance.) But this gentle king never forgot that the monastery of the Célestins enclosed the mortuary chapel of his family of Orléans and came to Paris regu-

larly to render homage to the dead. The best days of his reign were spent at the Hôtel des Tournelles in the company of his beloved Anne of Brittany—"ma Brétonne," as he affectionately called her—days in sharp contrast to his declining years rendered miserable by his third wife, the youthful Mary of England, sister of Henry VIII, who cajoled her elderly husband into late suppers and unwonted ways. "Where he was accustomed to dine at eight in the morning," records a contemporary, "he had to dine at noon; where he was accustomed to go to bed at six, he often went to bed at midnight." Such a drastic revolution in his habits was too much for the old man and soon the criers were heard in the streets, ringing their bells and crying in sad tones, "The good King Louis, father of his people, is dead." "The desolation in Paris," we are told, "was such as had never been seen at the death of any king."

In the reigns of François I and Henri II, when the epoch of the new learning and the new building known as the Renaissance was in full swing, the Hôtel des Tournelles lost favor. It is scarcely surprising that to monarchs who knew the glories of Fontainebleau and an amplified Blois the little towered dwelling on the rue Saint Antoine, never too pleasant because of the smells from the moat bordering the wall of Charles V, appeared a very cramped and mean affair. It was useful, nevertheless, as a rendezvous for the tilting matches which became popular at the gay and brilliant court of the pleasure-loving Francis and his son. As these jousts took on increased importance and outgrew the circumscribed limits of the hôtel courtyard, they were moved to the wide rue Saint Antoine.

Then fell the shadow on the Hôtel des Tournelles. In the June of 1559, a great tournament was in progress as part of the fête in honor of the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of Henri II, with Philip II of Spain. After the day's sport was over, Henri II was suddenly seized with a fancy to enter the lists himself against the Count de Montgomery, Captain of the Scotch guard.

THE LANCE THRUST WHICH CREATED THE PLACE ROYALE.
The Hôtel des Tournelles, left, and, in the background, the Bastile.

In vain, Montgomery sought to evade this ticklish encounter. In vain, Catherine, with a premonition of impending danger, besought her royal spouse to renounce his intention. Fighting under the colors of his mistress, Diane de Poitiers, Henry felt himself invulnerable and the combat took place. The opponents dashed at each other at the gallop and at the first shock Henry was knocked from his horse. Montgomery's lance had raised the visor of the king's helmet, piercing his eye, and a wooden splinter had penetrated the brain. He was taken inside the hôtel where ten days later he died in mortal agony. It was an accident, but the vindictive queen saw Montgomery beheaded for it on the Place de Grève.

The widowed Catherine immediately abandoned the Hôtel des Tournelles and, holding as "a place accursed" the scene of her husband's death and of the galling triumphs of the seductive Diane de Poitiers, she determined, in imperious Medici fashion, that the palace should be done away with. To browbeat the docile Charles IX into a promise to tear it down was an easy matter and though the promise was not fulfilled until several years later, and then only as regards the building where Henry died, the work was carried out with a thoroughness which must have pleased the self-willed Queen Mother. The building was razed to the ground, the surrounding walls were leveled, the ditches filled and the picturesque Hôtel of the Little Towers passed from French history.

II. Miracles and Mignons.

A half century later the gardens of the Hôtel des Tournelles were to blossom anew with the stately buildings of Henri IV, for "the lance of Montgomery," to recall the phrase of François Victor Hugo, "created the Place Royale." Meanwhile a portion of the abandoned park became a refuge for criminals, gipsies and outcasts. In the corner nearest the Bastille where the neighboring Porte Saint Antoine afforded, when need arose, a quick

escape to the country, there grew up a Cour des Miracles, one of those strange meeting places of the underworld such as that so vividly described by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame de Paris."[1] The "miracle" took place at nightfall when the apparently blind or crippled beggar who had been asking alms in the market-place all day, threw off his bodily handicap as a garment and made high carnival with his fellows in this corner where the King's Watch were loath to venture. In addition to the revelry, there was a sort of court, dispensing a crude but no doubt effective justice according to the honor among thieves. Each and every member of this gipsy gathering from the "Grand Cæsar" through the "Duke of Egypt" and the "Emperor of Galilee" down to the lowliest beggar, was assigned his particular duties and privileges corresponding to his status in the society of outcasts. Strange successor to the Court of France this Court of Miracles! "And yet, why not?" asks François Victor Hugo, recalling Saint Bartholomew. "Ce massacre si royalement réussi, avait ennobli tous les crimes."

While this motley crew held high jinks in the Cour des Miracles, horse-dealers were attracted to the spacious park which afforded grass and shade for their stock and before long the erstwhile royal gardens, the future Place Royale, had become an established horse market. The horse market was the scene of the famous "Battle of the Mignons" between the favorites of the effeminate Henri III and the Count d'Entragues and his seconds. The combatants met on the field of honor at five o'clock of an April morning. All six were killed or wounded. Quélus, "un des grands mignons du roy" and "agresseur et auteur de la noise," was taken, suffering from nineteen wounds, to the Hôtel de Boissy (where the Protestant church of Sainte Marie stands today) and here the terrified king watched day and night at his bedside, desperately promising a hundred thousand francs to the attendant surgeons if they could snatch their patient

[1] The Cour des Miracles of Victor Hugo was near the present Place du Caire. The last traces disappeared in 1922.

from the jaws of death. Chains were stretched across the rue Saint Antoine and not a vehicle, not even a pedestrian, was allowed to pass for fear of disturbing the dying favorite. Quélus was buried with his fellow *mignons* in the earlier church of St. Paul, where Henry erected to their memory a magnificent mausoleum surmounted by their statues.

If the king was inconsolable for the loss of his pets, not so the good people of Paris. In the *vaudevilles* sung in the streets—ever the index of the popular reaction—the foreign favorites were given short shrift:

"Au grand diable soit telle engeance [1]
C'est de la graine de Florence
Qui ruinera notre France!"

and again,

"L'Entraguet [2] et ses compagnons
Ont bien étrillé [3] les mignons
Chacun dit que c'est grand dommage
Qu'il n'en est pas mort davantage."

The irritation against the favorites of the effeminate king reached a climax in the turbulent closing years of his reign, when the fiery Gascon, Jean Guincestre, ousted the curé of Saint Gervais from his pulpit, roused the populace to fury and led them to the church of Saint Paul where they hacked to pieces the mausoleum of the *mignons*.

III. Gabrielle.

"France and I have need of a breathing space" wrote Henri IV in 1598. Though not to the same degree a lover of the fine arts as François I or Henri II, Henry understood the glory that they would reflect upon his

[1] Brood.
[2] A popular nickname for the Count d'Entragues.
[3] Currycombed, given a good dressing.

reign and with surcease from the devastating wars of religion, his thoughts turned to building. Unlike his predecessors who squandered fortunes on châteaux in the provinces, Henry was concerned with the embellishment of his newly-won capital. The Parisians were enchanted; such solicitude for their welfare was without precedent.

The longer and northern arm of the Pont Neuf was built and the adjoining Place Dauphine was formed from two small islands off the western end of the Ile de la Cité. The Hôtel de Ville was practically finished; the Hôtel Dieu was, in part, rebuilt; the Grande Galerie of the Louvre was constructed; old streets were widened; new streets and new quays were created.

The eastern section of the city was well known to the king for he often traversed it en route to his friend, Sully, at the Arsenal or to the Hôtel Barbette, near the rue des Francs-Bourgeois of today, to visit his mistress, Gabrielle d'Estrées, or to a house in the rue de la Cerisaie to confer with Sébastian Zamet, that many-sided individual,—shoemaker, financier, pander and clown. At the house of this same Zamet, whose start in life was due to his skill in finding a shoe for the pretty foot of Henri III, occurred the tragedy which caused Henri IV to clear away the abandoned park of the Tournelles, much as another tragedy had led Catherine de Medici to pronounce the doom of the hôtel.

"Of all the ancient monarchy," says Michelet, "France has retained a single name, Henri IV, and two songs. The first is 'Gabrielle,' that sweet ray of peace after the horrors of the League, the second is 'Marlborough' in derision of war, an innocent irony by which the poor subjects of Louis XIV found revenge for their reverses." In the tragedy of the rue de la Cerisaie, the leading rôle was played by the favorite of the well-remembered king, the beauty who inspired the first of these songs, Gabrielle d'Estrées. The spring of 1599 found Henri IV and Gabrielle at Fontainebleau. The king was about to divorce the licentious Margot and marry Gabrielle. He had bestowed on her such gifts as accord only with a

queen; he had even presented her with the ring with which at his coronation he had "married France." Her wedding dress was ready and at her aunt's at the Hôtel de Sourdis[1] was waiting for her the dress of crimson velvet with gold trimming which was worn only by queens, and which, one day, she was indeed to wear but alas, under what piteous auspices! As a Protestant, Gabrielle was hated by the Catholic party, who saw in her an obstacle to the Catholic marriage they intended for the king. "Toujours le couteau suspendu," writes Michelet of Henri IV; over his mistress the knife was likewise suspended. "The rope is tightly stretched and it will be a wonder if it does not break," wrote Sully to his wife on leaving Paris to pass Holy Week at Rosny, "but in my opinion it will not be what certain people imagine,"—ominous words from Gabrielle's arch enemy.

It was Holy Week, season of penitence, and it was considered fitting that the lovers separate for a while. Gabrielle was told that she must return to the capital. Tearfully she begged to be spared this separation; Paris frightened her. But her pleadings were in vain. Weeping and fearful, the favorite bade a reluctant and, as it proved, a last farewell to her royal lover. The little hôtel in the shadow of the Bastille, chosen for her lodging, was one where Henry had often visited her, the sensuously luxuriant Italian palace of Zamet, with its secluded garden which was a part of the old cherry orchard of the Hôtel Saint Paul commemorated in the name of the rue de la Cerisaie. On that fatal eighth of April, Gabrielle partook of a delicious dinner served in person by the master of the house, whose pride lay in the current dictum, "On ne sait manger que chez Zamet,"—a proverb soon to be endowed with sinister significance. After dinner, accompanied by Mademoiselle de Guise, a jealous and secretly hostile cicerone, she

[1] The Hôtel de Sourdis stood within the precincts of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois near the Louvre. In the Les Halles ramble we shall pass in the vicinity of its eighteenth century successor at No. 4 rue Perrault, near the junction of the rue de Rivoli and the rue de l'Arbre Sec.

attended religious service at the neighboring church of Le Petit Saint Antoine.[1] At the church she was shielded from jostling neighbors, a gallery being set apart for her use, and as though to counteract any depression of spirits induced by the somber plain song, Mlle. de Guise gave her a joyful surprise by placing in her hands two letters from the king. Despite this pleasure, Gabrielle complained of feeling faint and before the close of the service returned to the house of Zamet. In search of fresh air she took a few steps in the garden. Suddenly she swooned. At the end of an hour, in which nothing appears to have been done for her, she opened her eyes and cried out, "Tirez-moi de cette maison."

She was removed to the Hôtel de Sourdis and La Rivière, the king's physician, was sent for. He may have been afraid to treat her because of her pregnancy but, at any rate, he seems to have done nothing except watch his patient die. For forty hours she struggled for life in fearful agony. She managed to get word to the king, who left at once for Paris, but on the way a lying report reached him from La Varenne, his influential maître d'hôtel, that Gabrielle was dead. His first thought was to press on for one last sad sight of her face, but his followers, knowing that she was still alive, and with no mind for death-bed revelations, urged him to desist. Their persuasions carried the day and the unhappy monarch turned back sorrowing. Meanwhile the soul was passing from what had been the loveliest body in France, leaving it twisted and hideous in its final agony. Madame de Sourdis laid the dead body of her niece on a bed of state, arrayed in the dress of crimson velvet with gold trimming which was worn only by queens. Thus did Gabrielle come into her heritage.

No one pretended that death was due to natural causes. "C'est le diable" was the common explanation, this scapegoat finding favor as a personage whose neck was likely to escape the chopping block. Nor was the suspicion of

[1] It stood near the present junction of the rue de Rivoli and the rue Ferdinand Duval.

foul play dissipated when Zamet, faithful Catholic, became the intimate counselor of the woman, now Queen, who had the most to gain from Gabrielle's death, a member of a Florentine family whereby the gentle art of poisoning had reached its apotheosis. The warm-hearted king was plunged in grief. "La racine de mon coeur est morte et ne rejettera plus," [1] he wrote to a friend. And it was true, for though they afterwards distracted him with other mistresses, there was never another Gabrielle.

For the old park of the Little Towers where he had wandered in such pleasant company, Henry harbored bitter-sweet, distressing memories and thus when Sully pressed upon him a plan for transforming the entire quarter, the king listened with the greater eagerness. There was to be a square in the northern section, to be called the Place de France, the center of eight wide, radiating avenues, to be named after the eight great provinces of France and connected by smaller streets named after the smaller provinces, but this part of the plan, owing to the king's death, was never carried out. What did materialize, however, was the square in the southern section, the Place Royale which has come down to us, intact in all but the name, as the Place des Vosges.

IV. "Pour la Commodité et l'Ornement de Nostre Bonne Ville de Paris."

The plans for the Place Royale, which was to be built in the southern section of the Marais on the erstwhile grounds of the Hôtel des Tournelles, called for a large square to "servir de proumenoir aux habitans," which should be "bastie des quatre costez" [2] with three-story buildings of brick, faced with stone and topped with high-pitched roofs of slate. The regularity of the roof line was to be broken at the center of the north and south sides by two pavilions of which the roofs were to be

[1] "The root of my heart is dead and will not send forth new shoots."

[2] Built on four sides.

higher than those of the adjoining houses. The central pavilion on the south side, or Pavillon du Roi, was to afford an entrance to the Place from the rue Saint Antoine by three ground story arches spanning a short street—the rue Royale of that epoch, the rue de Birague of today. The Pavillon de la Reine was to be the entrance on the north side. As a concession, it has been suggested, to the Italian tastes of Marie de Medici, the buildings were to project over an arcaded sidewalk, thus anticipating by two centuries Napoleon's Corsican memories, which were to foist on the sun-loving Parisians the arcades of the rue de Rivoli, the rue de Castiglione and the rue des Pyramides. Henry agreed to erect one side of the new Place himself. The other three sides were to be erected by private individuals who were given the land free and charged a yearly tax of one crown, but it was stipulated that the buildings thus constructed should be in strict accordance with the established plan. In this zeal for symmetry and alignment we may sense the spirit of the new era. The Paris of Henri IV has taken leave of the picturesque, jumbled gables which straggled along the public squares of the Middle Ages.

Into the construction of the Place, which was started in 1604, the king threw himself heart and soul. Writing from Fontainebleau, or from some other château outside the capital, he would invariably add to his letters to Sully, "Je vous recommande la place Royale." When in residence at Paris he would come daily to see how the work was progressing and, by his presence, to urge on the workman. To the poet Racan, Henry's valet de chambre, who used to accompany the king on his tours of inspection, we owe an anecdote characteristic of the frugal Béarnais. Henry noticed, one day, that a neighbor had vaulted his arcade in solid stone, whereas his own side of the Place had a simple wooden roofing. Mortified at being outdone by a subject, but disturbed at the prospect of further outlay, Henry laid the matter before his master mason, who found means of reconciling the royal pride with the royal parsimony by promising to imitate

the stone vaulting in plaster so that no one would detect the difference. Despite Henry's enthusiasm, the construction lagged and the Place was still unfinished when, in 1610, the knife of the fanatical Ravaillac deprived France of her most popular monarch, and the monarch of the satisfaction of seeing his pet scheme brought to fruition and of coming to live, as he had planned, in the Pavillon du Roi.

Nor was the Place entirely completed when, two years later, it was formally opened by the "Fête du Camp des Chevaliers de la Gloire" in honor of the double marriage of Louis XIII with Anne of Austria, daughter of Philip III of Spain, and of his sister, Elizabeth, with Philip IV. Stands, capable of seating ten thousand spectators, were erected on all four sides of the Place in such a way as to effectively conceal the unfinished portions. The spectators—the *tout Paris* of the day—had been personally invited by the master of ceremonies. The middle of the Place, reserved for the jousts, was guarded by a thousand musketeers and five hundred Swiss guards. In the center was a "Palais de Félicité," ornamented with decorative paintings, from which issued the music of concealed musicians. The Constable de Montmorency and four Marshals of France, who were to act as judges, entered the Place with their escorts by the central archway of the Pavillon du Roi, while from a balcony of that building Marie de Medici, the Queen Mother and Regent, surveyed the scene. A hundred cannon mounted on the ramparts of the Bastille boomed forth in deafening salute. This was the signal for the entrance of the participants who rode in, four abreast, from the Pavillon de la Reine on the opposite side. They made a brave showing; knights in embroidered doublet and hose, horses caparisoned in red velvet and cloth of silver. There were blaring trumpets, there were engines of war, there were armed chariots. The combats, because of the ever-present memory of the lance thrust which had so tragically created the Place, were of the mildest sort. The fête lasted three days, ending in the capture of the

"Palais de Félicité" and in a display of fireworks on the "Palais" and on the towers of the Bastille,—"le plus beau feu d'artifice," recounts Bassompierre, who was one of the most brilliant participants in this brilliant fête, "qui ne soit encore fait en France."

The result of the fête was to effectively establish the Place as the fashionable quarter for la grande noblesse and to give impetus to its rapid completion, which was effected that same year, 1612. The capital, for the first time, had a center. When Madame de Sévigné spoke of "la place" there was no doubt to what she referred. "Elle loge à la place et son nom est Lucrèce," says Cliton in "Le Menteur" of Corneille. The Place Royale, with the near-by rue Saint Antoine, formed the rue de la Paix of that day. Here were the fashionable goldsmiths, silversmiths and armorers; here were shops of brocades, laces and fine linen, and shops where one could buy "Le Grand Cyrus" by Mlle. de Scudéry, or her map of the Country of Tenderness.[1] When the daily reception at the Louvre known as the petit lever was ended, coaches and Sedan chairs,—these last came into fashion in 1639—would file down the rue Saint Antoine, bringing their occupants to the Place Royale. Under its arcades, if the weather were stormy, or on the lawn if the skies were smiling, strolled the jeunesse dorée of the capital, exquisites in astonishing finery, extravagantly dressed beauties of the court, and swashbucklers with the biggest of plumes, the highest of red heels, the longest of spurs, the most exuberant of moustaches and the readiest of swords.

[1] The "Carte du Pays de Tendre" was an evidence of the somewhat overstrained conceptions of chivalry which the Hôtel de Rambouillet had made the vogue. The lover passed by the Lake of Indifference to the Hamlet of Respect and by the Villages of "Billet Doux," "Billet Galant," "Jolis Vers," "Petits Soins," etc., to the larger towns of "Empressement" and "Sensibilité," thence by the River of Inclination, past the City of Tenderness, out into the Dangerous Sea where shipwrecks were frequent, but whence, with favoring fortune, he might gain the Haven of Rest, representing the end of the route and marriage. Originally never intended for more than an evening's diversion, the "Carte" was surreptitiously obtained from Mlle de Scudéry and published, to that lady's annoyance, with the intention of bringing ridicule on the "Précieuses."

V. Sword-play and a Statue.

Swords were quickly drawn. For an over-familiar look or too negligent a salutation, for a slight, real or fancied, the offended party challenged to a duel which often ended fatally. Dueling was such an every-day affair that friends greeted each other with the question, "Well, who has fought this morning?" The worst of it was that the fighting was not confined to the principal antagonists; their seconds also fought so that a single duel involved from four to six participants and sometimes as many as twenty. Perceiving that the practice was taking a heavy toll of the French nobility—Savaron affirms in his "Traité contre les duels," 1610, that during the preceding twenty years eight thousand pardons had been issued to noblemen who had killed their adversaries—Richelieu endeavored to put an end to it by an edict prescribing the death penalty for participants in a duel. Despite this severe edict, dueling continued unabated and duels were fought on the Place Royale at every hour of the day and night. No sooner did swords clash than the windows and balconies of the Place were thronged with people, like spectators at a play, for there was an added piquancy in knowing that whoever got the worst of the fray, the survivor was certain to be hanged.

A duel which caused a great sensation was fought here in 1627 between a representative of the famous Montmorency family and the Marquis de Beuvron. François de Montmorency, Count de Bouteville, was a born fighter, ready at all times to fight anybody, anywhere. When his country was at war, he had fought in Languedoc, in Saintonge, at Saint Jean d'Angély and at the siege of Montauban, where he was pulled out alive from the explosion of a mine. He loved danger for danger's sake and when there was no battle raging he found excitement in dueling. Duels he fought on all sides, "despite orders for his arrest, despite the king, despite the cardinal, despite God, despite the devil." [1] At the age of twenty-

[1] Article on "Les Places Publiques" by Jules Claretie. Paris Guide, Pt. II. Librairie Internationale, 15 Bvd. Montmartre. 1868.

four, he had a record of nineteen duels. He killed in a duel the Count de Thorigny. One La Frelle reproached him for not having chosen him as second and as a consequence Bouteville fought a duel with La Frelle. La Frelle was wounded. Condemned to be hanged like a commoner, Bouteville fled to Brussels where he received a challenge from the Marquis de Beuvron, a relative of Thorigny. A challenge being breath to his nostrils, he straightway accepted and in the face of the sentence against him returned to Paris, where, in broad daylight, before a thousand fashionable spectators, who crowded the Place Royale, he fought with Beuvron.

The duel is said to have taken place under the very windows of the Cardinal.[1] There were six combatants, as each principal had two seconds who took part in the fighting. The affair, which was waged with swords and daggers, was of brief duration. The two principal antagonists, finding that neither could wound the other with his sword, threw their swords away and rushing at one another, daggers drawn, closed and rolled together in the dust. Thereupon in recognition of each other's bravery they arose, embraced and made peace. Not soon enough, however, to avert bloodshed, for the Count des Chapelles, one of Bouteville's seconds, had fatally wounded the Marquis de Bussy d'Amboise, a second of Beuvron. Bouteville's other second, La Berthe, was himself hors de combat at the hands of Buquet of the Beuvron camp. At this moment arose the warning cry, "The Watch! The Watch!" With the Watch, which now streamed into the Place, Beuvron and Buquet played a game of hide-and-seek among the pillars of the arcades until finally their coach arrived and they made off without hindrance, eventually reaching England. Bouteville fled precipitately across the Place and sought refuge in the house of the Baron de Chantal who led him to the stables in the rear courtyard, supplied him with a horse and led him out by the gate on the rue de Birague. He

[1] The usual version. On the other side of the Place, near the Pavillon du Roi, according to Lambeau.

found des Chapelles, who had also obtained a mount, and the two stopped at the Hôtel de Mayenne to enquire for their wounded comrade, La Berthe. "Sauvez-vous!" was the excited cry which greeted the dismounting horsemen, "Sauvez-vous, le roi est ici!" Putting spurs to their horses, they galloped off through the Saint Antoine gate next to the Bastille and took the road to Meaux in an attempt to reach Lorraine. At Vitry-le-Brulé the Watch overtook them and brought them back to Paris.

Immediately a plea for mercy went up from an indignant nobility, outraged at this interference with a traditional privilege. The Montmorencys, the Condés, even Monsieur himself, brother of the king, pleaded the cause of the scion of the illustrious house of Montmorency and of his cousin, des Chapelles. The pliable Louis would fain have pardoned them, but behind his pale visage loomed the red figure of the Cardinal, calm and inexorable. Concession was made to pride of chivalry in that they were beheaded instead of being hanged and their bodies were brought to the Hôtel de Lamoignon on the rue des Francs-Bourgeois where, by the king's orders, they were laid out on a table with the severed heads replaced. By their side were a sprig of boxwood, holy water and a lighted taper.

The Baron de Chantal, accomplice in the escape, had to flee in his turn to avoid arrest. He sought asylum in the island of Ré, off La Rochelle, where the governor was his friend and here the last Baron de Chantal aided in the defense of the island against the English under Buckingham until, pierced by twenty-six wounds, he received his death stroke, it is asserted, from the hand of Oliver Cromwell. Before leaving his house on the Place Royale, which he was never to enter again, he kissed good-by an adorable pink-cheeked baby girl with golden hair. This child, born here on the Place Royale, and baptized in the neighboring church of Saint Paul under the name of Marie, was one day to make a great name for herself by writing letters to her friends as Madame de Sévigné.

* * *

If the fate of Bouteville and des Chapelles was expected to assuage the thirst for dueling, it signally failed. Nor was the equestrian statue which Richelieu set up in the Place Royale as a warning to duelers of greater effect. The inscription which it bore took little pains to conceal the power behind the throne. It was erected in honor of the "très grand et très invincible Louis le Juste, XIII du nom, roy de France et de Navarre" by "Armand, cardinal et duc de Richelieu, son principal ministre dans tous ses illustres et généreux desseins." The bronze horse had been executed by Ricciarelli, after his master, Michael Angelo, had refused the commission, for a statue of Henri II which had never been completed because of the sculptor's death. Lying riderless in the Palazzo Ruccellai at Rome, the horse was discovered by Richelieu, who was so impressed with its imposing dimensions that he utilized it for his new statue of Louis XIII. It must have been a very sizable affair if we are to believe Sauval's ironic observation that "the kings, all of whose conceptions and plans have always been most extraordinary, have never made or even dreamed of making a horse of a form so large and terrifying." Though the description is not without a suggestion of top-heaviness, Sauval was evidently pleased with the result for he adds, "le cheval est d'une grande beauté,—"a great beauty" which the rider apparently did not share. Executed by a very indifferent sculptor, Biard the Son, Louis was represented as commanding the French army at the siege of Dunkirk. In his outstretched right arm—a "vilain bras" Sauval calls it—he held a commander's baton; from his helmet swept a long grotesque feather and he looked "more like a Turk than a king." Shortly after the inauguration the baton disappeared. Perhaps some wag had deemed it superfluous in the hands of a prince who commanded so little. Such, at least, was the popular interpretation and a new baton was hastily made to replace the old.

However ridiculous, however little it might represent the personal power of the shadowy Louis, the statue in

the Place Royale was none the less significant. Feudalism had been long in dying; the statue marked its grave. Proud lords looked out from their windows at an effigy and beheld their master. Louis the Just might be pitiful as a monarch but the inscription of "Armand, cardinal et duc de Richelieu, son principal ministre dans tous ses illustres et généréux desseins" was there for all who ran to read.

The statue of Louis XIII, like that of his father, Henri IV, on the Pont Neuf, suffered the revolutionary fate of all things bronze in being melted down for cannon. It was replaced by the inevitable Liberty Tree "surrounded at a respectful distance by a circle of other poplars more modest."[1] After an interim of successive fountains, the Restoration, which restored all things Bourbon, restored the statue of the first Bourbon and that of his son, and to the Place Royale restored its name. The second statue, in stone this time, offers little if any improvement over that which Sauval bewailed. Upon an attenuated nag propped up by a tree stump sits the most uncomfortable looking rider that ever wore Roman garb; he has lost his plumage and is no longer entrusted with a baton but he still extends a "vilain bras."

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* *

Sixteen years after the Bouteville-Beuvron combat occurred the last and most celebrated duel in the annals of the Place Royale. The antagonists were the Catholic Duke de Guise and the Protestant Count de Coligny.

The trouble starts in roundabout fashion in the Hôtel de Rohan-Montbazon where a number of people are assembled to converse and play piquet. A lady of the company picks up from the floor two letters written in a feminine hand, reads them with ill-suppressed giggles and hands them to the hostess. The love letters, for such they prove to be, are read aloud by the Duchess de Montbazon for the delectation of her guests. Tongues

[1] Article by Jules Cousin in "Le Nord," 9 January, 1863.

are set wagging. To whom were they written? To Coligny perhaps. (Coligny had just left.) By whom? By "la belle des belles," Madame de Longueville? These suggestions are slipped into the chatter by the hostess, that impressive matron who, despite her complexion "fort blanc, les cheveux fort noirs et une grande majesté," [1] is a little doubtful of her maturer beauty when pitted against that of the lovely young wife of her old-time admirer, the Duke de Longueville. The insinuations find ready acceptance for to be "la belle des belles" is to be the object of many an envious heartache. Buzzing from salon to salon flies the story, losing nothing in the telling till now *tout Paris* is agog with it.

Meanwhile the real loser of the letters is in a quandary. It is the Marquis de Maulemont, who, though present when they were read, dared not claim them for fear of compromising the writer, Madame de Fouquerelles. He confides his secret to La Rochefoucauld, who succeeds in obtaining the letters from Madame de Montbazon, whereupon they are shown to the brother of Madame de Longueville, Louis II de Condé, surnamed Le Grand Condé, and finally to the Queen in whose presence they are burned. The Princess de Condé, now that her daughter's innocence is established, heads a fight at court for a public apology. In vain the "importants," or anti-Mazarin faction, led by the Duke de Guise, endeavor to spare Madame de Montbazon the humiliating atonement. The Condés are insistent. "Are the feelings of the granddaughter of a cook"—Madame de Montbazon was the grand-daughter of Varenne, maître d'hôtel of Henri IV —"to be put in comparison with the honor of a princess of the blood!" Madame de Montbazon is compelled to apologize publicly for the slander but this she accomplishes with such consummate bad grace, reading her apology mechanically from a copy written out for her on the back of her fan, that the incident scarcely serves to narrow the breach between the Princess and the spiteful Duchess and the feud only comes to an end when

[1] Historiettes de Tallemant des Réaux.

Madame de Montbazon receives an order from the Queen to leave Paris.

Here the matter should properly have ended for an apology of sorts has been made, but the Duke de Guise, to please his mistress, Madame de Montbazon, has spread calumnious reports concerning Madame de Longueville and now behold Maurice de Coligny rising from a sick bed to challenge him. Over the encounter hangs the shadow of Saint Bartholomew. "Ce massacre, si royalement réussi, qui avait ennobli tous les crimes" stretches gory hands to the third generation to ennoble yet another. For Coligny is the grandson of the Admiral Coligny who was one of the first victims of that fatal morning and Guise is the grandson of one of his murderers,—he who kicked the prostrate corpse as it lay in the street after being flung from a window.

"M. le Comte, nous allons décider aujourd'hui les anciennes querelles de nos deux maisons," cries Guise as he draws his sword. The combatants are far from observing the niceties of such a ceremony. Coligny lunges at Guise, but, weak from his recent illness, slips and falls on one knee. Guise places his foot on his adversary's sword and addresses him: "I do not wish to kill you, but to treat you as you deserve for having challenged a prince of my blood without provocation." Whereupon he boxes Coligny's ears with the flat of his sword. Coligny, furious, bends all his strength in a supreme effort, regains his sword and returns to the attack. At this second encounter Guise is slightly wounded in the shoulder but finding that he has himself wounded Coligny's sword hand, he seizes his enemy's weapon, now loosely held, and with his own sword inflicts a wound on Coligny's arm which puts him out of the fighting.

Peering anxiously from a curtained window in the dwelling of the old Duchess de Rohan, at No. 26 of the Place Royale, was not the least interested spectator of the fray, Madame de Longueville. As the weeks slipped by and Coligny still hovered between life and death, the singers at the crossroads and under the very arcades of

the famous square chanted these verses, revealing in what form the popular imagination had embroidered the affair.

"Essuyez vos beaux yeux,
Madame de Longueville,
Essuyez vos beaux yeux,
Coligny se porte mieux.
S'il a demandé la vie
Ne l'en blâmez nullement
Car c'est pour être votre amant
Qu'il veut vivre éternellement." [1]

Six months later the Count de Coligny died from the effects of his wound.

VI. Les Précieuses and Ninon de Lenclos.

If swords crossed often on the Place Royale, the clash of wits was no less frequent, for during the heyday of its popularity in the "grand siècle" the Place Royale and its neighborhood were frequented by the successors of an important literary movement. Of the seventeenth century salons, the most famous was that of the Marquise de Rambouillet. An insurgent against the coarseness of speech and Gascon bluffness of the court of Henri IV, Madame de Rambouillet withdrew from the life of the court and gathered about her in the famous "chambre bleue" of her hôtel a circle of beaux esprits who were primarily concerned with the refinement of the French language. Questions of usage were hashed over to the elevation of literary taste and the hitherto despised man of letters was accorded a new dignity.

So far, so good; but, after the way of reactions, the pendulum swung to the other extreme. "Man," says Voltaire, "is a drunken peasant on a horse." He falls first on one side and then on the other. Under the domi-

[1] "Dry your beautiful eyes, Madame de Longueville, dry your beautiful eyes. Coligny is better. If he demanded life in no wise blame him, for to be your lover he would live forever."

nance of the Marquise de Rambouillet, refinement stopped short of absurdity but a new class of people were coming into the movement. This group, composed of good bourgeois and led by Mlle. de Scudéry, aped the manners of the nobility with more good will than discretion and in their efforts to avoid the supposed crudities of common speech, founded a new and astonishing language of their own. It was vulgar to say "J'aime le melon"; one should say "J'estime le melon." The delicate way of disclosing that a lady painted and powdered was to say that on her cheeks were lilies and roses. Water was "le miroir céleste." Teeth were referred to as "les meublements de la bouche." To bask in the sun was to "prendre la nécessité meridionale"; to dance was to "tracer les chiffres d'amour." Though the bulk of these extravagances were brilliantly routed by Molière in "Les Précieuses Ridicules," [1] certain expressions remained in the language, such as the phrase "embrasser une carrière" and the custom of using adjectives like "terriblement" and "épouvantablement" in a distortion of their original meaning, just as in English we say,—those of us who do —"terribly happy" and "frightfully nice."

It was this second group of Précieuses, the coterie of Mlle de Scudéry, who came to dwell in l'Eolie, their name for the Marais. In and around the Place Dorique, as the Place Royale was termed, lived Artémis (Mlle Aragonais), Roxane (Mlle Robineau), and Glycérie (Mlle Legendre, a famous beauty), while in the rue des Tournelles was the hôtel of Nidalie, the celebrated Ninon de Lenclos, "at whose beautiful feet," says Augustus Hare, "three generations of the proud house of Sévigné knelt in turn."

Of Ninon de Lenclos a word more should be said other than that she was a beautiful woman of birth and refinement who chose to be a courtesan. For this courtesan, like her prototypes of ancient Greece, played an important part in the intellectual life of her time. In a cen-

[1] Watch for the kiosk announcement of this delightful play at the Comédie Française.

tury epitomized by the tranquil and majestic Bossuet, the "libertins," who frequented her salon, were so termed because they kept alive the liberal tradition of the previous century with its impatience of intellectual shackles, its hatred of obscurantism and dogma. Herself an ardent admirer of Montaigne and Rabelais, Ninon de Lenclos and the "libertins," by bridging the grand siècle of political and religious absolutism, formed a connecting link between the century of the Renaissance and the century which was to culminate in the great Revolution. It was because of Ninon and her salon that Diderot, a century later, was enabled to declare, "Nous avons eu des contemporains sous Louis XIV."

Let us take a closer view of this remarkable woman. Her beauty was undisputed; she was endowed with a graceful figure, fine dark eyes, a beautiful mouth and—attraction somewhat rare among the beauties of the period—faultless "meublements de la bouche." Nor did she lack the conventional accomplishments for "she danced admirably," des Réaux tells us, "especially the saraband"; moreover, she possessed a pleasing voice and accompanied herself on the lute. But it is especially to her mental qualities that all the writers of her time pay tribute,—qualities which were developed thanks to her father, who successfully opposed her mother's wish to place her in a convent on the ground that ignorant nuns made poor teachers, and gave her an education far superior to that of most women of the period. Like Madame de Sévigné she knew Italian and Spanish and was familiar with the best authors of Italy and Spain.

Introduced at the Hôtel de Rambouillet at the age of seventeen, her charm and conversational brilliancy quickly won her a host of friends but despite the adulation of which she was the object, the atmosphere of constraint wearied her, the elaborately spun tissue of sentimental heroics she found absurd and the custom of amants inoffensifs and protracted, sighing courtships she termed "affections métaphysiques," while the learned discussions were but an "érudition sèche et stérile."

Ninon was an "advanced" woman, as we say today. "The men, I perceive, have assigned to us all that is most frivolous and have reserved for themselves the right to the essential qualities. *C'est une injustice; de ce moment je me fais homme.*" And to do so she opened a salon.

To the new salon flocked the rank and fashion of the day. Beaux esprits, men of letters, marshals of France and dignitaries of the Church formed part of her court, which in point of morals could challenge comparison with that of Anne of Austria, while in intellectual brilliance it was worlds removed from the dreary gossip of the Palais Royal. In the salon of the rue des Tournelles, La Bruyère sketched his portraits and Molière read to his delighted hostess, arch-hater of shams, that great assault on smug hypocrisy which, despite repeated consultations on the subject between the author, Ninon and Madame de la Sablière, was so long in finding a title. The problem resolved itself in unexpected fashion. One day, the story runs, Molière found himself at the residence of the Papal Nuncio. Sitting near him were two priests, very devout-looking personages and apparently wrapped in the contemplation of the infinite. While they were waiting for an interview with His Eminence a servant entered with a basket of truffles. Espying the savory roots, one of the priests gave a bound from his chair. "Tartuffoli, Signor Nuncio, tartuffoli," he cried in glee. This sudden unmasking of worldly appetites in an overly pious body furnished the long-sought title and the name of the greatest of stage hypocrites, Tartufe.[1]

But to return to our muttons in the rue des Tournelles. Here was a school of politeness and good manners, of all that became "le type du parfait honnête homme." Here came Ninon's life-long friend Saint-Evremond, representing one of the oldest families in France, and here was carried Scarron, the witty, crippled poet, and his severe wife, who often visited Ninon for days at a time. Here, too, worshiped the volatile Marquis

[1] See it at the Comédie Française.

de Sévigné and his harum-scarum son. Ninon charmed her own sex as well. Even Madame de Sévigné, who might have been pardoned resentment against the enchantress who had robbed her of husband and son, used to refer to Ninon affectionately as "my daughter-in-law." "Il fallait l'entendre dogmatiser" was her tribute to Ninon's philosophical powers. "C'était une philosophe," says a male writer who gallantly qualifies, "mais une philosophe très aimable." Royalty itself crossed her threshold in the person of that learned daughter of Gustavus Adolphus, Queen Christine of Sweden, who harbored Descartes and whose swashbuckling ways so amazed and terrified the ceremonious court of France.

Such popularity, it may easily be imagined, was not to escape the jealousy of rival salons. So many *grands seigneurs,* so many desirable *partis* were drawn away to be presented to Mademoiselle de Lenclos—a matter of some ceremony—that protests were not long in reaching the Queen against the witchery of "cette Ninon." Thus came about an unlooked-for interruption to a dinner party in the rue des Tournelles. The guests are Saint-Evremond, Rochefoucauld, the morose maker of maxims, de Coligny, who is presently to cross swords with Guise, Madame de la Sablière, patron of La Fontaine, and Mlle de Scudéry. The dinner is in full swing when an officer of the Guard arrives with a message from the Queen. Ninon reads it aloud to the dumfounded guests. It is an order to the hostess to retire to a convent,—enough to put a damper on any dinner party! The men break forth in angry expostulation and the women ask each other in frightened tones what it can possibly mean. But Ninon is equal to the occasion. Turning to the messenger she expresses her gratification at the honor conferred upon her and since she has been left the choice of a convent she will choose the "Grands Chartreux," a community of monks not too famous for their piety. When this reply is conveyed to the Queen, Anne is duly horrified, but Ninon receives no further requests to hie her to a nunnery.

Ninon was born in 1616, the year that Shakespeare died. She died in 1706, leaving a sum of money for buying books to a boy whom she had found extraordinarily precocious, for in this young rhymer of songs and maker of anagrams Ninon had divined that great humanitarian, the intellectual giant of the eighteenth century, who was to become famous under the anagram which he had given his own name—Voltaire.[1]

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"First she's good, next she's spirituelle, and after that she's beautiful," said the Duchess of Devonshire of Madame Récamier. Of Ninon, had they been contemporaries, the Duchess might have said, "She's spirituelle, and after that she's beautiful." Of another courtesan, a resident, we may suppose, of the Place Royale itself, one Marie de Lou, demoiselle de L'Orme, the Duchess's first impression would undoubtedly have been her last—"She's beautiful." For no such interest as that engendered by the incisive personality of her neighbor in the rue des Tournelles attaches to Marion Delorme. In common with many another professional beauty this "belle personne," according to the generally reliable Tallemant des Réaux, "n'avait pas l'esprit vif,"—a lack of lively wit which failed to deter her lover, Cinq Mars, from his intention to marry her, thereby bringing on his luckless head the jealous displeasure of Cardinal Richelieu, who was as little disposed to forgive the faithful servitor of the beauty as the faithless follower of the king. When she died her body lay in state for twenty-four hours and fashionable Paris filed by to gaze upon her beauty in death. Loret, in his "Muse Historique," thus describes the event:

"La pauvre Marion Delorme
De si rare et plaisante forme
A laissé ravir au tombeau
Son corps si charmant et si beau."

[1] Formed from "Arouet le jeune" by changing the "u" in Arouet to "v" and the "j" in jeune to "i" and of the last two words using only the initial letters.

On her head was placed a virgin's crown, objected to by the curé of Saint Gervais, says Tallemant, as "ridicule" and indeed, with all good will, its appropriateness is not clear.

VII. Revolution and Retrospect.

With the drawing to a close of le grand siècle passed the heyday of the Place Royale. Already in 1682 the transfer of the Court from Paris to the vast and stately park and palace which Louis XIV had created at Versailles marked the beginning of the end. Where the grande noblesse had once reigned supreme crept in the petite noblesse, the magistrate and the financier. The newcomers did not stay for long, but followed their predecessors in a western migration. The old nobility moved to the Faubourg Saint Germain on the Left Bank of the Seine, while the new nobility of finance pushed directly west towards the Palais Royal, of which the garden became the fashionable promenade of the eighteenth century. "Finally," writes Georges Cain, "the cannon of the Bastille drove away the last faithful tenants from the old Place." Of the Place a mediaeval lance had created, a modern cannon sounded the death knell.

A nineteenth century caricature on these days of decline is to be found in "Le Charivari" of October 18, 1844. Under the caption of "La Place Royale," two ridiculously appareled bourgeois are represented with their equally fantastic wives taking a stroll. "Well Radiguet," says one, "how is your health?" "Monsieur Ramarchard," replies Radiquet, "you see before you a ruined man. Yesterday I again lost sixteen sous at piquet."

In the changes of name of the Place Royale we may read the history of France. When the delegates of the federated departments assembled on the Champ de Mars on the 14th July, 1790, to celebrate the first anniversary of the taking of the Bastille, the Place Royale was named in their honor the Place des Fédérés, and when in 1793

the Convention proclaimed the Republic One and Indivisible, the square became the Place de l'Indivisibilité. Local history christened it Place du Parc d'Artillerie and later Place de la Fabrication des Armes. Likewise a product of the revolutionary era is the name it bears today. By a decree of the seventeenth of Ventose of the year VII (1799) the promise was made that the principal square in Paris would be named for the department which should have paid the largest share of its taxes by the twentieth of Germinal. The Department of Vosges won the award. The Restoration brought back the name of the Place Royale. The Revolution of 1848 saw it called the Place de la République for a while and later the Place des Vosges. Under the Second Empire it was again the Place Royale and finally 1870 brought back, for the third time, the Place des Vosges.

The Place was the locale of an animated scene in Revolutionary times. Let me quote a charming vignette from the pen of Lucien Lambeau, secretary of the Old Paris Commission: "Here we are in the warm days of July, 1792. A platform surmounted by a tent adorned with tricolor flags is in the middle of the Place. The rumbling rat-tat-tat of drums echoes under the arcades: the crowd in their Sunday best,—for today is Sunday the twenty-second—circulate through the Place en masse, singing at the top of their voices the new song of the inhabitants of Marseilles, definitely adopted by the people since April, 1792. Young men, men of ripe age, and old men, their eyes aflame and escorted by women, young girls and children, flock towards the tricolored amphitheater and, climbing the steps, sign something on a large register and descend again to gather in groups at the foot of the staircase. These are the volunteers of '92; 'la patrie est en danger!'" [1]

About half a century later, the Place was the scene of another dramatic incident in connection with another revolution—the ill-fated one of 1848. The insurgents

[1] La Place Royale; Lucien Lambeau. H. Daragon, Ed. 30 rue Duperré, Paris.

had seized the hôtel at No. 6, of strategic value because of its outlet to the rue Saint Antoine by the Cul de Sac Guéménée. Masters of the Place by the surrender of a battalion of the Colonial Army, they were flushed with victory and pillaging was in the air. But they learned that it was the home of Victor Hugo. Whereupon the exuberant cries of this motley crew were hushed and the grimy powder-stained band entered on tip-toe, hat in hand, talking in low tones. Through the house they trooped, penetrating even the Gothic-windowed recesses of the poet's study. There a street waif, bolder than the rest, perched for an impudent minute in the chair before the work table and, glancing down at a paper lying open before him, read the word "Gavroche." It was a page of the unfinished manuscript of "Les Misérables." As quietly as they had entered, the crowd filed out. Papers were lying about, objects of value were on all sides; nothing was touched.

It would be a mistake to leave the Place Royale with revolutionary memories. They are not the strident voices of unrest which call to us from these imposing façades of brick and stone. The dignified, stout buildings of the bluff Henry with their high windows and the "superb roofs" of which Corneille speaks, evoke no turbulence of transition but hark back to that old régime of wigs and ruffles, of fair ladies in the wondrous converse of the Précieuses, of chevaliers in glittering pageants, of duelists with rattling blades. They bespeak an epoch when France was far and away the dominant power, her court the most brilliant of all Europe and the Place Royale the most brilliant spot in this brilliant capital. And so to leave uppermost in our minds the impression of these halcyon days, let us turn to the eloquent pages of Victor Cousin:

"How many events both of public and private importance the Place has witnessed throughout the entire seventeenth century! How many noble tournaments, how many proud duels, how many charming rendezvous! What conversations has it not heard, worthy of those of the Decameron which Corneille has drawn upon in one of his

first comedies, 'La Place Royale,' and in several acts of 'Le Menteur'! What gracious beings have inhabited these pavilions! What rich furnishings, what treasures of exquisite luxury have they not assembled here! How many illustrious personages of all kinds have climbed these beautiful stairways! Richelieu and Condé, Molière and Corneille have passed here a hundred times. It was while walking in this gallery that Descartes, in conversation with Pascal, suggested to him the idea of his beautiful experiments on the weight of air. It was here also that, one evening, when leaving the house of Madame de Guéménée, the melancholy de Thou received from Cinq Mars the involuntary confession of the conspiracy which was to lead them both to the scaffold. It was here, finally, that Madame de Sévigné was born and near here that she lived." [1]

[1] "La Jeunesse de Madame de Longueville," Victor Cousin.

LA PLACE ROYALE (NOW PLACE DES VOSGES).

Part II. The Visit.

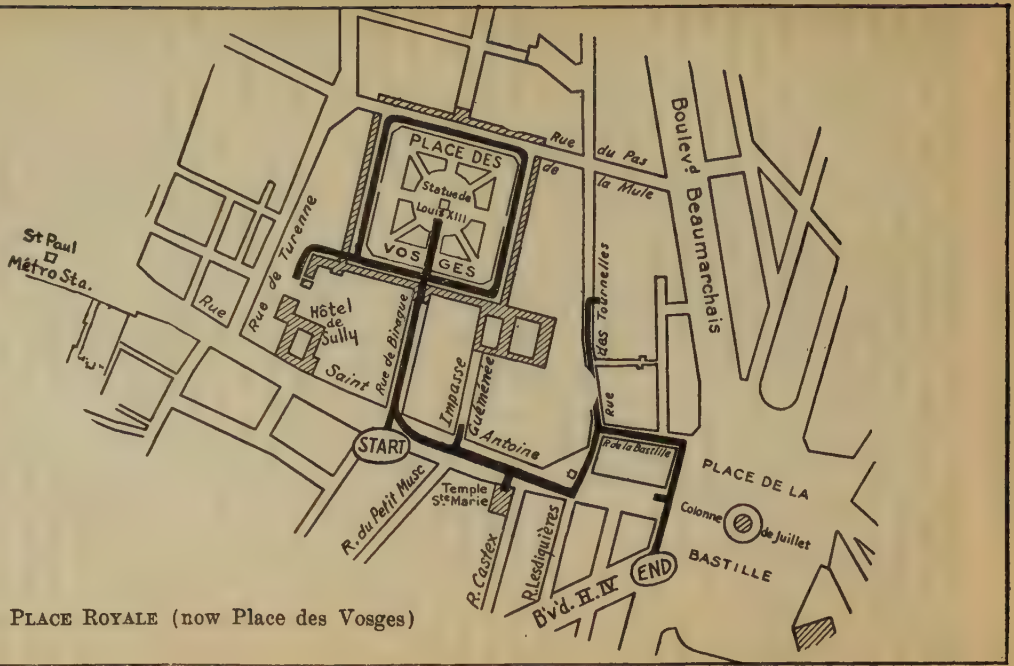
I. La Place Royale.

Tous les illustres habitans
De cet incomparable cloître.
—*Scarron.*

There is a royal approach to the Place Royale and this I earnestly adjure you to take. It is a mistake to throw away your first impression by slipping in the back way from the rue des Francs-Bourgeois after a visit to the Carnavalet. Enter the Place by the former rue Royale, now the **rue de Birague**, which runs north from the rue Saint Antoine at No. 38 of that street, a few steps east of the Hôtel de Sully (Métro Station: Saint Paul). As you walk down the rue de Birague you will reap your reward in the tempting vista of archway and park. The building in front of you is the Pavillon du Roi, erected by Henri IV for his own use, but never occupied by that monarch because of the knife of Ravaillac. Notice the wrought iron balconies, graceful and simple in design, style Louis XIII. The royal "H," with garland and palms, appears on each side of the arch above the fluted pilasters. The sculptured ornament depicts the symbols of war and peace, **L.**, the weapons of war, **R.**, the attributes of the arts (pallet, mask, dividers, engraving tool, book, lyre and ink-well with quill pen).

Pass under the archway, cross to the iron railing, and turn and look back at the Pavillon du Roi. In the central dormer is the royal "H" with palms. Above the window with the balcony is a medallion of the bearded Gascon monarch, framed with a garland and palms and surmounted by the royal crown with fleurs-de-lis. From this balcony Marie de Medici watched the fête which inaugurated the Place.

The Pavillon du Roi is the only pavilion where the first



THE PLACE ROYALE (now Place des Vosges)

story windows have a stone balustrade and, with the exception of the Victor Hugo house at No. 6 and the Hôtel de Favras at No. 4, it is the only one where exterior blinds have not been added on any story. Blinds of this sort were not known when the Place was built, the purpose being served by jointed shutters folding back on the inside. The Pavillon du Roi originally included the building over the archway (the present No. 1) and the building to the left (the present No. 2); the entrance was by a large stairway in No. 2. Because of a family division of property a wall was erected separating No. 2 from the part above the arcade. This necessitated another stairway to reach the part over the arcade and the westernmost arch was thereby blocked up. As far back as 1752 we find Germain Brice lamenting the intrusion of this "fort disgracieux escalier."

The Pavillon du Roi remained for a long period in the royal domain. In 1607 it was loaned to Charles de Court, court painter and valet de chambre of Henri IV. Shortly before the Revolution it was inhabited by a celebrated dentist, one Le Roy de la Faudiguière, who installed a fine collection of paintings, including works of Raphael, Michael Angelo, Titian and Corregio.

Make for the **center of the park** near the funny statue of Louis XIII, and look about you at this imposing square. Note the effective color scheme produced by the red of the brick, the white of the stone and the blue of the slate roof, an anticipation, someone has suggested, of the tricolor of France. This use of brick faced with stone is characteristic of the period and was in great favor with the nobility, we are told by Sauval, who writes with his tongue in his cheek, until the bourgeois began to take it up whereupon it was only fit for a house of cards. We have already encountered this style in the Hôtel de Chalons-Luxembourg and we shall meet it again in the Hôtel de Fourcy at No. 30 rue des Francs-Bourgeois; it may also be seen in the original houses of the Place Dauphine of Henri IV,—such as the two end houses on the Pont Neuf—in the Palais Mazarin, now forming part of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and in the little château which Louis XIII built at Versailles and around which Louis XIV was to build a huge one. Notice how the lofty roofs of the Pavillon du Roi and its vis-à-vis, the Pavillon de la Reine, by projecting above their neighbors, break the monotony of the roof line.

Return to the Pavillon du Roi. A word as you pass through the gate. The original fence, a low wooden affair, was supplanted in the time of Louis XIV by a magnificent railing of wrought iron with gilt ornaments in the form of the entwined "L's" and the emblem of the Sun King. During the Revolution it was threatened with destruction in order to provide pikes and was saved only when Santerre pointed out that it would serve as an excellent barrier for the cannon parked in the Place. It had less success, however, in weathering the Louis Philippe era of atrocious taste, being considered too heavy, forsooth! and in 1839, despite the protests of Victor Hugo, who was then living on the Place at No. 6, it was replaced by the commonplace affair of today. The legend that the Louis XIV railing is still to be found on the rue Vivienne, bordering the Bibliothèque Nationale, has been disproved by M. Lambeau who believes that the railing was undoubtedly sold for old iron. Some suggestion of its beauty may be gleaned from the entrance gate at Versailles or from the window railings with the Sun King emblem which ornament the Place Vendôme.

Turn R. At **No. 1 bis** (modern numbering) an inscription records the birth of Marie de Rabutin Chantal, the incomparable Madame de Sévigné, whose lively letters give us such a charming insight into the society of the seventeenth century. We shall meet again "la belle et fine marquise" at the Hôtel Carnavalet. At the hôtel before us, Bouteville, fleeing from the Watch, found refuge with the Baron de Chantal (see Part I, page 118).

West Side. No. 7 bis, in the corner, is the entrance to the Petit Hôtel Sully, of which more anon. **No. 9** is the **Hôtel de Chaulnes.** Honoré d'Albert, Duke de Chaulnes and a Marshal of France, was the head of a family which owned vast estates in Picardy. Through the influence of his brother, the Duke de Luynes, favorite of Louis XIII, he rose rapidly in the army and crowned his military career by driving the Spaniards out of Arras, an incident familiar to the friends of Cyrano de Bergerac. In 1646 he was appointed Governor of Auvergne and Picardy and died in 1649, says Moréri, "dans une grande réputation de valeur et d'intelligence dans les affaires de l'Etat après s'être acquis et conservé toute sa vie l'estime des rois Louis XIII et Louis XIV,"—no mean achievement. At the moment of

his death he was the eldest of the French marshals and, in recognition of this seniority, Anne of Austria conferred exceptional honor on his widow by coming in person to offer her condolences.

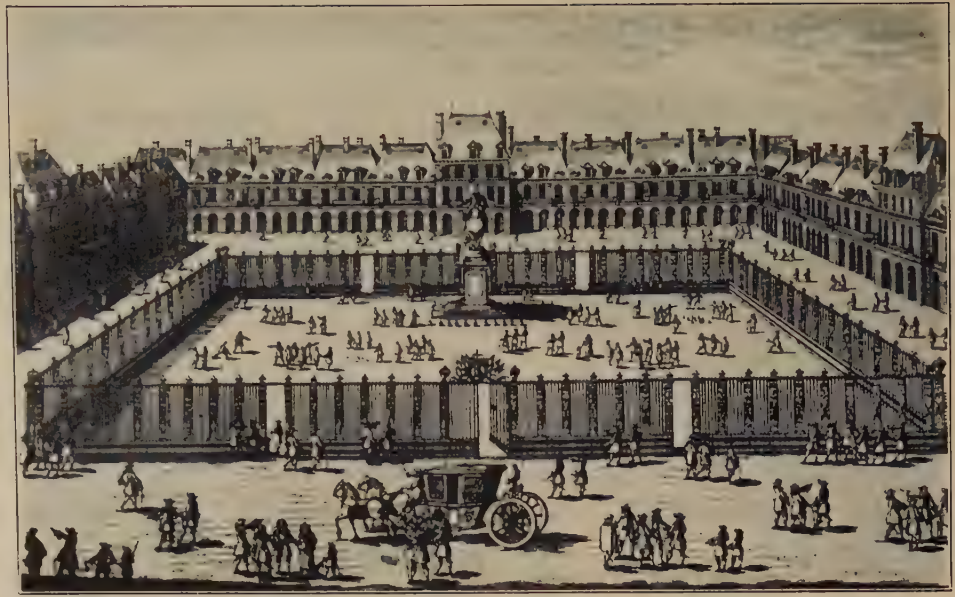
A great society favorite, the Duke de Chaulnes gave brilliant receptions in this hôtel, of which the richness was proverbial in the seventeenth century. "Je sais toutes les merveilles de l'hôtel de Chaulnes," writes Madame de Sévigné, and expresses her regret at missing a reception.[1] According to Victor Cousin, the hôtel figures as the palace of Mexarsis in "Le Grand Cyrus" of Mlle de Scudéry.

In comparatively modern times the Hôtel de Chaulnes is associated with the famous tragédienne, Rachel, who made her apartment here a veritable treasure house. She had rented it, she was wont to say with a mournful smile, because it was on the way to the cemetery of Père Lachaise and would comfortably house her friends at her funeral service. In fulfilment of this grim presentiment, she died shortly afterwards at Le Cannet, near Cannes, on a visit to the uncle of Victorien Sardou. Her body was brought back to Paris and lay in state at this house. "On se réunira à son domicile, 9 Place Royale, au Marais," read the funeral notice in the Gazette des Tribunaux. It was a wet and gloomy day when a huge crowd gathered under the arcades to see the funeral procession leave. The friends and acquaintances of the quondam street singer shone not only in numbers but in distinction. Alexandre Dumas was a pall-bearer; Alfred de Vigny, Prosper Mérimée, Théophile Gautier, Sainte-Beuve, Scribe and Henri Murger were of the number who followed the hearse to Père Lachaise.

The part of the hôtel which was Rachel's apartment has been taken over by the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. This apartment, which may be visited, contains a superb, late Louis XIV salon, a room with charmingly restored paneling, now used as the Director's office, and other rooms with decorative details.

The hôtel still has the lead finials representing vases with flowers which formerly ornamented all the roofs on the Place except that of the Pavillon du Roi which had gilded fleurs-de-lis. Here at No. 9 are three finials, one at each end of the gable and a third in the corner between No. 7 and No. 5. On the roof of No. 5 the supporting rods

[1] Letter to Coulanges, February 22, 1695.



LA PLACE ROYALE.

A seventeenth century view, showing the Louis XIV fence.

are still visible, while at No. 13 on this side and at Nos. 10 and 4 near the Victor Hugo house truncated vestiges remain. The only other hôtel where the finials are intact is the Hôtel de Villedeuil at No. 14, the building with the belfry on the opposite side of the Place.

By penetrating the courtyard of the Hôtel de Chaulnes and turning **L.** into a second courtyard one may get a glimpse of the **Petit Hôtel Sully,** the two-story pavilion immediately **L.** It was used by Sully as an annex to his large hôtel in the rue Saint Antoine, the back of which can be seen from this court and with which it was connected by a garden. Sully took possession in 1634 at the age of seventy-five and lived here until his death in 1641. Difficult though it may be to conceive of this grave Protestant as the host at gay parties, it was at his Petit Hôtel that Sully was wont to dance the pavan with a society recruited for him by his former secretaries. Under the arcades of the Place Royale was often seen a solitary stroller wearing gold chains and jewelry of a bygone fashion. It was the deposed minister of Henri IV.

The widow of another boon companion of Henri IV lived at **No. 13.** This was Elisabeth d'Angennes whose husband was the Duke d'Aumont, Marshal of France and Governor of Paris. A later occupant was Madame de Laborde, for whom a new office at court was created by Marie Antoinette. Her duties were limited to opening the curtains of the Queen's bed in the morning and closing them at night. On rare occasions she slept at the foot of the royal bed.

No. 17 was occupied from 1682 to 1694 by the famous **Bossuet,** Bishop of Meaux, the great preacher of that age of great preaching, the seventeenth century. Just as Louis XIV represented the absolutism of the crown, Bossuet was the foremost apostle of the absolutism of the Roman Catholic Church. At the Hôtel de Rambouillet, the conversation having turned one evening on the merits and demerits of extempore preaching, a young priest in the company was called upon to give an impromptu address. His auditors sat enraptured by his eloquence although the sermon lasted until past midnight. Of this *tour-de-force* of the sixteen-year-old Bossuet, Voiture, the accredited wit of the Hôtel de Rambouillet, observed, "I have never heard anyone preach so early or so late."

On the side of **No. 19,** the corner house, we read the

name "rue de l'Echarpe." The street which debouches on the Place at this corner was originally called the rue Henri IV, then rue de l'Echarpe Blanche from an inn sign, afterwards the rue de l'Echarpe and finally the rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

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North Side. No. 21. Cardinal Richelieu is said to have lived here while awaiting the completion of his palace near the Louvre, the Palais Cardinal, which became the Palais Royal we know today. M. Lucien Lambeau, an authority on the Place des Vosges, affirms that there is no explicit evidence to show that the Cardinal lived here but there is no doubt, at any rate, that the hôtel was subsequently occupied by the Cardinal's nephew, Armand Jean de Vignerot, Duke de Richelieu, and by his great grand-nephew, Louis François Armand de Vignerot du Plessis, Duke de Richelieu, Marshal of France, duelist and squire of dames. The Cardinal's nephew was an exceedingly vain man, married to a lady who brought him neither fortune nor beauty, but who excelled in the art of flattery and of catering to the changing whims of her pompous husband. Both had a predilection for men and women of letters. Their bi-weekly receptions shone particularly on the distaff side, including Madame de Sévigné, Mlle de Scudéry, Madame de la Fayette and the witty Madame de Cornuel of whom her confessor declared that every sin she confessed was an epigram. A welcome visitor was that little sister of the rich, Madame Scarron, who was one day to gain the "considération" she craved as the wife of no less a person than the *grand monarque* himself, Louis, fourteenth of the name. It was in front of this hôtel, or on the other side of the Place, according to Lambeau, that the Count de Bouteville crossed swords with the Marquis de Beuvron. Handsome **stairway** with wrought iron railing; apply to concierge.

No. 23 was inhabited by the Marshal de Bassompierre. Interesting **stairway** with elaborately carved posts on first story above entresol; shown by the concierge when owner is not in residence.

No. 25 was occupied by the descendants of the Gobelins, the dyers who gave their name to the great tapestry plant on the Left Bank. According to the Marquis de Rochegude, this hôtel was continuously in the possession of the same

family—de Lescalopier—from 1610 to 1880, a circumstance without parallel in the annals of Paris.

No. 28 is the counterpart of the Pavillon du Roi, the **Pavillon de la Reine.** Stairway (Louis XVI). Both this pavilion and the Pavillon du Roi would have been demolished if Germain Brice (he who lamented the stairway in the Pavillon du Roi), had had his way. With the pavilions demolished, he argued, one could have an unobstructed view from the rue Saint Antoine of the statue of the king and the façade of the conventual chapel of the Minimes, which lay behind the Pavillon de la Reine, but fortunately the French zeal for vistas was not to be pushed to this extreme.

No. 26 was inhabited by Marguerite, Duchess de Rohan et de Fontenay, a grand-daughter of Sully. It was from a window of this hôtel that, according to tradition, Madame de Longueville anxiously watched the Guise-Coligny duel.

No. 24 was erected by the Marquis de Vitry, Captain of the Guard under Henri III and Henri IV. Vitry was the first inhabitant of the Place Royale.

The street leading out of the Place at this corner, the rue du Pas de la Mule, was formerly spanned by a pavilion with a ground story of three arches similar to the Pavillon du Roi and the Pavillon de la Reine. This pavilion, which was demolished in 1818, was not contemporaneous with the construction of the Place as it does not appear on engravings until about the middle of the seventeenth century. The fourth opening into the Place by the rue des Francs-Bourgeois, directly opposite, has never been built over. When the Place des Vosges was laid out, the rue du Pas de la Mule was scarcely more than a footpath, and a steep one at that. It ended at the first cross street, the rue des Tournelles, which it connected with the horse market installed in the park of the abandoned Hôtel des Tournelles where the Place des Vosges is now.

The origin of the name can only be guessed at. Perhaps it came from a sign, as is so often the case, or the steepness of the way may have been such that only a mule could pass. Or it may come from the mule of Gilles Le Maistre, that sober magistrate with a volatile wife who assured himself against conjugal infidelity by taking his wife with him wherever he went. "By this way," writes Victor Hugo, "passed every day the First President of Parliament in 1560, Gilles Le Maistre, mounted on a mule, followed by

his wife in a cart and by his servant on an ass, going to see hang in the evening those he had passed judgment upon in the morning." Or again—and this explanation seems as good as any—there may have been established here one of those stepping-stones called "pas de la mule" which were used by dignified folk to mount their steeds.

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East Side. The first house beyond the rue du Pas de la Mule, **No. 22,** furnishes an example of the enlightened solicitude of the French for their historic monuments. Despite an injunction forbidding the owner of a building which has been classed as a "monument historique" to make unauthorized alterations, the present owner, M. Vilain, cut into the roof line of his house in order to enlarge the dormer windows. Though the change was comparatively slight, it was considered that the harmonious ensemble of the Place had been infringèd upon and M. Vilain was obliged, at great expense, to restore his façade to its original aspect.

At **No. 20** lived Nicolas d'Angennes, Seigneur de Rambouillet, whose son married Catherine de Vivonne, the celebrated Marquise de Rambouillet.

The site of the **Hôtel de Villedeuil** at **No. 14** was conceded in 1605 to one Antoine Rybault, Sire of Bréau, a royal tax collector. In 1652 the hôtel passed to Messire Louis Barbier de la Rivière, a minister of state, who had it beautifully decorated by Le Brun and others. When the property was altered in 1875 for the use of a Jewish synagogue, the ceiling frescoes and ornamental carving from two rooms of this hôtel were transferred to the Musée Carnavalet where they give an excellent impression of the imposing interiors of the Place Royale of the seventeenth century (see page 113).

Notice that the hôtel has preserved its original façade of brick and stone, whereas its neighbors expose a front painted to give the appearance of red brick and lines of grayish mortar.[1] The picturesque Flemish-looking belfry

[1] At the moment of writing, the façade of No. 19 is being rebuilt, which affords an interesting opportunity to note the process. Real brick is being used, but the solid limestone front is first completed with recesses into which the brick is afterwards inserted. In other words, instead of being a brick building trimmed with

and finials which still ornament the roof, the handsome balcony and above all, the glorious, rich red of the old brick combine to give it an air of distinction. A plaque on the façade gives the name Hôtel de Villedeuil after the Marquis de Villedeuil who lived here in 1777. It is sometimes mistakenly called the Hôtel Dangeau.

On a February evening in 1848, armed insurgents appeared beneath the windows of the Hôtel de Villedeuil, which was then the *mairie* of the eighth arrondissement. The situation was critical when a majestic figure stepped out upon the balcony. It was Victor Hugo, Peer of France. He tried to calm the impatience of the crowd but without success. Guns were raised in menace. "Que voulez-vous, mes enfants?" cried the orator, grown very pale. "La République? Eh, bien! Vive la République!" and the guns were lowered.

No. 12 was the residence of the **Marquis de Dangeau**, counselor, aide-de-camp and historian of Louis XIV. Though a polished courtier of great personal charm, Dangeau owed his rapid advancement at court to his skill at cards, a quality which, combined with a knowledge of Spanish, won the favor of Maria Teresa and likewise of Anne of Austria whose chief distractions were the card table and her oratory. This proficiency served to win their money as well, for the favorite carried off such huge sums after playing with the queen and her mother that the Sun King, suspicious at a period when cheating at cards was a foible lightly regarded, hid himself one day where he could survey his courtier's playing until satisfied of his honesty. His "Journal de la Cour de Louis XIV" affords intimate glimpses of the king in the field and of the elaborate etiquette of Versailles. On literary criticism the writer wastes no time. "On apprit à Chambord la mort du bonhomme Corneille, fameux par ses comédies," is the way he records the death of the great dramatist, "il laisse une place vacante dans l'Académie." On the performance of Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" his only comment is that the king, for whom it had been written, laughed heartily.

stone, it is, in reality, a stone building partially faced with brick. That this is the case with No. 14 I am not prepared to say, but because of the abundance and cheapness of limestone in this region, as compared with brick, it seems very probable.

No. 10 was built in 1605 by Claude de Châtillon, topographer of Henri IV, and was one of the first buildings to be erected in the Place Royale. De Chatillon may possibly have been the architect of the Place, but of this no definite proof has come to light. The present proprietor is the Countess de Beauchaine.

In the corner of the Place opposite the hearth of that great exponent of classic drama who came here mournfully on her way to Père Lachaise are houses associated with two ardent romanticists, Théophile Gautier and the pontiff of the school, Victor Hugo. On the third story (deuxième étage) of **No. 8**, weirdly clad and reveling in his bibelots and his cats, lived **Théophile Gautier.** The apostle of *l'art pour l'art* dwelt here in 1838 at the age of twenty-seven—his Emaux et Camées yet to be written. He was succeeded by Alphonse Daudet, whose *sensibilité* and extravagant humor suggest comparison with Dickens.

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No. 6. Now we come to the lion of them all—the house sanctified by **Victor Hugo.** The site was conceded in 1605 to Isaac Arnauld of the Jansenist family of Port Royal. Arnauld sold the hôtel to the Marquis de Lavardin, Marshal of France, who was in the coach of Henri IV when the latter was assassinated. It passed in 1639 to Louis de Rohan, Prince de Guéménée. In the halcyon days of the Place the levers of Madame la Princesse de Guéménée were brilliant receptions at which the families of Vendôme, Rohan, Soissons and the princes of the blood were familiar visitors. The hôtel was a rendezvous for the aristocratic plotters of the Fronde, the rebellion which ushered in the reign of Louis XIV. Marion Delorme is generally said to have lived here and certain it is that Victor Hugo came to No. 6 in the belief that the famous beauty, heroine of his drama written the year before, had once graced these walls with her lovely presence. According to tradition, Richelieu, putting aside his cardinal's red for sombre black, used to traverse the Place diagonally from his residence at No. 21 to visit his inamorata.[1]

[1] Lambeau believes that Marion Delorme lived on the Place but not at No. 6. It would appear from the "Historiettes" of Tallemant des Réaux that Marion lived somewhere on the Place but there is no indication of which house.

Victor Hugo came in 1832 and lived here sixteen years. Here he wrote the dramas "Marie Tudor," "Ruy Blas"[1] and "Les Burgraves," besides many collections of poems, and here he began "Les Misérables." (To recall the incident of 1848 see Part I, page 132). Victor Hugo's apartment was a gathering place for the Romantic School. Alfred de Vigny, Alfred de Musset, Alexandre Dumas and Delacroix, the fiery painter who clashed with the cold traditions of the school of David, were among its habitués. The Saint Paul Quarter contributed Barye, the sculptor, whose house we saw on the Quai, and Nodier from the Library of the Arsenal. Prosper Mérimée, whose "Colomba" most of us have read in school, often came here, and so did Gautier from his house next door. The entire building, not merely the second floor which was occupied by the poet, is now a museum of rich interest to all who are devotees of Victor Hugo. And who is not? "Hugo, Hugo everywhere," writes Lucas, "always tremendous and splendid and passionate and French."

No. 4 was inhabited in 1789 by Thomas de Mahy, **Marquis de Favras.** The Marquis de Favras was involved in a counter-revolutionary plot which formed one of the dramatic episodes of the early period of the Revolution. A poor captain of dragoons, the Marquis contracted an almost royal marriage with the Princess Caroline d'Anhalt, but unhappily his father-in-law fell behind in the promised payments of the dowry, which resulted in the Marquis spending the rest of his life in attempts to gain a fortune commensurate with his position in society. When Louis XVI was compelled to move his court to Paris, Favras, ever an adventurer, eagerly lent himself to a plot in the king's favor.

A December evening of 1789 at about seven o'clock, one Jouffroy, a spy in the service of the Revolutionary government, concealed himself behind a pillar of the arcade opposite No. 4, and picked up some crumbs of the plot. A few days later the Marquis and his wife were arrested. Though the plot may have envisaged nothing more than the flight of the king to Metz,—a forerunner of Mirabeau's scheme and of the attempt which failed at Varenne—yet as betrayed by Favras' accomplices it assumed such formidable

[1] Frequently acted at the Comédie Française.

proportions that "Le Moniteur" of the following day startled the Parisians with this announcement: "Le Marquis de Favras et la dame son épouse ont été arrêtés hier pour un plan qu'ils avaient fait de soulever trente mille hommes pour assassiner M. de Lafayette et le maire de Paris, et ensuite nous couper les vivres. . . . Monsieur, frère du roi, était à la tête." "Monsieur, frère du roi," the Count de Provence, hovers in the background of the story and according to Gouverneur Morris, then United States Minister to France, a letter from the king's brother was actually found on Favras and politely returned to the writer by Lafayette and Bailly, Mayor of Paris. Frightened by the arrest of the man who was evidently his tool, the Count de Provence appeared before the leaders of the Commune to protest his own innocence, whereupon those stout republicans, flattered beyond bounds at such condescension from a prince of the blood, showered him with applause. Favras was hanged like a common malefactor on the Place de Grève. His wife was released and under the Restoration was accorded a pension by Louis XVIII, in memory no doubt of those trying days as Count de Provence and of her husband's faithful reticence. Curiously enough, the Count de Provence would never have reigned as Louis XVIII had the plot succeeded, for Louis XVII would have inherited his father's crown and there would have been no mystery of the Temple.

We are back at the **rue de Birague**, originally the rue Royale, and renamed after the Cardinal René de Birague, Chancellor of France (1507-1583). (When you visit the French Renaissance sculpture at the Louvre, watch out for the vigorous but reposeful statue of the Chancellor which Germain Pilon made for his tomb.) As you descend the street, the **first house, R., No. 11bis**, is a part of No. 1bis of the Place where Madame de Sévigné was born. The formal entrance was from this street by a broad stone staircase, which can still be seen immediately to the **R.** of the gate. The Count de Bouteville, fleeing for his life after his duel with the Marquis de Beuvron, entered this hôtel from the Place Royale side, was furnished a horse by the Baron de Chantal and left by this gate en route for the Porte Saint Antoine and Lorraine. At the foot of the street glance back at the Pavillon du Roi, which makes a pretty picture with flower boxes at the windows and the Louis XIII statue

visible under the archway. **No. 2**, on the corner, retains a mediaeval gable.

II. To the Hôtel of Ninon de Lenclos.

We may now make a short detour to the Hôtel de Mayenne, to the church of Sainte Marie and to the Hôtel of Ninon de Lenclos.

Turn **L.** in the **rue Saint Antoine.** At **No. 32 L.**, supported by heavy stone consoles, is an old balcony of which we have seen so many in this street of processions. Out of compliment to the architectural beauty of the Place Royale and that foreign ambassadors might see the Place and the Place see the ambassadors, the state processions which entered the city from the gate of Saint Antoine followed the rue Saint Antoine as far as the rue Royale (the present rue de Birague), and were there diverted so as to make the rounds of the Place before continuing on the rue Saint Antoine. Along this route Louis XIV and his young bride, Maria Teresa, made their triumphal entry and circled the Place before passing the Queen Mother and the distinguished group on the balcony of the Hôtel de Beauvais.

Step inside the **Impasse Guéménée, L.**, to get clear of the noisy and crowded rue Saint Antoine. The Impasse Guéménée once bore the joyous title of Cul de Sac du Ha! Ha! It has been suggested that the "Ha! Ha!" represented the grunted exclamation of a man turning into a blind alley in the belief that it is a thoroughfare and finding his way blocked. At **No. 4**, the second archway on the further side of the Impasse, was the Couvent des Filles de la Croix, founded in 1643, to which were consigned disturbingly romantic young girls and their sisters and their cousins and their aunts of frivolous tendencies, by the simple expedient of procuring a lettre de cachet from the king.

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Diagonally across the street, at **No. 21** rue Saint Antoine, on the corner of the rue du Petit Musc, is the imposing **Hôtel de Mayenne.** Note the fine sweeping curve of the side on the rue du Petit Musc. The first building on this site belonged in the fourteenth century to Louis, Duke de Bourbon, grandson of Saint Louis. Charles VI rebuilt the hôtel and it was occupied for a time by Charles VII and

later by Louis XI, who connected it by a passage underneath the rue Saint Antoine with the Hôtel des Tournelles. Anne of Brittany lived here before her marriage to Charles VIII.

The hôtel was purchased in 1554 by Diane de Poitiers who installed in a part of the building Germain Pilon and Philibert Delorme. Germain Pilon was one of the great sculptors of the French Renaissance. At the Louvre, near his bust of Cardinal Birague, is his group of the Three Graces made to contain the heart of Henri II, which beat its last at the old Hôtel des Tournelles, and at Saint Denis is an imposing tomb for which he sculptured the kneeling figures of Henri II and Catherine de Medici. Philibert Delorme designed the château of Diane de Poitiers at Anet and was joint architect with Jean Bullant of the Tuileries.

At the Hôtel de Mayenne, you will recall, Montmorency-Bouteville and his cousin, des Chapelles, fleeing from the King's Watch, nearly ran foul of the King. Warned in time, they galloped down the short remaining stretch of the rue Saint Antoine to the Saint Antoine gate, which stood in the left-hand or northern part of the present Place de la Bastille, and so gained the open country.

It has been said that the hôtel was reconstructed for Diane de Poitiers by the first Jacques Androuet du Cerceau and that the assassination of Henri III was plotted here when the hôtel passed to the Duke de Mayenne, head of the League, but it is more probable that the present structure was built at a later date for a son of the great Leaguer. The façade bears the earmarks of the early seventeenth century,—superimposed orders of Doric and Ionic pilasters and the alternate use of large and small quoins bordering the windows and pilasters. Brick is not employed, however, as in the Place Royale. Notice the lofty high-pitched roof with large chimneys of the Renaissance type and two sets of dormer windows beautifully disposed. The double cross of Lorraine is incorporated in the wrought iron railing of the balcony nearest the rue du Petit Musc. This is a hôtel good to see again; its charm grows on one. The indefatigables may venture into the courtyard, altered by Boffrand in 1708, where they will see a medallion of the kindly priest, founder of the boys' school which now occupies the building.

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The domed structure on the corner of the rue Castex, **R.**, is the **Temple Sainte Marie.** It occupies the site of the Hôtel de Boissy to which the badly wounded Quélus was transported after the Battle of the Mignons in the old horse market and where he died in the arms of his sobbing king. The church was built for an adjoining convent occupied by the Nuns of the Visitation, who had been brought to Paris in 1619 by the Baronne de Chantal, grandmother of Madame de Sévigné.

Jeanne Françoise Fremiot de Chantal exemplified that phase of intense religious frenzy and profound mysticism which marked the reaction of the Catholic church from the attacks of Calvin. The story is told of her as a child that, after listening with rapt attention to a theological discussion between her father and a Protestant guest, she suddenly burst forth, "Then you don't believe that Jesus Christ is present at the Holy Sacrament? But he said that he was! You believe, then, that he is a liar?" The visitor was unwise enough to attempt to turn the discussion with some propitiatory bonbons. Jeanne Françoise flung the bonbons into the fire and drawing her little body up to its full height, hurled at her astonished opponent, "Monsieur, voilà comme les hérétiques brûleront dans l'enfer." Although a model wife and mother, the affection nearest her heart was never of this world. The death of her husband in a hunting accident was the first step in her emancipation from mundane concerns and to seal her vow of consecration to the Church she branded the name of Jesus on her heart with a red hot iron. Once her children were provided for, she retired from society and founded with Saint François de Sales the charitable Order of the Visitation. She was canonized under the name of Sainte Chantal.

The church is the burial place of the Chantal and Coulanges families and of the Marquis de Sévigné. (His illustrious wife died at Grignan in Provence on a visit to that thankless daughter of hers, and her remains are there.) Nicolas Fouquet, the unfortunate Minister of Finance, is buried here as well as his father and son. To this convent in the rue Saint Antoine fled for refuge Louise de Lafayette from the friendship, for once not platonic, of Louis XIII, and here Louis visited her until persuaded by Saint Vincent de Paul that royalty should respect convent walls.

During the Revolution the chapel was used as a Jacobin club. Napoleon gave it to the Protestant Church. "Curious situation for such a church," was the comment of Marron, its first minister, "midway between the two great enemies of Protestantism in the past, the Bastille and the Jesuits." The reference is to the Jesuit institution next to the church of Saint Paul.

The church was designed by François Mansart whose instinct for harmonious proportions is shown in the central doorway. To **visit** apply to concierge, **door L.** "The fine technique," writes Blomfield, "the resolute simplicity of treatment, the very clever and effective lighting, screened as it is behind the openings of the chapels, yet ample for its purpose, the perfectly adjusted scale and proportion, give to what is quite a small building a certain heroic dignity, and render the interior of Sainte Marie one of the finest examples of its kind in the whole range of Renaissance architecture." [1] Note the sobriety of the cornice, the chaste ornament over the series of small arches, one of which adjoins the pulpit, and the delightful cupids above the windows in the dome—the church was consecrated under the title Notre Dame des Anges.

Beneath the chapel with the Chantal arms, the concierge will show you the Chantal-Coulanges-Sévigné coffins in the disordered state in which they were left by the Revolution (the Fouquet coffins are in the opposite crypt) and conduct you, if you so request, to a beautifully sculptured side door, now enclosed by an addition to the building, where you will see a "bonnet phrygien" or Liberty Cap, a legacy from the Jacobin club. In the crypt is a curious pillar which supports the flooring of the nave.

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Continue to the triangular space at the end of the rue des Tournelles, **L.**, where an excellent statue of the debonair Beaumarchais unites the bravado of the adventurer with the reflective spirit of the author of "Figaro." The sculptor is Clausade, 1895. Notice how skilfully the pedestal accords with the figure which it supports, consorting with its graceful character and at the same time relieving it of too great verticality. More of Beaumarchais in another chapter.

Glance down the **rue des Lesdiguières**, opposite the

[1] Reginald Blomfield, A History of French Architecture, 1494-1661, Vol. II. p. 128.

statue. Where it crosses the Boulevard Henri IV, on ground now covered by the boulevard, was a house where Balzac served an arduous apprenticeship of fantastic tales under the influence of Anne Radcliffe before he found his stride, years later, in "Les Chouans." For the garret which he occupied, and which he has described in "La Peau de Chagrin," he paid three sous a day and here he was his own femme de chambre and wore flannel shirts to save laundry bills. The youthful Balzac was within easy walking distance of the Librairie de Monsieur at the Arsenal, which was his place of work, and not so far from the cemetery which was his playground. "Je vais m'égayer au Père Lachaise," he wrote to his sister. On the way home from the cemetery he used to mingle with the workmen of the Faubourg Saint Antoine, study their characteristics and listen to their conversation. "When, between eleven o'clock and midnight, I met a workman and his wife coming from the Ambigu-Comique, I amused myself by following them from the Pont aux Choux to the Boulevard Beaumarchais."

The indefatigables who like sites (I am not among them) may make a five minute digression to the end of this street to the site of Zamet's Italian palace where Gabrielle d'Estrées partook of her host's succulent and poisoned fare and to which Marie de Medici came to spend a fortnight soon after the death of Gabrielle. I warn the indefatigables that nothing is left to recall those days of grandeur except a tablet on a modern building at the corner of the rue de la Cerisaie, which refers to the occupancy of the Duke de Lesdiguières who bought the hôtel on the death of Zamet, and to the sojourn of Peter the Great as the guest of the Maréchal de Villeroi. From here the Russian Czar paid a visit to the Place Royale to see the famous statue of Louis XIII. In the garden of the hôtel, Françoise Marguerite de Gondy, the Duchess de Lesdiguières, placed an ornamental gravestone with this inscription:

"Cy gist une chatte jolie
Sa maîtresse, qui n'aima rien,
L'aima jusques à la folie . . .
Pourquoi le dire? On le voit bien." [1]

[1] Here lies a pretty cat.
Her mistress, who held nothing dear,
Loved it to the point of folly . . .
But why insist? It's very clear."

Behind the statue of Beaumarchais is the **rue des Tournelles.** West of this street, **L.**, and fronting the rue Saint Antoine was the Hôtel des Tournelles where Henri II died after being wounded in a tournament which took place in front of the hôtel in the rue Saint Antoine. East of the rue des Tournelles, **R.**, was the Cour des Miracles where the vagabonds ran riot in a corner of the abandoned park. Follow the rue des Tournelles. At **No. 4 R.** is a wrought iron balcony with the monogram "G. G." At **No. 12 R.** a narrow passage runs to the rue Jean Beausire. The Cour des Miracles has been built over long ago, but if you glance down or traverse this narrow, hotchpotch passage, you will get some faint idea of what sort of strange backwater the Court of Miracles was like. **No. 17 L.**, with the large paulownia tree in the courtyard (very lovely when in blossom) was, up to the close of the eighteenth century, a part of the Hôtel Rohan-Guéménée, the Victor Hugo house at 6 Place des Vosges.

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No. 28, R. is the **Hôtel of Ninon de Lenclos.**[1] (See Part I, p. 125 et sequit.) The right-hand portion of the façade has been rebuilt; thus the three futile arches are modern, but a part of the original façade, enough to suggest the former distinction of the whole, remains on the left-hand side above the shop.

Penetrate the court to the imposing doorway flanked by great Doric pillars. You are, of course, on private property, but the concierge will permit you to pass through this door to see the hallway and stairs. Above the stairs—climb a few steps and look back—is a medallion portrait with the unmistakable Bourbon nose. Those of you who have been to Versailles or recall the portrait by Rigaud in the Louvre will recognize the proudest Bourbon of them all, Louis le Grand, fourteenth of the name. The medallion is a tribute to his royal patron from that great architect, Louis Superintendent of Buildings, Jules Hardouin Mansart, nephew and adopted son of François Mansart. Mansart is said to have built this hôtel for his own use. It contains ceiling frescoes attributed to Le Brun and Mignard but these are

[1] This hôtel is the traditional residence of Ninon de Lenclos. Nos. 52 and 56 rue des Tournelles have been mentioned in connection with Ninon and M. Emile Magne places her residence at No. 36.

not shown to visitors. The hallway ornamentation is of a later period.

The second floor was leased to Ninon de Lenclos and here she held her weekly receptions. In winter they were given in a well warmed apartment which she called her salle d'hiver, hung with portraits of her friends painted by the leading artists of the day. In summer she used the sunnier room overlooking the Boulevards, on the walls of which the history of Psyché was painted in panels separated by Venetian mirrors. She died at the age of ninety. "So many lovers," she is reported to have exclaimed in looking back over her long life, "and not a single friend."

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Return to the **rue de la Bastille, L.** which follow to the **Place de la Bastille.** Turn **R.** and note, as you approach the rue Saint Antoine, a white line in the sidewalk. It reappears a little way down the rue Saint Antoine and in the nearer sidewalk of the Boulevard Henri IV. This line, of which the curves indicate towers, marks the site of the Bastille.

Some suggestions for good cheer. Tea and cakes at No. 5 Boulevard Beaumarchais (beyond the rue de la Bastille). Snails and Alsatian specialties—beer and choucroute garnie (sauerkraut)—at the Brasserie Bofinger in the rue de la Bastille. The Restaurant des Quatre Sergents de la Rochelle (not inexpensive) at No. 3 Boulevard Beaumarchais, is famous not only for its pieds de mouton poulette and cœur de filet Quatre Sergents but for its historical and literary associations.

The name recalls a tragic episode of the Restoration when the members of a secret society, modeled on the Italian carbonari and known in France as La Charbonnerie, were plotting the overthrow of Louis XVIII. With many adherents in the army, they had planned an uprising to begin with the garrisons of the west, who were to receive the signal of attack from plotters in the Forty-fifth Infantry, then in process of transfer from Paris to La Rochelle. The plot was betrayed and four sergeants of the regiment were convicted of treason and condemned to be executed on the Place de Grève. On account of their youth and courage

and because they were obviously the scapegoats for men higher up, the four sergeants became popular heroes and the verdict, which was felt to be severe in a case where no violent act of rebellion had been committed, was exploited by the liberals who tried to obtain a pardon for the condemned. It was not forthcoming and the knife descended while the four victims cried, "Vive la Liberté."

In 1830, after the fall of the Bourbons, Dumont, a former officer of the Forty-fifth Infantry and an intimate friend of the four sergeants, opened this restaurant on the site of "La Fontaine Merveilleuse," a little wineshop of which he had been proprietor, where the conspirators used to meet. The partner of Dumont was one Goupillon, a sergeant of the same regiment whose rôle in the conspiracy was scarcely creditable. For three days he had been noticed wandering about camp in a distracted fashion and, when hailed before the colonel, revealed the whole plot and the elaborate system of countersigns. During the Second Empire the restaurant was the rendezvous of the elder Dumas, Paul de Kock, Sardou and the sculptor, David d'Angers, who presented the house with a bronze medallion of the four sergeants, which may be seen at the cashier's desk. On the outside are paintings representing the conspirators pledging fealty to their cause and the parting between Sergeant Raoul and his fiancée, the devoted Françoise. From the cart which was carrying him to the scaffold Françoise received from her lover a bouquet of violets, one of the bouquets showered by the crowd upon the condemned men, and this she always carried with her even on the rags of her poverty-stricken old age. Every day for forty years until her death, she visited and tended the grave of the four sergeants. Through charitable friends Françoise was sheltered in an attic at No. 94 rue du Cherche Midi, from which she was taken to the City Hospital, where she died on the 20 August, 1863, and was buried in the common ditch. Her only regret on leaving her attic was that she could not pay one last visit to the cemetery. The four sergeants are buried at the Cimetière Montparnasse where a broken column marks their grave.

At the Place de la Bastille, one may secure transportation to any part of the city (Métro, busses, tramways; taxi stand in the Boulevard Beaumarchais).

CHAPTER III.

THE MEDIAEVAL LATIN QUARTER.

Part I. The Story of the Quarter and Its Stories.

When the infant schools which became the University of Paris were weaned from the cloisters of Notre Dame they spread southward to the flat land on the Left Bank of the Seine and to the Montagne Sainte Geneviève beyond. The section we shall visit in Part II of this chapter—bounded approximately by the Seine on the north, the Boulevard Saint Germain on the south, the Boulevard Saint Michel on the west and the rue de Bièvre on the east—is so closely connected with the mediaeval University of Paris that it behooves us to know something of the important part played by the University in mediaeval Paris. The quarter also contains two of the most interesting churches in Paris, one of them intimately linked with the mediaeval University. This introduction will thus include a word as to the rôle of the University of Paris in the Middle Ages and the stories of these churches, as well as the vicissitudes of an ancient bridge, the history of a famous fortress, which dominated the quarter, and some of the stories and legends which cluster about its winding streets.

I. The Mediaeval University.

Origin.

The University of Paris was the child of Notre Dame. The first classes were held in her cloisters or on the Parvis Notre Dame, the open space before the church, under

the auspices of the Bishop of Paris. From the school in the cathedral, teachers branched out and founded schools in other cloisters, such as those of Saint Germain des Prés, Saint Germain l'Auxerrois and the Abbey of Sainte Geneviève on the top of the mountain which bears her name. To the top of the Montagne Sainte Geneviève went Abélard, driven from the cathedral by that scholasticism which he so ably attacked, and in his wake, fascinated by this bold pleader for the liberty of human thought, trooped thousands of eager listeners of all nations. Anyone might found a school—permission from the Bishop, or his delegate, the Chancelor of Notre Dame, was all that was needed—and by the twelfth century the schools had multiplied in incredible proportions. Nor were they confined to the cloisters of churches. The teacher might hold his classes wherever he liked—in the open air, or wherever he could find a roof. Thus Adam du Petit Pont was installed in the back room of a house on the bridge of that name, where his followers found occasional relaxation from Aristotle by a brisk exchange of compliments with the neighboring fishwives. The early schools were located, for the most part, on the Left Bank of the Seine on the flat land lying between the river and the Montagne Sainte Geneviève and in course of time they spread to the northern slope of the mountain.

In the year 1200 Philip Augustus issued an ordinance in which he coordinated these scattered schools, removed the University from civil jurisdiction and gave it special privileges, including the right to have its members tried by the judges of the Church. By thus making the University a little state within a state, the ordinance paved the way to centuries of independence and to the prosperity which was the result of that independence, the prosperity of a powerful corporation.

The largest and most important of the four faculties of the University was the Faculté des Arts which was divided into four "nations" to afford protection and aid for their respective students. The four nations were:

(1) the Nation de Normandie for the Normans and Bretons, (2) the Nation de Picardie for the Picards and Wallons, (3) the Nation d'Allemagne for the English, Germans and Swedes (it was first called the Nation d'Angleterre; the name was changed after the Hundred Years War) and finally, (4) the Nation de France for members of the Latin race. The schools of the four nations of the Faculté des Arts were grouped in one street—the rue du Fouarre—which we shall visit forthwith. The other three faculties were those of theology, common law and medicine.

From the middle of the thirteenth century—and perhaps even earlier—the Faculté des Arts was headed by a Rector who was elected every three months from delegates of the four nations. Towards the close of the century the Rector insensibly extended his authority over the Faculties of Law and Medicine and, still later, over that of Theology and thus superseded the Chancellor as head of the University. Though his term of office was short, his powers were considerable and in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries he became a very formidable personage. During his tenure of office he took precedence even of the archbishop; he sat in Parliament beside the barons and when he died he was buried with the kings at Saint Denis.

The first colleges were founded by foreigners (notably the Danes and Swedes) to establish a home for needy compatriots. Their example was soon followed by French bishops and people of rank who established colleges for the purpose of giving shelter and nourishment to poor students of their diocese or province. Thus the colleges were at first merely hostels where the students lived under the authority of a principal and from where they went, each day, to the schools in the rue du Fouarre or to the overflow schools in the rue du Clos Bruneau (rue des Carmes). In course of time, however, the teachers, especially those of the Faculty of Arts in the rue du Fouarre, left their old streets and established themselves in the colleges so that finally each college had its complete staff

of teachers and became a self-dependent unit of the University.

A Practical Joke and its Consequences.

The privileges accorded by Philip Augustus extended to the habitations and persons of the students. Their dwellings were inviolable; their persons were sacred. It was a citizen's duty to denounce and even arrest anyone who dared, whatever the provocation, to raise his hand against a student. With jealous care the University watched over her children and dire was her revenge on all who aroused her wrath. The most celebrated instance of this maternal solicitude is the misadventure of the Count Charles de Savoisy, a gallant soldier and a great favorite of the King.

Attracted, like many another noble, by the vicinity of the Hôtel Royal de Saint Paul, the Count de Savoisy, Chamberlain of Charles VI, had built a magnificent hôtel in the Marais. The old city wall of Philip Augustus, rendered useless by the wall of Charles V, was frequently incorporated in new hôtels in which its towers served as dovecotes. Where the wall begins its southward curve from the present rue des Francs-Bourgeois and on the present site of Nos. 11 and 13 rue Pavée stood the vast Hôtel de Savoisy. "It could rival," says the Chronicle of the Monk of Saint Denis, "by the beauty of its architecture, by its grandeur and its marvelous stone entablature the royal houses themselves."

One July day in 1404, as the University students were marching in double file to Sainte Catherine du Val des Escholiers, which stood opposite the present Church of Saint Paul, to celebrate a mass for the extirpation of heresy, they encountered on the rue du Roi de Sicile, near the Hôtel de Savoisy, the pages of the Count de Savoisy who were leading horses to drink. The pages, who were renowned as a disorderly lot, promptly found a chance to amuse themselves by splattering mud on the students. One of the students struck a page. The page

called upon his comrades and a free fight ensued. Some of the pages drew their swords and fell upon the students while others ran to the hôtel in search of arms. The harassed and unarmed students took refuge in the chapel of Sainte Catherine but even here they were pursued by the lackeys of the Royal Chamberlain who broke into the church and roughly handled the priests. An arrow struck the high altar, behind which the officiating priest was compelled to hide.

The University complained to the king but without waiting for a reply, closed its doors and commanded that all preaching cease throughout Paris. Parliament at once showed a conciliatory spirit. It declared that, until his trial, Savoisy should be confined to the city and that if he went beyond its walls his goods should be forfeit. In vain Savoisy asked pardon of the University, declaring "that he was ready to turn over the guilty with his own hands." He belonged to the Orléans faction while the University was Burgundian so there was no hope of mercy. Judgment was pronounced at the Hôtel Saint Paul. The king ordained that the Hôtel de Savoisy should be razed to the ground, that Savoisy should pay a hundred pounds for the founding of five chaplaincies for the profit of the University, that he should pay a thousand pounds in damages and a thousand pounds to the University. Corporal punishment was pronounced against three of his valets, Ferran Discal, Gilleguin Lequeux and Gérard l'Autrusier, who were condemned to be banished after having been whipped by the executioner on the Baudoyer cross roads (near Saint Gervais) and having made the *"amende honorable*—naked in their shirts, torches in their hands." Savoisy, on top of all this, was banished.

So implacable was the hatred of the University, Félibien tells us, that the king himself could not save, even by paying for it, the beautiful Hôtel de Savoisy, one of the finest of its time. It was demolished by the carpenters of the king while the sound of trumpets proclaimed the victory of the University. The descendants of Savoisy

sought authorization to rebuild the hôtel but the University was inflexible. For one hundred and twelve years the ground once occupied by the superb dwelling of the royal favorite remained a disgraceful dump heap, sinister and accursed. When the University finally allowed the hôtel to be rebuilt it stipulated that an inscription be placed above the door, recounting that "pour certains forfaits et excès commis par Messire Charles de Savoisy" his building had been demolished in 1404 and so remained for one hundred and twelve years until in 1517 the University "de grâce espéciale" permitted its rebuilding.

A Student's Day, The University State.

Let us hark back to the thirteenth century for a peep at the University day. It begins at five o'clock in the morning with the clamor of the chimes of Notre Dame, sounded thus seasonably that the students may not "spend in slumber the time most precious for study." At five, or not later than six, when the Carmelites of the Place Maubert ring the bell for their first mass, the regents of the Faculté des Arts begin their lessons. Towards the rue du Fouarre troop the students of the four Nations and a turnkey opens the gate which keeps the street safe from night marauders. Their dress is a long black robe closed in front; about their necks they wear a short scarf and on their heads a sort of skull cap. Some, despite the regulations, carry daggers in their belts, the privilege of noble birth, and ape the dandies of the period by wearing short, close-fitting coats, caps trimmed with ornaments, and long shoes pointed and turned up at the toes. But these are the exceptions; the great majority are soberly clad. Almost all carry notebooks and a privileged few have, perhaps, a Priscian's grammar, a translation of Aristotle or some other manuscript which is the subject of the professor's lecture.

If we follow them to classes we shall find them taking seats upon the floor on which some straw has been scat-

tered. The professor, who wears a black gown with a furred cowl, is seated on a platform behind a desk. He reads aloud slowly from a text-book, interspersing his reading with comment and paraphrase while the students take notes. His lecture is more often read from a manuscript than extemporized and this method is the more popular with the students. In fact when the Faculty wished to prohibit dictated courses in 1355 there was a riot in the rue du Fouarre; the students hooted and hissed, stamped and threw stones.

The student spends the greater part of the day—about seven hours—in classes. After dinner he perhaps takes a stroll with comrades in the Pré Saint Gervais and, after a halt at his favorite wine shop, returns to his chamber to copy and revise the notes of the day. Once a week the monotony of lessons is varied by a disputation when the masters assemble and hold a discussion on a given subject in the presence of the students. The students do not as yet participate—they must wait until they are promoted to the baccalaureate—but they acquire that taste for public disputation which has left its imprint in the French of today. "They dispute before dinner," writes Vivés in 1531, in his attack on scholaticism, "they dispute during dinner; they dispute after dinner; they dispute in private and in public, at all times and in every place." [1]

* * *

In estimating the importance of the mediaeval university we must remember that it played a much larger rôle than does the university of our own day. It was not merely a school of higher education at the top of a pedagogic hierarchy; it was the only place, aside from monasteries, where men could study and exercise their minds with a certain degree of freedom. Moreover the scholastic period was longer and the students often of riper years. Even bishops were sometimes seen attend-

[1] De causis corruptarem artium, Tome I, p. 345.

ing courses. Whereas today more often than not, social rank and tradition determine a young man's attendance at a university, in those days the desire for learning, and the desire for learning alone, was the sole spur. Hence the passionate eagerness of men hungering and thirsting after knowledge, of men who found no humiliation in begging their bread to obtain it. In fact, the greater part of the students who flocked to Paris from all parts of the world were rich in enthusiasm but poor in pocket. Many were compelled to beg, to sleep in cellars or under the porches of churches, while for text-books they read the missals chained behind iron trellises at the entrances of churches or the manuscripts displayed in the book shops of the rue Saint Jacques. These hardships did not dampen their spirits or lessen their pleasure at finding themselves in the intellectual center of Europe. "I saw at Paris," writes John of Salisbury in 1167, "abundance of life, popular joy, life respected, a crowd of philosophers absorbed in various occupations. I seemed to behold Jacob's ladder, with the Angels ascending and descending on it."

"These centuries of the Middle Ages, the 13th, 14th and 15th," writes Louis Liard,[1] "were for the University of Paris a period of incomparable splendor and of incredible power. A bellicose democracy, independent of King, independent of Bishop, submissive only to the very distant authority of the Pope, haughty, arrogant, jealous of its rights and privileges, quick to dispute, quick to take action, imbued with a realization of its strength, the scholastic republic of Paris made itself feared, in turn, by the powers which had set it free. It was a power in the state and neglected no occasion to make itself felt. It intervened in all public quarrels, sometimes coming out in favor of the Pope, sometimes in favor of the King. Thus at the beginning of the 14th century, it declared itself, as a majority, for Philippe le Bel against Boniface VIII. Later, it was for the Burgundians against the Armagnacs. It directed through

[1] Louis Liard, "L'Université de Paris," H. Laurens, Editeur.

its ambassadors the Councils of Pisa and Constance and claimed, in the days of the schism, to be the arbiter of the Papacy, giving its verdict on the rival claims to the heritage of Saint Peter."

II. The Rue de la Harpe.

The Horrendous Adventure of the Lovely Agnès and King David.

One of the oldest streets of the Latin Quarter is the rue de la Harpe. Like the rue Saint Jacques, it was one of the main arteries of the quarter and follows the course of a Roman road. The rue de la Harpe takes its name from the sign of a maker of musical instruments which represented King David playing on his harp. The instrument maker, the legend runs, was cheered in his declining years—he was nearly ninety—by the society of his lovely daughter, "la belle Agnès," a "gentille fillette" and the darling of the old man's heart. More than once on their way to the schools, students cast sly glances and troubling smiles at this fresh and youthful beauty. And so in the cold and dreary shop Agnès passed her days in melancholy reverie.

One fine day the maiden was missing. Curfew tolled on Saint Séverin and still no Agnès. The old man's heart sank. Finally came rumors. The neighbors had seen her on horseback mounted behind a gentleman unknown to all, except, doubtless, to the charming Agnès. That night there was a frightful tempest and a furious wind. The distressed father bethought him of a horrible dream which had of late tormented his ordinarily peaceful slumbers in which he had seen a legion of red devils descend upon his shop, take possession of all his instruments and set up a hideous din. They were celebrating the wedding of his daughter with Satan and His Satanic Majesty in person was enthroned on the old man's armchair of black leather with gilded nails. The instrument maker was in the midst of gloomy reflections as to the

portent of his dream when a loud and terrifying noise resounded outside his shop as though an ironclad knight had been struck to the ground by lightning. Peeping apprehensively out of the window, the old man saw to his dismay that King David and his harp, tired of dancing on their iron triangle, had crashed to the ground. He was about to go to the rescue of the fallen monarch, but scarcely had he opened the door when he beheld, lying in wait at the threshold, a black page of evil mien. The page was humpbacked and had the crookedest of legs. From his cape emanated an odor of sulphur and everything conspired to mark him as a wearer of the livery of Satan. The instrument maker, more dead than alive, slammed the door but beneath it the page of evil mien slipped a letter.

With trembling fingers the old man picked up the letter and broke the seal. It was from his daughter and confirmed his fears. It appeared that Agnès, like another Marguerite, had been fascinated by a silk-sleeved Faust who pleased her much better than David and his harp or the tiresome chatter of her old father and had ridden away with a horseman of fine appearance and magnificent beard, mounted on a splendid palfrey, to seek adventures in the wide world beyond. The next morning the honest shopkeeper sought aid of the Grand Prévôt but all his archers, alas, were not clever enough to track down the devil. The discomfited father picked up the sign of King David, which was of wood, and revengefully burned it. He then went to live in the rue de l'Hirondelle, on the other side of the Place Saint Michel, with an old cooper of his acquaintance, who consoled him as best he might.

Pastry and Philippics, Free Tobacco, and What Was to Be Seen in the Back of a Grocer's Shop. Coaches, Colleges and Madame Roland.

More than one story has come down to us of the shops in the rue de la Harpe. There was the pastry cook and

restaurant proprietor Mignot, whose good name and good wine were violently assailed by the poet, Boileau. Mignot had a reply written by another victim of Boileau, the Abbé Cotin, in which he wrapped his cakes and, as everyone bought the cakes to read the reply, he made a fortune. Less successful was the café proprietor near the Thermes (Musée de Cluny) who hung out the sign "Free Tobacco" in the expectation that the consumption of tobacco by his student patrons would render them extra thirsty and extra good clients. The plan failed. The tobacco jar rapidly emptied but the coffers of this enterprising merchant did not fill. Georges Cain relates the strange tale of a grocer in the rue de la Harpe, one Citizen Cheval, who invited the Abbé Armes to visit the back of his shop where he had "something to show him." The "something" which was held up before the eyes of the amazed abbé was nothing else than the head of Richelieu. Citizen Cheval, it appeared, was one of the revolutionary band which broke into the chapel of the Sorbonne, and, being left on guard while the others went to lunch, he seized the opportunity to break open the tomb of the Cardinal and cut off his head. The reaction of Thermidor having rendered undesirable the possession of this grim souvenir, Citizen Cheval persuaded the abbé, as one above suspicion, to accept the head as a present.

In olden days the rue de la Harpe was much longer than at present, for while its northern end began, as now, at the rue de la Huchette, just east of the Place Saint Michel, it extended further south than its present termination in the Boulevard Saint Germain. At its southern end it cut diagonally across the present garden of the Musée de Cluny and climbed the Montagne Sainte Geneviève to a point beyond the present Place de la Sorbonne. This southern section has been absorbed by the modern Boulevard Saint Michel.

The rue de la Harpe, the Boulevard Saint Michel of its day, was a much-traveled highway and in the seventeenth century was the starting point for coach lines

connecting Paris with the west and southwest. The line to Laval and Chartres started at the Image de la Croix de Fer in the ancient palace of the Thermes. Further on was the starting point of the coach to Rennes and at the Croix Rouge was the headquarters of the coaches which ran to Saumur, Angers and Nantes. The arrival of a coach presented an animated scene. The lumbering vehicle would swing down the street, the beribboned postilion cracking his whip and the sweating, dust-laden horses whinnying with joy at having left the long road behind them. Presently coach and horses would be swallowed up by the courtyard of the inn which marked the end of their journey, and the crowd would gather around to gape at the newcomers from the provinces and witness their bewilderment at this sudden transplanting from their tranquil native villages.

On the upper part of the rue de la Harpe, in the section absorbed by the Boulevard Saint Michel, lived Madame Roland of Revolutionary fame. The house stood where the modern Boulevard Saint Michel joins the rue des Ecoles opposite the church of Saint Cosme et Saint Damien, which was on the site now occupied by Mr. Hilaire Belloc's favorite patisserie. The Rolands rented an apartment on the second story on March 10, 1792. Thirteen days later, Roland was appointed Minister of the Interior and the Rolands installed themselves in the luxurious Hôtel de Calonne in the rue des Petits Champs, but the prudent Madame Roland did not give up the little apartment in the rue de la Harpe. "It is a retreat which one should always have before one's eyes," she wrote to a friend, "as certain philosophers have their coffins." Her foresight was soon justified for on June 17 the ministry fell and the Rolands moved into the little apartment. It was here that Madame Roland was arrested and carried off to the abbey prison of Saint Germain des Prés. She was released, but two days later was rearrested and imprisoned at Sainte Pélagie, where she wrote her memoirs. She was then taken to the Conciergerie and from there led to the Place de la Con-

corde where she uttered her famous apostrophe to Liberty and met death bravely on the guillotine.

Near the Roland house, and likewise on the rue de la Harpe, were the mediaeval colleges of Narbonne (1316), Seez (1427) and Bayeux (1309). Of this last, the principal doorway has been preserved in the garden of the Musée de Cluny. At the time of the Revolution the rue de la Harpe contained as many as seven colleges, among them, on ground just north of the Place de la Sorbonne, the Collège de Cluny, where David later had his studio. Here came Napoleon in great ceremony to visit the famous painting of his coronation. The stubby little great man pounded up and down in front of David's masterpiece for half an hour before rapping out commendation, "C'est bien fait, David."

III. Saint Séverin.

The Gory Mediaeval Tale of the Three Young Princes and the Cruel Uncles.

In the sixth century there lived on the Left Bank of the Seine a pious hermit. His dwelling was a hut situated on the marshy ground which lay between the river and the Roman Palais des Thermes, now incorporated in the Musée de Cluny, and here he lived a life of good works, ministering to the fisherfolk and boatmen of the neighborhood. This was the original Saint Séverin to whom the present church of that name was first dedicated. How the church came to be built involves the gory mediaeval tale of the three young princes and the cruel uncles, which, an' it please you, I will now unfold.

When Clodomir, King of the Franks, died in 524 he left three youthful sons, Thibault, Gauthier and Clodoald whom he placed in the care of their grandmother, Clotilde. Very imprudently, as the issue proved, Clotilde entrusted them to their uncles, Childebert and Clotaire, for no sooner had these worthies obtained possession of their nephews than they decided to get rid of them and

divide the kingdom between themselves. To Queen Clotilde they sent a messenger with a pair of shears and a naked sword. The action was of sinister significance. It meant that the young princes must either renounce the throne by cutting off their long hair, symbol of royalty, and assume the clipped scalps of monks or forfeit their lives. Faced with this dilemma the queen did not hesitate. "I would rather see them dead than shorn" was her proud reply. No sooner had the messenger departed than the grandmother's heart repented but it was too late. The uncles, with the ruthless cruelty of that epoch, slaughtered in cold blood two of their nephews—the Palais des Thermes is said to have been the scene of the crime—but Clodoald, hidden away by devoted servitors of Clotilde, managed to escape.

The life of the fugitive was not a happy one. Driven from pillar to post, life became unbearable and Clodoald finally renounced in his uncles' favor all rights to his father's throne and with his own hand cut off his royal locks. The sanctity of the hermit on the Left Bank of the Seine had spread his fame in the land and to him came Clodoald to take monastic orders and to live with him in solitude and mortification. On the death of Saint Séverin, Clodoald went to Provence to convert the heathen of that region but he was not destined to remain there long, for so great was his reputation for sanctity and miracles that the Parisians soon found his retreat and brought back their princely son in triumph to his native city, where Eusèbe, Bishop of Paris, admitted him to the priesthood. His desire for solitude reasserting itself, Clodoald withdrew to a little village on the Seine, below Paris, where the Romans had founded a colony of prisoners to reclaim the forest of Rouvre, of which the present Bois de Boulogne remains to us. Here he built him a hut and lived in prayer and meditation, instructing the poor, healing the sick and curing the blind and deaf of their afflictions. This village, which because of its park is a favorite excursion of Parisians, came to be known after the hermit as Saint Cloud.

To perpetuate the memory of his comrade, Saint Cloud erected an oratory to Saint Séverin on the spot where the two saints had dwelt together in the little hut by the Seine. In course of time the oratory disappeared, destroyed doubtless by the Normans in the ninth century, and a larger church, likewise dedicated to Saint Séverin, was erected in its stead. The oldest part of the present church dates from the thirteenth century.

In the fifteenth century the church changed patrons. Another Saint Séverin, Saint Séverin the Abbot († 506) was admitted as patron saint and Saint Séverin the Hermit was ousted. Saint Séverin the Abbot, according to the legend, was summoned to Paris to cure King Clovis of a malignant illness, which he accomplished by covering him with his mantle. In the eighteenth century Saint Séverin the Hermit was reinstated as a patron but Saint Séverin the Abbot was retained and, at present, the two Saint Séverins are joint patrons of the church.

An Apse, a Cemetery and Beelzebub.

The most beautiful feature of Saint Séverin is the exquisite, multiple rib vaulting of the apse. "It remains," writes Huysmans, "one of the most astonishing canopies which the artists of olden days have ever embroidered to shelter the Holy Sacrament of the altar. They seem to have borrowed the form from the flora of the country where Christ was born, for they have planted a forest of palm trees from which falls a fruit, like a drop of blood, in a ruby lamp before the tabernacle. And to this apse, which contains the secret fastnesses of the Almighty, one passes by a truly mystic way, for the twin paths which lead there, threading the sides of the great nave, have the secluded aspect of avenues not of this world, of the galleries of cloisters." [1] Come, some day, at dusk to the "palmarium," as Huysmans calls it, to feel the full effect of this mystic quality which he so sensitively evokes. Churches and old streets should

[1] "La Bièvre et Saint Séverin," J. K. Huysmans. 1898.

be twice seen; once in broad daylight to see and understand, and again at dusk, or by night, to let their beauty hush the spirit.

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The cemetery of Saint Séverin was one of the most important in mediaeval Paris. In fact, the ground became so charged with the dead that to make room for newcomers it became necessary to uncover the early graves and range the bones of their occupants in charnel houses. In the fifteenth century the cemetery was the scene, strangely enough, of a medical operation. It appears that inasmuch as many persons of quality suffered from gall-stone, the doctors obtained authorization from Louis XI to experiment on an archer condemned to be hanged. They led him to the cemetery, apparently with the idea that if the operation should prove unsuccessful it would be less trouble to bury him, but all went well and a fortnight later the archer was on his feet again. The king pardoned this contributor to medical science and presented him with a sum of money.

In this same cemetery, a century later, the Duchess de Montpensier, sister of the Duke de Guise who was assassinated at Blois, caused a painting to be placed representing "many strange inhumanities exercised by the Queen of England [Elizabeth] against the good Catholics" in order to incite the people to war against the Huguenots. It was a great success. Frantic throngs trooped about it, vowing extermination of all political evil-doers and all heretics, until Henri III, fearing trouble, had it secretly carried off by night.

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Near the cemetery was a passage-way, the scene of a mediaeval romance which gave rise to the phrase "faire un pas de clerc," meaning to go to unrewarded pains. In the time of the sainted King Louis a clerc [1] lived on one

[1] The term applied to any student, including laymen.

side of this passage-way and a lovely maid on the other. From his window the clerc could see the lovely maid and from her window the lovely maid could see the clerc and their glances were eloquent with love and longing, but alas, how to bridge the gap which ran between? Now it chanced, one evening, that Satan himself, having nothing better to do, was making the rounds of the housetops when he came upon the clerc lamenting his unhappy lot. "My friend," he said, "you wish to pass to the other side. Nothing could be more simple. Here is a bridge all ready for you. I am happy when I can oblige a friend." So saying, the devil caught hold of the window sill and swung out horizontally over the passage, his extended tail reaching to the further side and to the window of the lady fair. The night was dark. Our clerc did not hesitate. "Upon my soul," he cried, "all roads lead to love when there is a pretty maid at the end, let us hasten to the feet of our beauty." So he passed over the body of the prostrate devil with the ease of a tight rope walker.

The interview was long. It was the first meeting and no doubt there was much to say. The devil patiently retained his position and, to pass the time, gaped at the crows and counted the stars. The dawn was already whitening the towers of Notre Dame when our lover reappeared. But the return journey lacked incentive and the clerc cast a frightened glance at the yawning chasm below. His foot slipped. Aghast, he made the sign of the cross. Fatal blunder! There was a flash of flame as the devil shriveled into nothingness and a horrible cry followed by a thud as the body of the poor clerc dashed against the pavement. The legend adds that the young girl bewailed for a time "son gentil clerc" who so sadly met his death for love of her but that she soon consoled herself with others, whom she took care to have pass by a less dangerous route, showing, observes our cynical chronicler, that even in the time of the sainted king, love was no wiser nor of greater worth than it is today.

IV. Saint Julien le Pauvre.

Early Days.

The primitive oratory dedicated to Saint Séverin served, at one period, as baptistery to a neighboring church on the Left Bank, which stood almost within the shadow of Notre Dame. This was Saint Julien le Pauvre, the quaintest little church in all Paris. In its day it has been a very important church, for beneath its roof in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were held the general assemblies of the University of Paris, and here the delegates of the Faculté des Arts foregathered for one of the most brilliant and imposing ceremonies of the Middle Ages,—the installation of the Rector Magnificus of the University. Aside from its University associations, Saint Julien commends itself to our attention because of its apse, for if the "palmarium" of Saint Séverin may be cited as a jewel of the developed flamboyant Gothic, the apse of Saint Julien represents the exquisite purity and simplicity of that sturdier age which saw the beginnings of the Gothic style.

We have seen that there were two Saint Séverins, and in accordance with the practice whereby a church originally dedicated to one saint came to be associated with others, often, though not necessarily, of the same name, we shall here find three Saint Juliens. It would seem that the earliest church building on this spot was dedicated to Saint Julien the Martyr, who was decapitated under Diocletian in 304. It was an oratory in connection with a hospice, or shelter for pilgrims, where travelers from the south, arriving after curfew, might spend the night and cross to the Ile de la Cité the following day. Gregory of Tours records that he stayed here on his visit to Paris about the year 580 and he tells us that it was his habitual stopping place when he made the journey from the Loire to the Seine. In "Les Moustiers [Monasteries]

de Paris," by an anonymous poet of the thirteenth century, we find mention of

"Saint Juliens
Qui herberge les crestiens."

About the hospice "which shelters Christians" there sprang up, in the course of the sixth century, a good sized settlement, so that the little chapel proved inadequate and was replaced by a larger building constructed on the model of the old Roman basilicas. (The present church shows the basilica influence in the triple apse.) The basilica church was destroyed by the Normans in the ninth century, and on its reconstruction, to the cult of Saint Julien the Martyr was added that of Saint Julien the Confessor, Bishop of Le Mans. In the eleventh century the church property passed to Notre Dame, then through lay owners to the monastery of Longpont, a dependency of the famous Benedictine abbey of Cluny. The monks transformed the hospice into a priory, added some conventual buildings, and rebuilt the church, 1160-70. This is the building we know today, though alas, not free from seventeenth century tampering. Now for the first time the saint who gave the church its present name is included as a patron.

The Legend of Saint Julien.

Saint Julien l'Hospitalier, surnamed le Pauvre, was a nobleman by birth with a consuming passion for hunting. On one occasion when he had wrought fearful havoc in a large herd of deer, a magnificent black stag turned upon him and cried, "Accursed wretch! Accursed wretch! Accursed wretch! One day, ferocious heart, thou wilt slay thy father and thy mother." Horrified by this dread prophecy and seeking to thwart its fulfilment, Julien fled to a far country where he distinguished himself by numerous deeds of chivalry, among them the rescue from the infidels of a powerful emperor

who expressed his gratitude by bestowing upon Julien a castle and the hand in marriage of his beautiful daughter. Shaken by his encounter with the stag, Julien had foresworn hunting but, one summer evening, he heard the barking of a fox close to the castle walls and dimly descried the shadowy forms of animals passing in the dusk. The old fever blazed within him and taking affectionate leave of his wife, he set forth on the chase. In his absence an aged couple arrived at the castle. They were his aggrieved parents who, at a loss to understand his sudden flight, had sought him up and down the world until reduced to beggary. His wife made them welcome and installed them in her own chamber.

Julien hunted the whole night through but with ill success and day was just beginning to break when he returned in empty-handed exasperation. At the door he was cheered by the thought of his beloved young wife, who no doubt was still in slumber. Quickly mounting the stairs, he stole softly into her chamber, approached the bed, which was in a dark alcove at the end of the room, and leaned over to kiss her. His lips encountered something which felt like a beard, an impression soon confirmed by his trembling fingers and it flashed across his mind that his wife was in bed with a strange man. Enraged, he stabbed the occupants of the bed and a ray of sunlight, piercing the stained glass window, revealed the blood which spurted over their white skins, over the linen of the bed and on an ivory crucifix which hung on the wall of the alcove. At that moment his wife appeared in the doorway with a lantern and to his horror, Julien saw that the prophecy of the stag had been fulfilled.

Stricken with remorse, Julien divested himself of all his worldly goods and resolved to consecrate his life to the expiation of his sin. To this end he established a shelter for pilgrims by the bank of a dangerous river, in which many travelers had been drowned, and here he ferried people across as an act of penitence. One stormy night, Julien heard a great voice crying his name from the further shore. A second time above the roar of the

storm came the voice crying, "Julien" and still a third time, "Julien." The wind was whipping the water into waves of white foam but Julien unmoored his bark and crossed the torrent. His passenger, though clad in rags, was of majestic mien; his face was like a plaster mask and his eyes were redder than coals. Approaching his lantern, Julien saw that he was a leper. Julien ferried him across, gave him food and drink, warmed him, and gave him his bed to sleep in. That night the leper appeared to Julien and told him that his sin was forgiven and that his soul was saved. By a great light which shone about the head of his guest Julien recognized the Christ. Ere daybreak Julien and his wife had left this mortal world to be gathered up into bliss everlasting.[1]

The Church of Saint Julien and the University.

The church of Saint Julien played an important rôle in the life of the mediaeval university. Because of its situation near the schools of the four "nations" of the Faculté des Arts in the rue du Fouarre, the church was, first of all, the place of general assembly of the University. Here at five o'clock on winter mornings, the students foregathered and, by the light of a few candles, heard the mass which was the prelude to the opening of classes. The thirteenth century was the golden age for Saint Julien. About its tiny spire, in the midst of a thickly populated quarter, clustered a small army of Gothic gables. Since the greater part of its lands were rented to masters and scholars, the little priory waxed rich, and though it counted only about fifty monks, it was overwhelmed with honors. Its prior had the title of Prêtre Cardinal and the privilege of assisting the bishop on feast days. It was to the church of Saint Julien that,

[1] What an appropriate saint for the chapel of a travelers' rest house—and on the bank of a river at that! Saint Julien le Pauvre, as a patron saint of travelers, *ought* to have been the Saint Julien to whom the hospice chapel was originally dedicated and some hold the opinion that such was the case. But Gregory of Tours specifically refers to the "Basilique du Bien-heureux Julien, martyr" and how can you get around that? There are as many as sixty Saint Juliens.

by virtue of an ordinance of Philippe le Bel (1350), the Prévôt of Paris, who bore the title of Conservateur de l'Université, come every two years to take oath that he would faithfully observe and do all in his power to see that others observed the privileges of the University.

At the church of Saint Julien, on the feast of Lendit, the University gathered to march in solemn procession to the Lendit Fair at Saint Denis to buy parchment. The annual opening of the Foire du Lendit on the eleventh of June was the great spring festival of the University, as the Crowning of the Bishop of Fools was the winter festival. On the day of the fair the schools were closed. In the early morning improvised bands of musicians, with more good will than harmony, awoke the quarter with the strident sound of trumpets and the roll of drums, whereat from every house poured forth a motley array of students who filed down the narrow streets and choked the crossroads. They were armed, for no particular reason except that such was the custom; some brandished lances, some carried swords, others wore daggers and still others carried sticks. Some came on horseback while others bestrode a mule or an ass but the great majority were afoot. The Rector was mounted on a mule, and clustered about him were the mace-bearers, the regents, the chancelors of the colleges, the professors of the four faculties, theologians in white surplices and masters of arts in black and red robes, all grave and solemn in the midst of the turbulent throng.

At a given signal the procession started. The musicians led the way, puffing into their trumpets and beating their drums, then came the Rector and the dignitaries and then the students, grouped by colleges, each with its banner. Their weapons gleaming in the sun of a Paris spring, their banners waving in the wind, we may picture them wending their way through the narrow streets of Paris past the windows of the gable-roofed houses bulging with spectators, with bourgeois wearing heavy bonnets and pretty girls with their tall white hoods. And so they come by the northern plain to Saint

Denis and the fair. The Rector has the privilege of being the first buyer, for not until he has set aside the amount of parchment required by the University may the fair begin.[1]

At Saint Julien le Pauvre the delegates of the Faculté des Arts assembled, every three months, for the election of the Rector—the Rector Magnificus of the Alma Parens—and here he was solemnly proclaimed by his predecessor in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost and received from his hands the insignia of office,—the béret, the ermine cloak and a scarf with a velvet bag containing the seal of the University and the key to the common chest. When the result of the election displeased the students they manifested their dissatisfaction in no uncertain way. In 1524, the choice of Rector proving particularly unpopular, the offending delegates were roughly handled, doors were broken and the stained glass windows—undoubtedly beautiful examples of the best period—were smashed to bits. The scandalized monks petitioned Parliament that, in future, the election of Rector should be held elsewhere, and thereafter, with some exceptions, when Saint Julien was again used, the elections took place in the church of the Mathurins.[2]

Decline.

The fourteenth, and especially the fifteenth century, spelt decline. The entire country had been ruined by the Hundred Years War. The monasteries had lost their power. In 1449 Longpont counted an abbot and three monks. Moreover, the center of University life was changing. The colleges and the religious bodies which gave instruction were multiplying on the Montagne Sainte Geneviève and were drawing away masters and pupils from the rue du Fouarre and the vicinity of Saint Julien. This meant a loss of tenants for the church and

[1] See the Weerts frescoes in the court of the Sorbonne. The probable etymology of Lendit is "Indictus," the day fixed.

[2] It was situated on the rue des Mathurins (now the rue du Sommerard) back of the present Théâtre de Cluny.

a corresponding cut in her revenues. The monks were reduced to selling a part of their buildings to cover repairs on the priory. The election riot of 1524 did no good to the church which remained neglected and crumbling. The roof leaked so badly that a temporary covering had to be stretched over the altar to keep the rain out and the west portal was in the last stages of decay. To cap the climax, the priors at this period were a poor lot, many of them absentees, who made little or no effort to better the condition of the church.

Matters went from bad to worse until finally in the seventeenth century came a misdirected burst of energy. A very active prior succeeded a very sluggish one and decided that something drastic must be done. His fine fury brought Saint Julien dire mutilation. The west front and the two first bays of the nave were on the point of caving in, so it was decided to tear them down. Exception was made for the ground story of the left aisle which still survives as the sacristy. The church was thus left shortened by two bays, and a new façade was erected in the style endorsed by the taste of the time,—the irrelevant Doric affair we see today. Nor was this all. A fresh humiliation was in store for the unhappy church which was soon to lose its title of priory. The Hôtel Dieu, located at that time just across the river on the south side of the Parvis Notre Dame where the statue of Charlemagne is now, had recently obtained annexes on the Left Bank near Saint Julien and was anxious to acquire the church domain. After long negotiations, Saint Julien was finally ceded to the hospital in 1655. What had once been the flourishing church of the great University, of the "reine du monde," of the "fille ainée des rois" was reduced to an ordinary chapel entrusted to a chaplain appointed by the curate of Saint Séverin. The tables were turned; the church became a dependency of its former baptistery.

During the Revolution Saint Julien was used for the storage of salt. In 1805 it was given back to the Hôtel Dieu and continued to serve as a storehouse until 1824

when it was again opened for divine worship. Here the nuns of the hospital, in an impressive ceremony, took the veil and pledged their vows. The novice, clad in white, her hair cut short, recited the vows by which she renounced the world and family ties, then lay prostrate on the floor covered with a black cloth while the service for the dead was chanted. About her were her weeping parents and relatives whom she was leaving forever.

After a narrow escape from destruction when the modern rue Monge was shot through this spider web quarter, Saint Julien was classed as an historic monument and its survival thus permanently assured. In 1886 it was ceded to the Melchites, a Greek Catholic sect from Syria, Palestine, Lebanon and Egypt under the authority of the Pope. This was unfortunate for the reason that in the Greek Catholic church the place of an altar rail is taken by a huge screen called an iconostasis, with three openings of symbolical significance, and in Saint Julien the Melchites have placed an iconostasis, a very ugly iconostasis, which almost completely hides the beautiful apse. This disfigurement, which has no business in a Gothic church, has aroused the wrath of such good men and true as Huysmans, the Gothicist and mystic, and M. Lucien Lambeau, who have suggested that the Melchites should be invited to go elsewhere. To which, I am sure, all lovers of Old Paris will cry Amen.

V. Petit Pont and Petit Châtelet.

"How far that little candle throws his beams."

Across the street from Saint Julien on "le Vieux Chemin conduisant à Saint Julien le Pauvre," as the street used to be called, is a large gateway of which the pediment shows a figure of Justice with her scales. It is the entrance to the seventeenth century hôtel of Isaac de Laffemas, tool of Richelieu and Governor of the Petit Châtelet, whose exactions as a tax-collector earned for his dwelling the nickname "La Caverne du Brigand

Laffemas." Close by this brigand's cave was the grim fortress-prison which he governed. In Laffemas' day the business of the Petit Châtelet was to frown down upon and, if possible, overawe the University but the primitive Petit Châtelet had a very different mission—to guard the Petit Pont against invading Normans.

The Petit Pont occupies the site of the Roman bridge which connected the Ile de la Cité with the Left Bank and with the Roman road to Genabum, now Orléans.[1] The Petit Pont was rebuilt in stone in 1185 by Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris, who was concerned that the faithful of the Left Bank should have a sound bridge on which to cross to his new cathedral of Notre Dame, of which the choir had been completed eight years before. No other bridge in Paris has had such a chequered history. Eleven times has it been destroyed by fire or flood and eleven times has it been reconstructed.

In 1394 the Petit Pont was rebuilt by a fine imposed on seven Jews, under circumstances which showed the pitiless persecution to which that race was subject. A Jew, named Denis de Machault, had been converted to Christianity. The following year he disappeared and his coreligionists were accused of having killed the renegade. Four of them were thrown into the cells of the Grand Châtelet and after a sham trial were condemned to be whipped in every public square of Paris on four successive Sundays. There were twenty-seven such squares. After having paid the half of this punishment they were let off from the rest on payment of a fine of eighteen hundred crowns for reconstructing the Petit Pont in stone.

The last fire was the famous one of 1718, which started in a curious way. On April 20 of that year, a small boy

[1] Where was the Roman bridge which connected the island with the Right Bank? Probably on the site of the present Pont Notre Dame in a straight line with the Petit Pont, unless one can accept the conclusion that the Roman road from Genabum (rue Saint Jacques) after arriving at the Ile de la Cité by the Petit Pont, ran diagonally across the island and reached the Right Bank by the Grand Pont (Pont au Change) a most un-Roman departure from the straight line. The interesting arguments pro and con are carefully weighed in Mr. Belloc's "Paris," p. 56 et sequit.

was drowned while playing on the Petit Pont. His distracted mother sought his body in vain and finally invoked the aid of Saint Nicolas. Now Saint Nicolas is the patron saint of sailors and so great was held to be his power over the waters that when anyone was drowned his parents or friends were wont to invoke the saint's aid in finding the body. The first step was to take a loaf of bread to the church of the Grands Augustins, dedicated to Saint Nicolas de Tolentin, and have it blessed. The bread was then placed with a lighted candle in a wooden bowl, which was set afloat in the river where the accident occurred and the searcher knelt down by the river bank and recited aloud a certain prayer to the saint. Borne along by the current, the bowl was supposed to come to rest over the body of the drowned person, which could thus be recovered and buried in consecrated ground. Relying on this tradition, the mother of the drowned child placed a bowl, containing the holy bread and lighted candle, in the Seine at a point above the bridge and opposite the Convent of the Daughters of Saint Genevieve. As ill luck would have it, the bowl drifted against a hay barge moored at the Quai de la Tournelle and the wood merchants of the rue de la Bûcherie, fearing that the fire would spread to other vessels which brought their cargoes of wood, cut the moorings and set the barge adrift. A resplendent mass of flames, the hay barge swung down stream and as the arches of the Petit Pont were blocked by wooden beams, its progress was barred. The beams caught fire and presently the house of one Olivier, a linen merchant, was ablaze. The fire spread next door where it gained great headway because the house was empty, its merchant owner and his family being absent at a wedding. Presently all the houses were ablaze. "It was," says Barbier, "like a great limestone oven in which one saw entire beams falling." The fire lasted three days. The Parisians were greatly worked up over this disaster and so high ran popular feeling that the government took measures to guard against an uprising. The Petit Pont was promptly

rebuilt but this time, as a precaution against fire, without the houses and with arches entirely of stone.

Twelve Good Men in a Wooden Tower.

We have seen that the Petit Pont was guarded by the Petit Châtelet. The original Petit Châtelet, or "Tour du Bois," was besieged and destroyed in the ninth century by the Normans. An account of this memorable siege and of the defense organized by Bishop Gozlin and Count Eudes has been left us by a contemporary, a monk of the monastery of Saint Germain des Prés whose name was Abbon.

The first Norman attack was directed against the unfinished Grand Châtelet on the other side of the river. Their attempts to take it by assault proving vain, the Normans settled down to a protracted siege and established themselves in an entrenched camp near the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. Making use of the military science picked up from Roman deserters, they employed battering rams and a movable tower against the fortress and assailed the Grand Pont with fire ships, but all in vain, until finally, after ten months of unsuccessful effort, fate played into their hands. In the night of February sixth, 886, a sudden rise in the river carried away a part of the Petit Pont, leaving the Petit Châtelet, with only twelve defenders, isolated on the Left Bank.

"In the morning," writes Abbon, "the Normans arose full of ardor, entered their rafts, filled them with shields and arms, crossed the Seine, attacked the unlucky tower and hurled upon it a hailstorm of arrows. Our warriors shouted defiance; the Normans answered with a clamor which made the earth tremble." The inhabitants of the Cité tried in vain to come to the aid of the defenders of the Petit Châtelet. The latter were but twelve against the Norman horde, but they struggled valiantly and the Normans could make no headway. Finally the attackers managed to send a cart laden with hay close to the gate and to set it on fire. The fortress was soon ablaze. At

this point, Abbon tells us, the Frank warriors bethought them of their falcons, which were in danger of being suffocated, and set them at liberty. Finding that their attempts to extinguish the flames were in vain, they fled to the ruins of the Petit Pont but in the end surrendered on condition that their lives be spared. Despite this promise, all but one were promptly killed. The twelfth, a man of noble mien, impressed the barbarians as a chieftain and they decided not to take his life. He insisted, however, on sharing the lot of his companions and was executed.

The brave resistance of the Tour du Bois did not go for naught. The Parisians resisted more tenaciously than ever until finally, after weary months of waiting, the army of Charles the Fat appeared on the heights of Montmartre. Charles, however, had not come to fight, for instead of giving battle he purchased the retreat of the enemy and gave them permission to ravage Burgundy. The Parisians refused to be implicated in this shameful treaty and prevented the Normans from passing the bridges, so that the latter were obliged to drag their ships over land and make a long detour around the city. "That year," [1] writes Victor Duruy, "Paris gloriously won her title of the capital of France and her chief, the brave Count Eudes, became the founder of the first national dynasty."

Monkey-Money and Massacre.

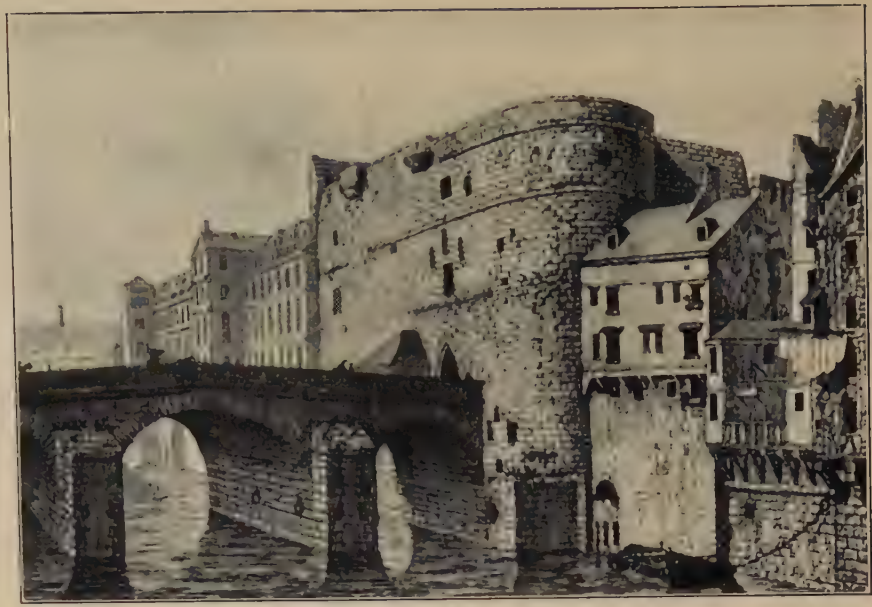
It was at the Petit Châtelet in the time of Saint Louis, a period prolific in proverbs, that the saying arose, "payer en monnaie de singe." A toll was levied on all who crossed the bridge and on merchandise brought into the city. It would appear from an old tariff that whoever brought in a monkey for sale was required to pay a toll of four farthings, but if the monkey served merely for the owner's amusement there was nothing to pay. If the monkey belonged to a juggler or traveling showman

[1] 887.

the law provided that the monkey might enter free of duty on condition that its owner make it dance and do tricks for the edification of the toll-collector. Thus "payer en monnaie de singe" means to evade payment, not to pay at all. The juggler might himself escape the toll by singing a couplet from a chanson de geste, provided that he sang it to the satisfaction of the toll-collector, and from this custom arose another saying, "avoir une chose pour une chanson bien chantée," to have something for a song.

The Petit Châtelet, rebuilt after its destruction by the Normans, was again destroyed in 1296 by a flood which carried away both bridge and fortress. Finally, under Charles V, it was rebuilt in huge and solid form. It was as if some Titanic hand had plumped down a monstrous boulder across the rue Saint Jacques, which ran beneath it in a gloomy tunnel. So thick were the walls, we learn from Guillebert de Metz, that a cart could drive around them and they were covered, he adds, with beautiful gardens. A prison rather than a fortress, the Petit Châtelet of Charles V served as a menace to the University which lay beneath its frowning towers and as a guarantee of security to the bourgeois from student lawlessness. Hugues Aubriot, the Prévôt of Paris who constructed the Bastille under the direction of Charles V, established in the Petit Châtelet two rows of cells for unruly scholars to which the jovial-minded Prévôt gave the names, rue du Fouarre and rue du Clos Bruneau (rue des Carmes), the streets which were the home of the schools.

In the disordered reign of Charles VI, the Petit Châtelet, in common with the Grand Châtelet, Saint Eloi and the other prisons of Paris, was the scene of massacre which in cold-bloodedness was not outdone by the Reign of Terror in the great revolution. On the twenty-ninth of May, 1418, Perrinet Leclerc, a young iron merchant of the Petit Pont, stole his father's keys and opened the de Buci gate to the Burgundians who became masters of the city. The Armagnacs were thrown



LE PETIT CHÂTELET.
The fortress-prison of the Left Bank.

into jail, many of them being imprisoned in this fortress. On Sunday, the twelfth of June, the Burgundian bands assembled in the Place Maubert and sixty thousand men, armed with mallets, sticks, hatchets and swords descended on the prisons of Paris. At the Petit Châtelet the crowd forced an entrance and someone called to the prisoners to come out. As the poor wretches emerged, blows rained upon them from all sides and the corpses were dragged to the nearest sewer so that the work might proceed without interruption.

But if many came to the Petit Châtelet as besiegers, as prisoners, or as murderers, there was one day in the year when it was a scene of rejoicing, at least for one of its occupants. This was Palm Sunday when the clergy of Notre Dame filed in solemn procession through the gates of the grim fortress, penetrated the prison and set free a prisoner. The latter then followed his rescuers to Notre Dame and from there went forth in liberty.

The Petit Châtelet survived until 1782, or to within seven years of the Revolution; the Grand Châtelet on the Right Bank was demolished twenty years later by Napoleon, who created the Place which perpetuates its memory.

VI. Near the Petit Pont.

Concerning a Street of Succulent Odors, an Officer of Artillery and the Solomonic Decision of a Citizen Fool.

In Roman days, the gardens of the Palais des Thermes (now incorporated in the Musée de Cluny) sloped down to the river and extended from the Petit Pont on the east to the present rue Bonaparte on the west. This domain, which was planted with vines, fig trees and rose bushes, was known as the Clos de Laäs, or Palace Close, and when in the twelfth century a street was laid out in the eastern section, beginning at the Petit Pont, it was called the rue de Laäs. In 1284 its name was changed,

and to find out how the change occurred, I will ask you to run with me up an etymological alley.

The word "huche" originally meant a kneading trough but was later used to designate any kind of chest ranging in size from a box for candles to a Gothic *bahut.* It was then applied to a still larger form of chest, to wit, a merchant's stall, especially a fish stall, and later the word came to mean the tax levied upon that stall. To sugar-coat the pill of payment the receiver of the tax was wont to refer to it disparagingly in the diminutive, calling it "la huchette," "the little tax on a fish stall." Finally the building where the tax was paid came to be known as the "Hôtel de la Huchette" or the "Hôtel of the Little Tax on a Fish Stall." In the rue de Laäs was the Hôtel de la Huchette, owned by the Chapter of Notre Dame, and it was from this hôtel that the street acquired its present name of rue de la Huchette.

Though the Street of the Hôtel of the Little Tax on a Fish Stall has had its quota of distinguished residents —a chancelor of France once lived there and an artillery officer who was to be greater than any chancelor—it was for its rôtisseries, where meats were roasted on a spit, that it achieved renown. The rôtisseurs shared with the diamond merchants almost exclusive possession of the street; it was even called, for a time, the rue des Rôtisseurs. Sauval tells us that Father Bonaventure Calatagirone, General of the Cordeliers, and one of the negotiators of the Peace of Vervins, was so impressed by the rôtisseries of the rue de la Huchette that, on his return to his native country, this "causa veramente stupenda," this "really stupefying thing" was the only marvel which he could recall. Such an appetizing odor of roasting meat filled the street of rôtisseries that many a poor devil whose means would not permit him the luxury of a meat diet was attracted by the succulent viands, and the frugal Limousin masons of the rue de la Mortellerie, on the opposite bank, trooped across the river at meal time for the pleasure of eating their humble crusts in the delightful aroma. It was a dispute arising

from this practice of olfactory feasting that brought out the juridical acumen of Seigny Joan, the Fool, Citizen of Paris.

Rabelais tells the story through Pantagruel.

"At Paris, in the rôtisserie of the Petit Châtelet, before the shop of a rôtisseur, a porter was eating his bread by the fumes of a roast, thus finding it scented and most savory. The rôtisseur made no objection, but when the bread was eaten, he seized the porter by the collar and insisted that the latter pay him for the fumes of the roast. The porter maintained that he had in no wise damaged the meat, that he had nothing taken and therefore nothing owed. The fumes in question evaporated and thus were lost; never had a case been heard of in Paris of the fumes of a roast being sold in the street. The rôtisseur replied that he was not obliged to nourish porters with the fumes of his roast and swore that if the fellow didn't pay he would rip out his teeth. The porter seized his stick and prepared to defend himself. Great was the altercation. The gaping noodles of Paris gathered from all directions to be present at the squabble.

"Now in the crowd, as luck would have it, was Seigny Joan, the Fool, Citizen of Paris, perceiving whom the rôtisseur asked the porter if he would accept the judgment of the noble Seigny Joan on their dispute. ''Sface! that will I,' answered the porter. Then Seigny Joan, after having heard what they had to say, commanded the porter to draw a piece of silver from his belt. The porter produced a piece of silver. Seigny Joan took the coin and placed it on his left shoulder as if he were examining its weight; then he sounded it on the palm of his left hand as though to make sure that it was of good metal; then he placed it on the eyeball of his right eye as if he wished to ascertain if it were properly stamped. All this was done in great silence in the midst of the staring people, while the rôtisseur waited in serene confidence and the porter in despair. Finally, Seigny Joan made the piece of silver ring several times on the counter. Then with presidential majesty, holding his

bauble as though it had been a sceptre, and muffling his head in his hood of apes' fur, with paper for ears, with a frill about his neck stuck out like organ pipes, he coughed loudly by way of preface two or three times and pronounced in an audible voice the following sentence:

" 'The Court declareth that the porter who hath eaten his bread by the fumes of the roast hath legally paid the rôtisseur with the sound of his money. The said Court further decrees that each return to his own home, without cost and for cause.'

"This sentence of the Parisian fool appeared so equitable, yea, so admirable to the doctors aforesaid, that they doubted in case the matter had been decided before the Parliament of the said place, or in the Rota at Rome, nay indeed before the Areopagites, whether sentence would have been more judicially rendered. Wherefore consider if you will take counsel of a fool." [1]

Besides the rôtisseries, the rue de la Huchette boasted one of the most popular travelers' hotels of its time, for in a list of the five best hotels of Paris in the reign of Charles VI, we find mention of the Hostellerie de l'Ange in the rue de la Huchette. The hotel evidently maintained its popularity marvelously well for, a century later, it was considered the best that Paris had to offer and here were lodged the ambassadors of the Emperor Maximilian on their visit to Louis XII. To the Angel, likewise, in the reign of Henri II came the envoy of the king of Algiers, accompanied by the Prévôt and merchants of Paris. A bodyguard of the city's archers with orders from the king to show him "all that he wished to see in Paris" accompanied the envoy on his tours of the town and mounted guard at the Angel.

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* * *

The artillery officer who, in 1795, lived in the rue de la Huchette had little reason to foresee that he would one day be master of Europe. "I also remember," wrote

[1] Gargantua et Pantagruel. Livre III. Chap. XXXVII.

the Count de Montholon, one of Napoleon's generals and later his faithful companion at Saint Helena, to the curé of Saint Séverin, "and can testify that he has often spoken to me of the stay that he made for some time in a furnished rooms hotel, called the Cadran Bleu, in the upper part of the rue de la Huchette near the rue du Petit Pont, a hotel where he occupied a small room on the fourth or fifth story, with a view of the Seine. He paid three francs a week for it and I seem to recall that it was Père Patreau who procured him this lodging. It was during the distressing period which he passed through after the siege of Toulon, during the persecution to which he was subjected by Aubry and from which he was saved by Robespierre the Younger; distressing moments during which he lived at Paris in a state bordering on misery and contented himself with taking coffee in the morning, lunching at the Café Cuisinier on the corner of the rue Saint André des Arts near the Pont Saint Michel and ending the day by a modest dinner at twenty-five sous. I think I may add that it was in memory of this period of suffering that he reopened the church of Saint Séverin."

The star of the man of destiny has not yet risen. "If this continues," he writes, "I shall end by not getting out of the way when a carriage passes." Happily on the day when things are blackest, with nothing in his pocket save an assignat of five francs and a letter from his mother informing him that his resources are exhausted, he meets one of his former regimental cronies, who lends him thirty thousand francs and all is well and history can proceed in the making.

A Mediaeval Lane and a Memorial to a Valiant Knight.

Beyond the house which harbored Napoleon is the narrow Street of the Fishing Cat and further on, the winding rue de la Huchette meets another narrow street, the rue Zacharie. Zacharie comes from Sac-à-lie, the name of a house on this street which Pierre de Ruilée, Prior of

Saint Martin des Champs, gave to that monastery in the early years of the thirteenth century. The name was perhaps derived from the sacks of lees from neighboring wine presses, here transported for the making of brandy. On the vine-covered slopes of the Montagne Sainte Geneviève wine presses were numerous and on this street were two presses and a Maison des Bouteilles, the bottle-making industry being near allied to viticulture. By the transitional stages of Sac-Alie, Saccalie and Saqualie, the street acquired in the first half of the seventeenth century its present name of Zacharie. The further end, between the rue de la Huchette and the Seine, was called from a sign the rue des Trois Chandeliers. It was also known as the rue des Bouticles because of the "bouticles" —boats used for the storage of fish—which were moored at the river end. A narrow lane with a tiny stretch of widened space in the middle like a bobbin bulging in a stocking, the rue Zacharie, which dates from 1219, has perhaps retained more of the mediaeval flavor than any other street in the quarter. All of its sombre houses are old and were we to scrape their restored façades we should find vestiges of the thirteenth century. It is fetid and grimy and sinister, and one feels that it has always been fetid and grimy and sinister. Sinister it must certainly have been in the seventeenth century for at that period it was closed by the orders of the Prévôt de Paris because "of the death of many persons killed there by night."

But at least one gleaming ray of chivalry has pierced this lane of a murderous past. On the corner of the rue Zacharie and the rue Saint Séverin there used to be, until the close of the eighteenth century, a sculptured panel showing the figure of a man who had been knocked off his horse and another on whose head a female figure was placing a wreath of roses. Beneath were the inscriptions: "Au vaillant Clary" and "En dépit de l'envie."[1] The stone reliefs referred to the redoubtable combat between the Sire of Clary and the English knight,

[1] "To the valiant Clary"—"In spite of envy."

Pierre de Courtenay. Pierre de Courtenay came to Paris in the time of Charles VI and challenged with lance and sword Guy de la Trémouille, favorite of the Duke of Burgundy and considered the bravest and ablest of French knights. Several lances were broken before the court whereupon Courtenay proposed combat with swords but this the king refused to authorize. Courtenay was about to depart in high dudgeon, declaring that no Frenchman dared oppose him, when the Sire of Clary, for the honor of his country, challenged the haughty visitor and vanquished him.

Now appears the sin of envy. The Duke of Burgundy, fretting because of the glory lost to his favorite, La Trémouille, pursued the Sire of Clary with ferocity for having fought without the king's consent and the knight owed his safety only to the good offices of friends who concealed him in their dwellings. "The stone sign of the rue Zacharie," writes M. Lambeau, "placed there by a friendly hand, and viewed by the Sire of Clary on such nights as he dared venture on the king's highway was none the less his consolation and the reward of his courage."

THE MEDIAEVAL LATIN QUARTER

Part II

The Visit

What is the Latin Quarter? "A state of mind," according to some; "It no longer exists," according to others, but sententiousness aside, it may be defined as the district of the schools on the Left Bank of the Seine, comprised in the Fifth and Sixth Arrondissements and bisected by the Boulevard Saint Michel. The term "Mediaeval Latin Quarter," as used in this chapter, is limited somewhat arbitrarily to the flat land lying between the Seine and the Montagne Sainte Geneviève or, in modern terms, to the district between the Seine and the Boulevard Saint Germain and east of the Boulevard Saint Michel. It is true that colleges were established at an early date on the hill itself but they did not become important until late in the mediaeval period, whereas the rue du Fouarre on the flat land near the Seine was the early center of University activity. The Heart of the Early Mediaeval Latin Quarter would be a more accurate designation but the reader will perhaps forgive the shorter form.

I. On the Way to Saint Séverin.

We start from the Place Saint Michel (Métro, tramways, autobusses.) The first thing to do is to get our bearings. Take up a position at the river bank, to the right of the bridge, as you approach the river, and at the top of the flight of steps which descends to the Chemin de Fer d'Orléans. We are on the Left Bank. Opposite is the Ile de la Cité. Down stream beyond the Pont Neuf one may catch a glimpse through the foliage of a tower of the Louvre. Beyond the bridge, L. is the Palais de Justice,

THE MEDIAEVAL LATIN QUARTER
SEINE
NOTRE DAME
Place du Parvis Notre Dame
Quai de la Tournelle
Saint Germain
Boulevard Saint Jacques
Rue Soufflot
Rue Lagrange
Quai St. Michel
Rue de la Harpe
Rue St. Jacques
Rue St. Hilaire
Rue Boutebrie
Rue de Cluny
Musée de Cluny
Rue St. Séverin
Rue de la Huchette
Rue St. Michel
Place St. Michel
START
END

from the courtyard of which project the roof and spire of the Sainte Chapelle. (The building opposite is the Préfecture de Police.)

To the right we see the imposing western front of **Notre Dame.** Look well at Notre Dame for that is where we must start in the spirit if not in the flesh. The infant University, offspring of Notre Dame, grew up within the sound of its chimes and in our ramble we never wander far from its august towers, picturesque glimpses of which we shall from time to time regain.

The **Pont Saint Michel,** the bridge beside which we are standing, takes its name from a chapel dedicated to Saint Michel which stood near the Sainte Chapelle at the entrance to the Palais de Justice. In this chapel Philip Augustus was baptized and here he established a brotherhood of pilgrims, to belong to which one must have made the pilgrimage to Mont Saint Michel. The chapel was demolished in 1792. At the **Place Saint Michel** was the Abreuvoir Mâcon, a watering-place, which in mediaeval times was the rendezvous of the harlots of the Quarter. The modern fountain, representing Saint Michel killing the dragon, is one of the most effective in Paris when it is playing, which is usually the case on Sunday afternoons.

Cross to the fountain and follow the street on the further side, where the sign reads Place Saint Michel. At the next open space, the Place Saint André des Arts, bear diagonally **L.** and continue on the **rue Hautefeuille,** named from a château. At **No. 5,** on the further corner of the Impasse Hautefeuille, is a handsome tower with elaborately sculptured moldings at the base. Engraved inscription: Rue Haute Feuille. The house with the tower was occupied from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century by nine successive abbots of Fécamp, one of whom became Pope Clement VI. Sainte-Croix, the accomplice of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, is said to have lived here at one time. The house contained until recently a beautiful siren in carved wood. The adjoining Impasse, formerly a street, contained a beautiful siren in the person of Marie Lebullion, known as "la belle Marquise de Darmasson." She was a peasant girl who became a nun and was an inmate of the same convent as Louise de la Vallière, discarded favorite of Louis XIV. Marie escaped from the convent, led a merry life, married the wealthy Marquis de Darmasson, poisoned him,

led a still merrier life and died during an orgy in her home in 1686.

Return to the **Place Saint André des Arts.** Here was the studio of Taffy, the Laird and "Little Billee" in du Maurier's "Trilby." Picturesque view down the rue Saint Séverin, **R.,** of the tower of Saint Séverin peeping above a jumble of gables—a mediaeval touch. Follow the **rue Saint Séverin,** traversing the Boulevard Saint Michel, the "Boul' Mich" of the students, an amusing place to stroll of a spring or summer evening. Cross the rue de la Harpe. The rue Saint Séverin is one of the oldest streets in Paris. It was "enlarged" in the seventeenth century, which gives one an idea of how very narrow it must once have been. At **No. 34 L.,** is an eighteenth century hôtel, with masks in courtyard visible from the street. Opposite is an Empire doorway with a pair of griffins, partly concealed by the display of a news stand. Next door, at **No. 13,** is a high and ancient house surmounted by a gable. On the second story a swan with gilded beak is represented as swimming, his neck entwined about an upright cross. This is an example of the punning signs dear to the Middle Ages, Le Cygne (Signe) de la Croix (The Sign of the Cross). France today is sprinkled with hotels which bear the sign, "Au Lion d'Or" (au lit on dort). On the further corner of the rue Zacharie, at **No. 24** just above the modern sign in blue and white, is the old graven inscription, "Rue . . . Séverin." The hated word "Saint" was blotted out during the Revolution. The house dates from the epoch of Louis XVI; it is decorated on the fourth story with sculptured consoles in the form of large palm leaves and scrolls. At **No. 22,** hidden away in a crevice formed by encroaching neighbors, is a building which in ages past was the Hostellerie du Paon Blanc and is still a hotel for travelers. At **No. 20** was the Rôtisserie of the Silver Crown.

The church of Saint Séverin looms up temptingly but let us defer our visit and return to the corner of the **rue Zacharie.** Here was the sign commemorating the bravery of the Sire de Clary (See Part I, page 190). On No. 24 rue Saint Séverin, numbered 19 on the rue Zacharie, is the old inscription, "rue de Zacharie." View down the rue Zacharie of the imposing corner of a Louis XVI house on the rue de la Huchette. It is worth while to walk the length of this street, the most mediaeval of them all. Observe the masks

at **No. 20 L.**, and at **No. 13** notice the slanting façade and massive, bulging, lower story, which no doubt harbored a mediaeval shop.

Return to the **rue de la Harpe**, from which Satan carried off the fair Agnès. Cross it and turn **L.** on the further sidewalk. Stop opposite **No. 35**, a hôtel with interesting Louis XV window moldings. The buildings at your back are modern but the houses in curving line opposite are old. To your right, at the end of the street, is the garden of the Musée de Cluny. We have seen that formerly the rue de la Harpe extended further south and climbed the Montagne Saint Geneviève until this southern portion was supplanted by the "Boul' Mich'." On this destroyed part was the house where Madame Roland lived. The fashionable shops, such as that where Mignot wrapped his pastry in philippics, are no more; the coaches no longer go rumbling by; the street is dead as dead can be. Continue to the second house beyond the rue de la Parcheminerie—**No. 45.** Notice consoles and masks, the latter with a wing apiece and completing one another.

Turn down the **rue de la Parcheminerie**, a name which recalls the fact that we are in the quarter of that great user of parchment, the mediaeval University. In 1273 the street was called the rue des Escrivains because of the writers or copyists who dwelt here, and a century later received its present name of Street of the Parchment Industry . Notice, in passing, an old house at **No. 28.**

No. 29 is a treat for the gods. It is one of the rare specimens in Paris of a private residence of the time of Louis XV which has come down to us intact. From the further side of the street look up at the graceful scrolls and garlands which ornament the windows. They are in charming taste and finely executed. The door is worth attention. The present tenant, who manifests a lively interest in the subject, informs me that he enlisted Georges Cain, former curator of the Musée Carnavalet and author of several books on Old Paris, in an endeavor to ascertain the eighteenth century owners of this house, but the search was unsuccessful. A pity, for one would like to know who lived here.

Notice, as you pass **No. 24**, the keys ingeniously embodied in the gate of a locksmith.

At **No. 22** is a mediaeval house with a round, stone arch-

way which gives on a mysterious-looking passage. Note the massive door with embedded panels and studded with iron nails. "Ah, monsieur, they no longer make them like that," said a carpenter who pointed out to me with professional enjoyment, the merits of this door. Strike a match to examine the inside of the door and the great mediaeval lock which is still in place. Explore the passage and note the timber and plaster roofing, which recurs in the rooms of this fifteenth century abode. The house was known in mediaeval times as the Hôtel des Pères Tranquilles. The boarded-up window to the left of the entrance opened on the shop of a less tranquil latter-day father, known as Père la Purge, an old shoemaker, famous in the Quarter for his anarchist opinions.

Opposite the Hôtel des Pères Tranquilles is the **rue Boutebrie.** Originally named from a certain Erembourg de Brie who lived here in 1284, it passed through the transitional stages of Bourg de Brie, Bout de Brye and Bouttebrie to evolve as Boutebrie. In the fourteenth century it was called the rue des Enlumineurs because many of its dwellers were members of the corporation of illuminators, who collaborated with the copyists of the rue de la Parcheminerie in producing the mediaeval manuscripts. The celebrated illuminator, Honoré, lived here in the thirteenth century.

The college of Maître Gervais was founded in this street in 1375 for the instruction of priests and teachers. Maître Gervais, besides being a canon of Notre Dame and of the cathedral of Bayeux, was the royal physician of Charles V. Charles the Wise, whose love for astronomy is mentioned by Christine de Pisan, presented the college with a collection of astronomical instruments and founded two scholarships for the study of such astronomical works as were not forbidden by the University. Here, then, was the first astronomical observatory in Paris.

At **No. 8** is a Renaissance staircase which is one of the curiosities of Old Paris. Enter the furnished rooms hotel without hesitation—mention of the word "escalier" will sufficiently explain your presence—and at the end of the corridor you will find the staircase. It is rather dark; matches or a cigarette lighter will help reveal this sixteenth century treasure. Climb a few steps to thoroughly examine the rich carving. The two upright shafts are single pieces

of wood extending unbroken to the top of the staircase. Happily the preservation of this beautiful staircase is assured, for an arrangement has been made whereby, if the house is sold or destroyed, the staircase will pass to the Musée de Cluny.

Notice the old house next door, **No. 6**, with pointed projecting gable sustained by wooden props according to the fashion of the fifteenth century. Like all the houses of this period, it is very narrow. Above the ground floor rise four stories, each with a large central window flanked on each side by small windows, and surmounted by a fifth story under the gable. Inside is a Louis XIII staircase of no special interest. At **No. 12**, a disposition of windows similar to No. 6.

The antiquarian Lefeuve relates an adventure in the rue Boutebrie which befell his collaborator M. Rousseau. Having been tipped off that a certain aged resident of this street was well informed on the history of the house where he lived, M. Rousseau attempted to pump him but the old man was suspicious and silent and the investigator was about to leave in disappointment when his attention was attracted to the paperless wall on which had been scrawled various inscriptions. Engaging the old fellow in further conversation, he copied them down. Here are some of them: "Simon, Claude et Marie Mahu, enlumineurs, 1572. —Germain illuminé—Sylvain aime Gloriette à toujours—Naissance de Régulus Thomas le 2 prairial an III et de Phocion-Decius Thomas le 14 frimaire an V; signé le citoyen Thomas, employé chez le citoyen Saugrain aux réverbères—Mort à Bailly! Vive Robespierre! Vive Cavaignac! Atala—Clara Fontaine—Vive la Charte!—Jules Clopin, homme de lettres—A bas Cavaignac! Vive Barbès!" The history of France for nearly three centuries! "The wall has spoken," said M. Rousseau, "and I have listened. Your house was replastered in the time of Charles IX."

Return to the corner of the rue de la Parcheminerie. Entrance to the cemetery of Saint Séverin was gained by a narrow passage leading from the rue de la Parcheminerie

across ground now covered by the little park. Over the entrance of the passage was inscribed this punning challenge,

"Passant, penses-tu passer par ce passage
Où, pensant, j'ai passé?
Si tu n'y penses pas, passant, tu n'es pas sage,
Car en n'y pensant pas tu te verras passé!"[1]

In the neighboring rue Messire Saint Jacques, a street no longer existing, was that other passage where the lovelorn student made a "pas de clerc."

Follow the short **rue des Prêtres Saint Séverin** to the church. In this street was the original site of the ancient college of Lisieux, founded by Guy d'Harcourt, Bishop of Lisieux. (Lisieux, by the way, is a town worth visiting for its twelfth century cathedral and quaint old houses. It is not far from Deauville.) A seventeenth century novel, the scene of which is laid in the Collège de Lisieux, reflects the severity of the student regime. We are told of the privations and ill-treatment endured by the students and of a regent "of terrible aspect, always going about with a whip in his hand, which he knew how to use as well as any man of his sort."[2]

II. Saint Séverin.

The door which we see before us was not originally the principal door of the church. The main door was that which faces the rue Saint Séverin in the north side of the tower, and on the west side there was only a small and unimportant entrance. The present western door was brought here in 1839, following the destruction of an old church in the Ile de la Cité, Saint Pierre aux Boeufs. Of Saint Pierre aux Boeufs, which belonged to the guild of butchers, they tell the story of how two cows, being driven to the slaughter-house, passed the open door of the church when mass was in progress. Moved by an impulse of piety, and doubtless recognizing the church, the cows knelt down in the roadway facing the altar and so remained until the

[1] "Passer, do you think you will pass by this passage
Where, thinking, I have passed?
If you don't think so, passer, you're not wise
For in not thinking so, you will see yourself passed."

[2] Histoire comique de Fancion, published by Sorel, 1633.

close of the service, when they arose and, thus spiritually refreshed, resumed their fatal journey.

Modern tympanum (Virgin and Child between angels, demon personifying Paganism crushed beneath the feet of the Virgin). The figures of Saint Peter and Saint Paul in the medallions of the doors are of the seventeenth century. The façade above the portal is, in the main, late (flamboyant) Gothic.

Step **inside** and look down the nave. The first three bays of the church, of which the pillars have solid shafts and capitals, are of the thirteenth century; the succeeding bays, separated by pillars with narrow moldings and without capitals, are of the fifteenth century. The Doric capitals and three round arches at the end of the apse are, as we shall see, seventeenth century "improvements." The stained glass windows of the triforium gallery are modern. The windows of the clerestory (above) from the fourth bay onwards are fifteenth and sixteenth century glass from the church of Saint Germain des Prés.

The most beautiful feature of the church is the vaulting of the apse. To reach it let us follow around to the **R.** On the wall beside the entrance are curious marble plaques, many of them the gift of students in gratitude for success in examinations. Half way down the **R.** aisle near a door is one of the most delightful bits of church furniture I wot of. It is used as a holy water basin although the tiny infant figures which ornament the rim suggest that it was designed as a baptismal font. (Open the door, if necessary, to get more light.) Notice among the statuettes the ecclesiastical dignitary and the marvelously carved lace of his robes, the Saint George and Dragon, and Saint Denis, carrying, as usual, his head in his hands. Some precious legacy of the mediaeval craftsmen? Not so. The font was carved by one François Derre in 1858 and by him was presented to the church.

The door opens on a charming little **cloister**, which may be seen on application to the sacristan. Here were the charnel houses and the cemetery where the archer was cured of gall-stone and where the Duchess de Montpensier set up a painting to incite the faithful against the Huguenots.

Continue to the **apse** and, as the aisle curves, notice the elaborate multiple rib vaulting. On your right is the

Chapel of the two Saint Séverins. The stained glass windows portray: **L.**, Saint Séverin the Hermit welcoming his youthful visitor, Prince Clodoald (Saint Cloud); and **R.**, Saint Séverin the Abbot receiving the sacrament on his death bed. The frescoes—difficult to distinguish in the dim light—depict **L.**, Saint Séverin the Hermit conferring the monk's habit on Clodoald and **R.**, Saint Séverin the Abbot healing Clovis by covering him with his mantle.

In the Chapelle de la Vierge is the well, now boarded over, at which Saint Séverin and Saint Cloud were wont to quench their thirst. Choked up in the course of centuries, it was reopened in 1855. It is ten metres deep. The water was supposed to cure fever and the king's evil.

Notice the curious spiral column in the center of the aisle. At dusk this part of the church is very impressive. Re-read, if you are in the mood, the beautiful lines of Huysmans. (See Part I, page 169.) "Among these finely chiseled pillars," writes another devotee of Saint Séverin, "in this light, softened by the stained glass, there is a feeling of peace and mystery which brings earth nearer heaven. . . . One feels indeed that one is in *la maison du bon Dieu.*"[1]

Notice the pillars in the curve of the apse behind the high altar. They were originally Gothic but in the seventeenth century—epoch when everything Gothic was considered barbaric—they were covered with a marble coating forming the incongruous Doric affairs of today. At the same time the Gothic arches were changed to the round form. Some twenty years ago an enlightened curé conceived the happy idea of doing away with these anachronisms and had already accomplished the restoration to the Gothic form of two arches when the Service of Historic Monuments got wind of what was going on and, in bureaucratic peevishness at not having been consulted, brought the good work to an untimely end.

Beyond the door of the sacristy, on the north side of the church is the **tombstone** of Nicolas de Bomont, merchant of Paris (died 1540), and of his wife Robine de Cuyndel (died 1547). The good bourgeois and his wife and their fifteen children are represented kneeling before a Christ on the Cross, flanked by the Virgin Mary and Saint John. In the background is Jerusalem. So little concerned were the

[1] "Une visite à Saint Séverin," Charles Amat, Editeur, Paris, 1904.

French sculptors and artists of that day with problems of local color that their Jerusalems often bore a striking resemblance to Paris. One can here see the towers of that Gothic Louvre which François I was soon to destroy. On a column beyond this epitaph an inscription in Gothic characters informs us that Guillaume Fusé, President of Parliament, and his wife, Jeanne Desportes, founded certain masses in the year 1521.

Continue along the **N. aisle** to the corner chapel at the front of the church, which contains a statue representing a monk, with a child in his arms, in the act of stooping to pick up a second infant lying at his feet.

Saint Vincent de Paul, who is here represented, was the founder of organized charity. The son of poor parents, his boyhood days were spent in tending his father's sheep. Capture by pirates on the Mediterranean, slavery and conversion of his captors were early incidents in the career of this good shepherd. At the close of the Thirty Years War, famine was rife and there was great suffering among the poor, the condition of illegitimate children being particularly pitiable. They were abandoned not only in the churches but on the public highway and little or no care was taken of these foundlings, who were often sold or given away to the first comer. One such unfortunate, who had been wilfully maimed by a beggar to draw sympathy and alms, touched the kind heart of Saint Vincent, who pleaded their cause at court and established, among other good works, an asylum for foundlings near the gate of Saint Victor. At his death there was a universal demand for his canonization but for this it was necessary to prove that he had worked miracles. "Il ne faut pas de plus grands miracles," wrote President Lamoignon to the head of the Church, "pour permettre invoquer M. Vincent comme un saint que les immenses charités qu'il a procurées par ses prières et qu'il a répandues dans tous les lieux du monde où il a connu des malheureux." Vincent was canonized in 1737.

The good Vincent used to walk the streets of Paris at all hours and in all weathers, seeking homeless children whom he might befriend. It is related of him that one dark night he was held up by robbers, but so universal was the esteem in which he was regarded, that on learning his identity, the

miscreants fell upon their knees and besought his benediction.

One day, as the Saint was passing through the quarter of Saint Séverin with a foundling in his arms, he chanced upon another stray waif in the rue de la Huchette whom he picked up and brought to Saint Séverin to be baptized. This explains the statue and the stained glass windows of the **west side** of the chapel. The window showing the rue de la Huchette—which we shall visit later—gives a good idea of how this quarter looked in mediaeval days. The **north window, L.**, shows the death of Louis XIII attended by Saint Vincent de Paul, who was the royal confessor. Conspicuous in the group is the red-robed Cardinal Mazarin. The **north window, R.**, shows the kindly saint in the midst of the children he befriended. The **frescoes** at the side—scarcely visible—depict, **below**, Saint Vincent at the court of Louis XIII pleading the cause of the foundlings and **above**, Saint Vincent consecrating his works to the Holy Virgin.

On leaving the church, note stained glass window representing Saint Martin on horseback dividing his cloak with a beggar.

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Returning to the rue des Prêtres Saint Séverin, glance **L.** at the modern building on the further corner of the rue de la Parcheminerie and the rue Boutebrie. When you passed this building, you may have noticed a statue in the niche on the corner. It is our friend Saint Vincent de Paul and is appropriately placed on a dispensary of the Assistance Publique.

Turn **R.** to the corner formed by the **rue des Prêtres** and the **rue Saint Séverin.** This was a very rowdy and festive spot in mediaeval times. About it were clustered taverns and rôtisseries where foregathered a very mixed society of clercs, thieves and harlots, shouting and drinking and brawling in hilarious hubbub. It was like a continuous fair. But all is quiet now; the hullabaloo is stilled, the gaiety is gone.

Turn **R.** in the **rue Saint Séverin.** We are opposite the north door of the church, formerly the main entrance. The church of Saint Séverin was the reputed possessor of a part

of the cloak of Saint Martin, the famous cloak which the soldier saint divided with the beggar who proved to be the Christ. The church contained a chapel dedicated to this saint. In the stained glass window which we saw on leaving the church, Saint Martin is represented on horseback in the act of dividing his cloak and the same subject is treated in the tympanum of this doorway. Saint Martin was the patron saint of travelers, particularly of horsemen, and it was the practice, when setting forth on a journey, to brand the horse's hoofs with the key to the chapel of Saint Martin. On a safe return, the traveler expressed his gratitude for the saint's protection by a votive offering of a horseshoe, which was hung either on the gate of the chapel or on this door beneath the likeness of the saint. The door used to be completely covered with horseshoes.

To the left of the door is a thirteenth century inscription—partly effaced—which enumerates the divers duties of the grave diggers, among them being that of cleaning the entire church, including the vaults, on Saint Martin's day, the fête of the dedication taking place on the day following. On the left wall is another inscription which reads,

Bonnes gens qui par cy passés
Priés Dieu pour les trespassés.[1]

Below the window is the inscription "Loix et Actes de l'Autorité Publique." Here public notices were posted in revolutionary times.

Set into the wall on each side of the doorway are two small stone lions, one much mutilated, which date from the sixteenth century and of which the origin is a matter of conjecture. One theory is that they supported coats of arms. According to another explanation they were placed there to recall the judgments pronounced on this porch by the ecclesiastical authorities, which ended with the formula, "datum inter leones" ("given between the lions"). It does not appear, however, that the archpriests of Saint Séverin were ever invested with this civil jurisdiction. A third supposition, which gains color from the inscription relative to the grave diggers and from that beginning "Bonnes gens qui par cy passés" was that this doorway was

[1] Good folk, who by this way pass,
Pray God for the dead.

the means of access to the cemetery and that the lions stood as a sort of guard at the entrance. Unfortunately, the entrance to the cemetery was, as we have seen, the narrow passage from the rue de la Parcheminerie with its punning inscription addressed to the passer-by. So we must fall back on the coats of arms theory or else accept the lions merely as lions for their decorative value.

Above and to the left of the porch is an exquisite **clock** of the fifteenth century in a sculptured frame. At the angle on the street is a pretty **niche** of the same period with a modern statue of Saint Séverin the Abbot. Its predecessor was mutilated during the Wars of Religion by the Huguenots. Note the long-necked grimacing gargoyles on the side of the church. In default of buttresses the wall has swayed from the perpendicular and leans so far into the street that iron clamps have been applied to strengthen it.

III From Saint Séverin to Saint Julien le Pauvre.

Turn to the opposite side of the **rue Saint Séverin. No. 12,** according to one authority, was the residence of the Abbé Prévost, author of "Manon Lescaut." Certain it is that he lived on this street but whether in this house is less certain. Fifteenth century staircase. At **No. 8** is a sixteenth century doorway. Wrought iron balustrades with monogram. The **Impasse Salembière, L.** was formerly called the Cul de Sac Sallembrière, as attested by the old inscription. Sallembrière is a corruption of Saille-en-Bien, the name of a thirteenth century inhabitant of this street. For this narrow alley was once a street and communicated with another street called the rue des Jardins which was doubtless equally narrow. The alley figures in a sixteenth century episode concerning Mary of England, the widow of Louis XII. François I secretly entered her abode in the Hôtel de Cluny, one night, accompanied by a cardinal, and surprised her in the arms of the Duke of Suffolk. The king commanded the cardinal to marry them then and there. Anne de Beauvray, a lady in waiting of the White Queen, so-called because she wore white for mourning, and a manservant, fearing punishment for their complicity in the intrigue, sought safety in flight but the soldiers of the royal bodyguard were soon in hot pursuit. Anne crouched in the doorway of the church of Saint Séverin but her com-

panion rushed down the Impasse Salembière, at his heels an excited soldier, who, in excess of zeal, hacked the poor fellow to death.

At the corner of the Impasse is another inscription "Rue . . . Séverin," where the "Saint" has been effaced. The house on which it is engraved, **No. 4**, is a handsome, substantial-looking, eighteenth century hôtel with good wrought iron at the windows.

Behind the apse of Saint Séverin, at the corner of the rue Saint Jacques was a fountain and near it, in mediaeval times, was a sort of cell or cage of the type described by Victor Hugo in "Notre Dame de Paris." The inmate was sometimes a prostitute who was there imprisoned, sometimes a voluntary prisoner doing penance in expiation of a sin. The poor wretch depended for nourishment on the charity of passers-by who thrust doles of food between the bars.

The **rue Saint Jacques** is one of the oldest streets of Paris. It was a Roman road, the Via Superior, which ran from Genabum to Lutetia, or, in other words, from Orléans to Paris. It was connected with the island by the Petit Pont, cut straight across the island, reached the Right Bank by the Pont Notre Dame and was continued north by the rue Saint Martin, a straight line all the way.[1] Flagstones of this Roman road have been discovered in 1842, 1913 and 1921. They were laid without cement, according to the Roman method, over débris which came from Lutetian buildings destroyed by the German barbarians in the third century. The road passed over a former Roman wall of the year 300 but was paved probably not more than sixty years afterwards. The flagstones may be seen in the garden of the Thermes at the Musée de Cluny. The aqueduct from Arcueil, which brought the waters of the Rungis to the Palais des Thermes, followed the direction of the rue Saint Jacques where traces of it have been found. The rue Saint Jacques was the street of the booksellers in the shadow of the University. The author of "Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in five months' Travell," on his visit to the Paris of Henri IV, mentions the "Via Jacobea, full of booksellers' faire shoppes, most plentifully furnished with bookes."

Cross the rue Saint Jacques. The building with the

[1] In all probability See Part I, page 180, foot-note.

tower, **R.**, where the street ascends the hill, is the Sorbonne, the seat of the Faculté des Lettres and the Faculté des Sciences of the University of Paris. In the opposite direction the successor of the old Roman highway, here christened the rue du Petit Pont, leads to the bridge of that name, which was guarded by the fortress of the Petit Châtelet.

Two streets branch out from the rue Saint Jacques. For the present we may take the left-hand street which will lead us to a curious church. In fact, the ancient name of this street, a bit long for hurried modern use, reflected this promise, "Le vieux chemin conduisant à Saint Julien le Pauvre."

IV. Saint Julien le Pauvre.

Turn in at the first gateway of the rue Saint Julien le Pauvre. Enter the church. You may care to take a seat and re-read the notes of Part I of this chapter (page 172 et sequit) on the history of this interesting church—by all odds, the quaintest in Paris.

Let us begin with the architectural features, then we can examine the church furniture. The church dates from the second half of the twelfth century and choir and apse have come down to us as beautiful examples of the early Gothic period. In the **nave**, unfortunately, the devastating seventeenth century has got in its evil work and its effects may be seen in the barrel vaulting, the rounded arches of the ground story and clerestory (upper range of windows) and in four of the capitals which have been changed to Doric. The other capitals fortunately have survived, and the aisles have preserved their Gothic vaulting. The **apse**, exquisite in the purity and simplicity of the early Gothic, is largely obscured by the dreadful iconostasis, the pride and joy of the Melchites but likened by Huysmans to the entrance of a booth at a street fair.

In the **choir R.** is a splendid capital ornamented with acanthus leaves and harpies with women's heads and wings spread. A similar pillar, somewhat smaller, is to be found in an almost identical location in the choir of Notre Dame. The details of the construction and ornamentation of Saint Julien bear a close resemblance to the choir of Notre Dame, showing that this church is contemporaneous with the

choir of the cathedral. It is quite possible that the same workmen may have been employed in both churches, and thus the hand which carved this capital may have been the same which carved its twin across the river. Notice also the corresponding pillar on the opposite side, **L.**—capital with acanthus leaves broadly treated. The numerous capitals in this church—there are one hundred and fifty of them!—will well repay study, particularly those of the colonettes at the entrance to the choir and in the south aisle. As at Notre Dame, the water-lily leaf predominates, then come the arum, the fern, the grape vine and the acanthus.

* * *

We may now make the rounds to see what the church contains. The **statue** in the **left aisle** formerly stood in the peristyle of the Hôtel Dieu. It marks the grave of the Baron de Montyon (died 1820) philanthropist, liberal benefactor of the hospital, and founder of the famous *prix de vertu* for meritorious conduct, a prize which is awarded annually by the Institute, generally to some obscure person who has passed years of self-sacrificing devotion in taking care of the aged or infirm. The Baron de Montyon was offered by Louis XVI the exalted office of Keeper of the Seals but he refused it for fear that his moral character might deteriorate. Though the pose is awkward, the features are finely modeled and exude benevolence.

Passing an elaborate wrought iron lectern of the seventeenth century we come to the painting in the chapel at the end of the aisle. It portrays Saint Julien le Pauvre (the bearded figure **R.**) welcoming two persons who have been rescued from drowning. Boatman with oar, **L.** Behind the altar, where an opening has been plastered up, was the door used by the Augustinian nuns of the Hôtel Dieu. Just outside is a well to which country people were attracted from afar because the water was accredited with the virtue of "curing all ills." Water was brought from this well to a holy water font, which can be descried immediately to the right of the altar.

On the **high altar** of the apse is a fourteenth century bas-relief representing Christ on the Cross between the Virgin Mary and Saint John. The bas-relief belonged to an anterior chapel of the Hôtel Dieu and the kneeling fig-

ures at the sides represent the money changer Oudart de Moncreux (died 1385) and his wife who defrayed the expenses of reconstructing the chapel.

In the **R. aisle** of the choir, the figure in ecclesiastical garb represents Saint Landry who founded the hospital of Saint Christophe which became the Hôtel Dieu. It is related that during a severe famine he sold the religious vessels and furnishings of Notre Dame to the Jews in order to raise money for feeding the poor. Next to him with the crown is Saint Louis, benefactor of the Hôtel Dieu. I call your attention to these statues of mediocre artistic merit for the sole reason that it is interesting to note why they happen to be here,—because of their connection with the hospital of which Saint Julien was once the chapel. "Even the most tawdry bits of its modern church furniture," writes Grant Allen of another church in Paris, "become of interest when examined as parts of a consistent whole, falling into their due place in a great system of belief and the government of conduct."[1]

Half way down the aisle in the nave is the curious **fifteenth century gravestone** of one Henry Rousseau, seigneur de Chaillot. Enveloped in his shroud he is seen rising from his tomb, his hands clasped reverently before a crucifix on which is a long streamer inscribed with a prayer. The inscription in fine Gothic characters at the bottom of the gravestone records that Henry Rousseau left a sum of money to the Hôtel Dieu for the establishment of masses on condition that he be buried in the chapel. This interesting gravestone narrowly escaped destruction in the Revolution when the upper section—one can see where it was broken off and has been in part restored—was used to cover a drain.

Behind our friend Saint Vincent de Paul, with his foundlings, is a Latin inscription, "Ludovicus, rex Francorum, undecimus hujus nominis." It comes from the Hôtel Dieu where it was inscribed on the gable beneath a statue of that wily, superstitious, fiendishly cruel and able monarch, "Louis, King of the Franks, eleventh of this name."

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[1] For an excellent exposition of the "Why is this here?" principle see Grant Allen's "Paris," pp. 266-7.

Step outside the door by which you entered the church. In the right-hand wall is the outline of two embedded arches and a Doric column. They formed part of the ground story of the first two bays of the nave which were destroyed in the seventeenth century. Obviously not a part of the original Gothic fabric, the arches and column were undoubtedly seventeenth century "improvements" made before it had been decided to demolish this end of the church. (The ground story of the left aisle was not destroyed and forms the present sacristy.) Beyond the embedded arches are traces of the original Gothic portal and of the narrow gallery which surmounted it. To the right of the heavy and incongruous Doric façade is a well, covered with an iron canopy. The well was dug probably in the twelfth century and was thus in the interior of the church. By the side of this well Dante is supposed to have slept when, unable to pay for other lodging, he found shelter in the church. The adjacent student cabaret, the "Caveau des Oubliettes Rouges," is installed in prison cells which were dependencies of the Petit Châtelet.

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Reenter and proceed **L.** to the **sacristy**. In the further left-hand corner of the sacristy is an embedded column of the early church. Near by is a statue of Henri IV from the old Hôtel Dieu. Beyond are some capitals from the destroyed doorway; they are not the original capitals but date from the fourteenth century. On a Renaissance console is a sixteenth century terra cotta statue of very indifferent execution, which was discovered in 1826 buried near the church. It has been dubbed Charlemagne, the favorite designation for statues not otherwise accounted for, but it is more likely Pépin le Bref, both because of its dwarfish appearance and the fact that a statue of that monarch is known to have been in the immediate vicinity of Saint Julien. Charlemagne, by the way, never wore a beard, tradition notwithstanding; his face was adorned with the formidably long mustache of the typical Gallic warrior.

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Let us go out into the **garden** (door **L.**). A delicious spot with a magnificent acacia tree—two hundred years old,

says the sacristan. Fine view of Notre Dame, perhaps the finest view at close range. Buridan, the sophist, he who propounded the celebrated dilemma of the ass which perished midway between a bale of hay and a bucket of water from inability to decide whether hunger or thirst was his most pressing need, lived in a house which stood on the site of this garden. It was supplanted at a later epoch by an annex of the Hôtel Dieu. The annex was connected by a covered bridge, spanning the rue de la Bûcherie, with another annex fronting on the Quai, which, in turn, was connected by a bridge across the Seine with the main building of the Hôtel Dieu, which stood close to the river bank where the statue of Charlemagne is now. The official name of the bridge which spanned the Seine was the Pont Saint Charles, but it was popularly known as the Pont aux Morts because over it were transported corpses from the hospital to its mortuary chapel, Saint Julien le Pauvre. Both outbuildings were pulled down in 1908. After a long struggle this ground has been won for an eventual park,—one of those charming little breathing spaces which are dotted over Paris. Let us hope that it may extend to the Quai.

Start to circle the unusual tripartite apse, relic of the old basilica construction. Not far from the north wall is a white slab covering the well of miraculous waters which brought the country people from afar. To the left is a sort of terrace, planted with lime trees, which the popular imagination has baptized the wall of Philip Augustus, despite the fact that the nearest point on the circle traced by Philip's wall is a good half mile from here at the Pont de la Tournelle. In reality, it was built as a promenade for the patients of the Hôtel Dieu. Behind the apse was a cemetery where tombs made of gypsum have been discovered.

From the further side of the apse a pretty picture of the little church with tower and steps and everything just right. A gentle charm which suggests the provinces—and we are in the heart of Paris!

V. From Saint Julien le Pauvre to "La Place Maub'."

To the right as you leave Saint Julien is the "Caverne du Brigand Laffemas," the hôtel which belonged in the seventeenth century to Isaac de Laffemas, Governor of the

Petit Châtelet and Civil Lieutenant. One of his functions was that of university arbitrator and to this hôtel the students came to have their quarrels adjusted. Hence the appropriateness over the gateway of the Justice with her scales.

Retrace your steps, **L.**, to the end of the street and take the **rue Galande, L.** Galande is a corruption of Garlande; it was through the Garlande vineyards that the street was laid out in 1202. The Garlande family was of no small importance in the twelfth century. Anceau de Garlande was Seneschal and Prime Minister under Philip I and Louis the Fat; his brother Etienne was Seneschal, Chancelor and Prime Minister for nine years, while a third Garlande, Anselm, was Prévôt de Paris. The rue Galande was an exception to the mediaeval practice whereby a street was associated with a given trade, for, almost as soon as it was laid out, it became the center of divers curious industries and was inhabited by the brandy sellers, the vendors of fresh herbs, the well cleaners and the ragpickers. In the eighteenth century the houses belonged to noble families and to magistrates, but in the century following the street reverted to type. Cabaret owners, keepers of cookshops, fish vendors, vendors of cooked clams and hucksters of all sorts crowded into the old hôtels and sold their wares on the pavement. Up to within twenty years or so the rue Galande formed part of the classic "Tournée des Grands Ducs," the circuit followed by visiting celebrities on nocturnal slumming parties. This was the period of the Château Rouge of infamous memory. The aggressively modern brick building, which obtrudes on the mediaeval vista at the curve of the street, marks the site of this den of thieves.

Walk down the street and notice, in passing, **No. 65, R.**, with sculptured friezes dating from the Renaissance era—the sixteenth century. The hôtel belonged to the Seigneurs de Châtillon.

No. 57 is on the site of the Château Rouge. The Cabaret du Château Rouge, known later as the Guillotine, played an important rôle in the annals of the Parisian police, for the Red Castle was frequented by a peculiarly brickle lot. In 1887, three habitués made a bet that they would throw a woman into the Seine. It was straightway carried out and the woman was drowned. The victim was a drunken ragpicker and the stakes were two sous—the price of a glass

of brandy. Huysmans, who found amusement in studying its clientele, refers to three rooms on the ground floor,—the first, dimly lighted, where vagabonds used to doze; the second, with the gas burning furiously, a riotous citadel of gambling and drinking; and the third, pitch dark for the convenience of slumbering drunkards.[1] Gabrielle d'Estrées is said to have occupied a hôtel on this site, but Gabrielle's dwellings, like Charlemagne's statues, are legion.

Over the door at **No. 42, L.**, is a delightful stone bas-relief representing Saint Julien le Pauvre in his boat. The saint and his wife are rowing—apparently in opposite directions—while standing in the center is the Christ, a halo about his head and arms extended in blessing. Beneath a tree of luxurious foliage is the hospice, **L.** The bas-relief does not come from the door of the church, as one might suppose, but from a building on this site which used to be known as "the house where there is the sign of Saint Julien." A replica of this fourteenth century sign—the oldest in Paris—is at the Musée Carnavalet.

The word "crémerie" has a healthy bucolic connotation but the Crémerie Alexandre, which once occupied this house, was neither healthy nor bucolic, but a market place for stolen goods and the meeting place of the worst elements which the city breeds. The inner circle of this society, the crème de la crémerie, so to speak, met in a low-studded room on the second story reached by a corkscrew stairway. Visitors were unwelcome and did a rank outsider venture to ascend, conversation instantly ceased, there was a movement towards the stairway and the intruder was discouraged from completing the final step by the sight of four or five leather soles ready to descend on his skull.

You are now at the corner of the modern rue Dante, **R.**, and of the ancient **rue du Fouarre, L.**, which formerly extended to the river and of which only a tiny slice remains. The rue du Fouarre, more than any other street in the Quarter, is rich in memories of mediaeval student life. In 1202 it was the rue des Escholiers—the Street of the Scholars. Fouarre is a corruption of feurre, Old French for straw. In compliance with the instructions of Pope Urban V the students were forbidden the enervating luxury of chairs or benches and were compelled to sit on the ground

[1] A picturesque account of life in the Château Rouge is to be found in "La Bièvre et Saint Séverin." J. K. Huysmans, 1898.

on bunches of straw. The street, moreover, was in a literal sense a street of straw, being covered with that material to drown the disturbing noise of passing wagons. According to Benvenuto da Imola, the rue du Fouarre derives its name from a straw and hay market which was held here. Every house in the street was either a school or a hostel for scholars and here were the famous schools of the Four Nations (France, Normandy, England and Picardy). Here shone

> ". . . the light eternal of Sigier
> Who, reading lectures in the Street of Straw,
> Did syllogize invidious verities." [1]

and here, according to tradition, Dante attended the lectures of the Sigier de Brabant of whom he writes and also those of Brunetto Latini, the preceptor of his youth in Florence. To the rue du Fouarre Rabelais sends Pantagruel with his nine thousand seven hundred and sixty-four subjects for discussion and here the learned giant argues with "all the professors, masters and orators" and "stands them all on their bottoms." [2] The street was closed at night by iron gates at either end to prevent marauders from entering the schools.

At the nearer corner of the rue du Fouarre and the rue Galande, in a house called the Château de Vincennes, was the Nation de France which also occupied the adjoining "house where there is the sign of Saint Julien." The Nation de Picardie, where Buridan taught, was housed on the further corner of the rue du Fouarre and the rue Galande. At **No. 8, L.** was the Nation de Normandie. The hôtel now on this site has a fine eighteenth century doorway of beautiful proportions and chaste ornament, which recalls No. 25 rue Charlemagne. The Nation d'Angleterre (later d'Allemagne) was in that section of the street near the Seine which no longer exists.

Continue on the **rue Galande.** The fifteenth century house at **No. 31, R.,** has a picturesque overhanging gable with sculptured consoles. Cartouche, the amazing dandy rogue who, at the head of a band of robbers, terrorized Paris in the early part of the eighteenth century, lived for

[1] Paradisio X, 136, Longfellow's translation.
[2] Book II, Chapter X.

a time either at **No. 31** or at **No. 29**. It is related of this astonishing fellow that he introduced himself into the house of the Duchess de Boufflers where he dined and spent the night but stole nothing. The food he found delicious but the champagne mediocre and the next day his hostess received a present of several cases of excellent champagne which the gallant highwayman had stolen from a friend of hers. At another dwelling—306 rue de Charenton—Cartouche used to make his escape from visiting police by an underground passage which started in the side of a well in the courtyard and led far out into the country.

No doubt the arch bandit made similar use of the long weird passage which begins at **No. 41** rue Galande and burrows under various houses until it finally emerges, some fifty metres beyond, in another street. As Cartouche is no longer the terror of Paris, we may with safety follow this passage, stopping at the second open court to notice an old well and beyond, **L.**, a Louis XIII staircase painted black.[1]

We emerge on the thirteenth century rue des Plâtriers, the Street of the Plasterers, so-called because it was inhabited by men of that trade who worked in a neighboring plaster quarry. The name was later rue de la Plâtrerie and it is a pity that this name of local significance could not have been retained, but unfortunately it succumbed to the national passion for renaming streets in honor of great men and the Street of the Plaster Industry became the **rue Domat** to commemorate a jurist who was a friend of Pascal.[2] Climb the steps on the further side and look back at **No. 12bis**. Here are remains of the fourteenth century Collège de Cornouailles, founded for the benefit of five of his fellow-countrymen by a Breton, named Nicolas Galeran de Grève, who devoted a third of his fortune to this end. Strange to relate, the students were forbidden to speak Latin and infringers of this rule were required to contribute a pint of wine for the common weal.

The steps on which you are standing were constructed when the great Boulevard Saint Germain was shot through the labyrinth of ancient little streets. Hence the houses at your back, fronting on the Boulevard, are modern but those

[1] Anyone with an aversion to passages may circumvent this one via the rue Dante.

[2] A measure—all power to it—is now before the Municipal Council prohibiting further changes in the names of streets.

opposite, and to the right, are, for the most part, old. Walk **R.** towards the narrow end of the street, giving a glance at **Nos. 12, 10, 6** (gable) and **4.**

The **rue des Anglais,** which existed under Philip Augustus (1180-1223), owes its name to the English students who lived here in the Middle Ages. The Cabaret du Père Lunette, with its very special mural decorations, has passed into history. Once the rendezvous of literary men, including Thackeray, it had fallen on evil days and was closed no doubt by the police. Scarcely a day passed, relates the oldest inhabitant, that cries of "Aux voleurs!" and "Aux assassins!" did not resound from the back room of Father Spectacles. There was an underground passage leading to the sewers which furnished convenient egress for those clients who desired to be absent during the daily visit of the police. Father Spectacles is now a placid wine shop, "Caves de la Bourgogne."

Turn **R.** in the rue des Anglais. Cross the Boulevard Saint Germain. At **No. 57** Alfred de Musset was born. Turn **L.**

In the **rue Jean de Beauvais,** at **No. 9bis,** is the pretty fourteenth century chapel of the Collège de Dormans-Beauvais. Charles V laid the corner-stone. The college was founded in 1370 by Cardinal Jules Dormans, Bishop of Beauvais and Chancelor of France, for the benefit of twelve poor students from his native village of Dormans in the valley of the Marne. Cyrano de Bergerac was a student here. The west façade of the chapel has been greatly altered. It is now the place of worship of the Roumanian Colony and is strangely but colorfully bedecked in Oriental splendor.

Passing the widened **rue des Carmes,** the former rue du Clos Bruneau, overflow street of the schools, we come to the statue of Etienne Dolet and the Place Maubert.

The **Place Maubert,** which dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, acquired its name from a corruption of Aubert, Abbot of Sainte Geneviève, who allowed butchers' stalls to be established here. So transformed is this historic square by the passage of the Boulevard Saint Germain and the rue Monge that it is only by an effort of the imagination that we can regain its mediaeval aspect, but the

effort is worth the making for the Place Maubert has had a turbulent and dramatic past. The old "Place Maub'," a much smaller open space, from which ramified narrow tortuous streets, was the meeting place of student assemblies, the resort of boatmen, of itinerant traders, of pewter vendors and of marketwomen and the repair of thieves, assassins and rogues of every sort. This conglomerate company frequented the inns and rôtisseries which lined the sides of the Place, where the scene was one of riotous gaiety and perpetual carnival. "On y dansait pesle-mesle," says Rabelais, "to the sound of joyous flageolets and sweet bagpipes." The language of these gatherings was doubtless far from academic for the expression "Il a appris ses compliments à la Place Maubert" was used to designate the coarse of speech. Barricades were erected on the Place in every revolution from the Fronde to the feverish days of 1848. It was the scene of public executions and among the Renaissance humanists who were burned here as heretics were Alexandre d'Evreux, 1533, Claude Lepeintre, 1540, and Etienne Dolet, 1546, the last-named commemorated by a statue.

Etienne Dolet, philosopher and printer, was a friend of Rabelais and Erasmus. His crime was the importation into France of books forbidden by the church. Dolet was not an assassin as the Marquis de Rochegude in his "Promenades" seems to imply. That he killed a man at Lyons is a fact which should not be mentioned without adding that the killing was done in self-defense. The punning inscription on the statue is from the mouth of Dolet. Perceiving, as he was being led to the gallows, that the crowd took pity on him, he exclaimed, "Non dolet ipse Dolet, sed pia turba dolet."[1]

Behind you, where the market is now, was the Couvent des Grands Carmes founded in 1309. On one occasion, a monk peeped out between the shutters of a window of the convent and saw a man about to be hanged. He rushed out and tried to save him but "was caught" writes the chronicler, "in a wave of popular fury and in a very short time was torn to pieces, which pieces were scattered all over the Place." Thereafter when hangings were in order, the convent was evacuated and its inmates removed to a building

[1] "It is not Dolet himself who mourns but the compassionate throng."

half-way up the rue des Carmes beyond sight and hearing of the Place.

A strange market, the Marché aux Mégots or Cigarette Stub market, is held twice a week in the vicinity of the Place Maubert. Here come those poor shambling devils who poke about the terraces of cafés in quest of cigarette stubs. They sell their harvest, at a franc a pound, to horticulturists who use it to protect their plants against harmful insects and also—it's a pretty thought—to unscrupulous garçons de café who re-sell it to their clients in the form of hand-rolled cigarettes.

We have reached the turning point of our ramble. The next section will take us by the rue de Bièvre to the Seine, then westward and parallel to the river, following the Quai de la Tournelle, the rue des Grands Degrés, the rue de la Bûcherie and the rue de la Huchette back to our starting point at the Place Saint Michel.

VI. "La Place Maub'" back to Place Saint Michel.

Continue on the Boulevard Saint Germain and take the first street, **L.**, the **rue de Bièvre.**

The thirteenth century rue de Bièvre follows the course of a canal leading from the river Bièvre, a stream flowing through the south of Paris which empties into the Seine above the Jardin des Plantes. The canal is now bottled up in a sewer pipe and the main course of the Bièvre has fared little better for though the river once flowed merrily above ground and chirruped past the gardens of the Gobelins tapestry works, it is now ignominiously boarded over and harnessed up for tanneries. Inspired by Huysmans' "La Bièvre et Saint Séverin," Mr. Lucas started the merry game of "Hunt the Bièvre,"—a game I recommend to the indefatigables. Dante, it is said, dwelt in the rue de Bièvre and here composed a part of the Divine Comedy. The street was inhabited largely by river boatmen.

Note, in passing, doorway at **No. 31.** At **No. 28** lived Mlle. de Dreux d'Aubray who became the Marquise de Brinvilliers, the celebrated poisoner. (Chapter I, page 37 et sequit.) Follow the passage to the tiny courtyard, aloof from the bustle of the Boulevard, where there is an old well and staircase and an almost audible stillness as at the

Brinvilliers home in the rue Charles V. Return to the street. The Gothic medallion with expressive head in high relief has no integral connection with the house but belongs to the dealer in antiques who has a storehouse on the ground floor. The amusing corbels depict a mediaeval household scene wherein the coquettish mistress of the house appears preoccupied with her toilet and leaves the disgruntled husband to mind the baby. Louis XIII wrought iron window railings.

Wander down this street of curious old houses, which I need not enumerate, and stop when you come to a statue of Saint Michel at **No. 12 L.** In his left hand he holds a cross. His right hand held the spear with which he slew the dragon. Here was the old **Collège de Chanac** founded in 1348 by Guillaume de Chanac, Bishop of Paris. The college was established in his own house for the benefit of twelve poor students of the diocese of Limoges and was placed under the protection of Saint Michel, which explains his likeness above the doorway. The notorious Cardinal Dubois, the son of an apothecary and prime minister and companion in debauch of the Regent Philippe d'Orléans, was at one time a servant in this college. So scandalous was his life that his heirs refused to accept their inheritance. **No. 6,** with pleasing arched doorway, was a dependency of the Collège de Chanac.

From the **Quai de la Tournelle,** look back at this picturesque street of curving line and irregular frontage. The Panthéon in the distance. Cross the Quai to the bridge. Fine view of Notre Dame. Between the cathedral and the river was the archbishop's palace (1697-1831). Its great hall was the temporary meeting place in the Revolutionary era of the National Assembly and here, on the initiative of Talleyrand, the vote was passed which placed the property of the clergy at the disposition of the nation. It was torn down in 1831 and there is nothing left but the name which clings to the Quai and to this bridge, the Pont de l'Archevêché. Beyond the Ile de la Cité on the Right Bank one may see the tower and church of Saint Gervais. Across the channel to the right is the tree-shaded southern quai of the Ile Saint Louis. (The tower in the distance, **R.,** is the Gare de Lyon.)

Cross to the **further sidewalk** of the bridge. Vista down the rue des Bernardins of the Tour Sainte Geneviève rising

above the gabled roof of Saint Etienne du Mont. On the **Quai de la Tournelle** opposite is an old hôtel, **Nos. 55** and **57**. The owner of this hôtel was the first to inscribe his name on the doorway, which bore a marble plaque with gold lettering. Paris was scandalized and made mock of this new absurdity but the sign remained and in a short time the fashion spread. After the Président de Nesmond the hôtel belonged to the important families of Montpensier and Schomberg and passed, about 1700, to a dancer named Blondy. This "Hôtel ci-devant de Nesmond"—the wording has a Revolutionary flavor—is now a brewery.

The Quai de la Tournelle was a fashionable promenade and residence street in the time of Louis XIV. Beyond the Hôtel de Nesmond at **No. 47**, where the flag is displayed at the gate, are extensive buildings which belonged in the main to the former convent of the Miramiones or Filles de Sainte Geneviève. It was founded in 1649 in memory of her husband by Madame de Miramion, daughter of a wealthy financier and a widow at sixteen, for the benefit of young girls without means. The Miramiones, as the girls were called, had their own boat in which they were rowed to Notre Dame for prayers. The youthful and attractive founder figured in a kidnapping incident as the result of a trick played upon Bussy-Rabutin, the back-biting cousin of the Marquise de Sévigné. An unscrupulous priest having assured him, in the hope of coining a few gold pieces, that Mme de Miramion had declared in the confessional her unbounded love for him, Bussy-Rabutin had her coach seized in the Bois de Boulogne as she was returning from a visit to her husband's grave at Suresnes and the indignant occupant was spirited away to a château near Compiègne. Here the fatuous lover presented himself, expecting his beloved to fall into his arms, but such withering contempt greeted his advances that he was forced to recognize his blunder and send the enraged lady post haste back to Paris. A daughter, born to Mme de Miramion a few months after the death of her husband, married the Count de Nesmond whose hôtel, we have seen, was next door.

In front of the convent was the place where the executioner whipped prostitutes with birch rods. At the time of the Revolution the women of the Place Maubert, at the head of a mob carrying birch rods, descended on the convent but the National Guard arrived in time to save the

nuns from the beating that the Revolutionary sense of humor had in store for them. The building, as the sign proclaims, is now used by the central pharmacy of the Paris hospitals and shelters. There is a not uninteresting Renaissance ceiling in the former chaple but for a permit to see it one must do a deal of stair-climbing at the Assistance Publique, 3 Avenue Victoria.

Return along the Quai, re-passing the rue des Bernardins and the rue de Bièvre and stop at the **rue Maître Albert,** called the rue Perdue until 1844. It is named after one "Albert the Great," a Dominican teacher of the thirteenth century, who expounded the doctrines of Aristotle in the open air in the Place Maubert because there was no hall large enough to contain the crowds who flocked to hear him. It is a street of old buildings, now chiefly lodging houses inhabited by Auvergnats,—descendants of the pugnacious Arverni who made so much trouble for Julius Cæsar. The price of lodgings in the rue Maître Albert, recounts Huysmans, is the cheapest in this populous quarter. The pre-war rate was 60 centimes for the first night and 30 centimes for each night following. The inhabitants, according to Huysmans, sleep ten to twelve in a room and are liable to be awakened during the night by the glare of a police lantern thrust in their eyes to ascertain their identity. A notice is posted by the management that guests will leave their keys on the outside of the door to facilitate these periodic descents of authority.

In the year 1801, a dark figure rushed through the Place Maubert and dove into the rue Maître Albert with a pack of wolfish humans screaming insults and flinging missiles at his retreating heels. Drunk in a neighboring wine shop, the fugitive had been bragging of his Revolutionary exploits in a way which stirred the anger of his hearers, who joined in such ferocious pursuit that the strange misshapen negro was lucky to escape with his life. This negro dwarf was Zamor, the favorite page of Madame du Barry. Showered with silks and jewels and appointed by Louis XV Governor of Louveciennes, Zamor was petted and fawned upon by the courtiers of Versailles. In the Revolution he turned against his benefactress, was instrumental in bringing about her arrest and gave evidence which sent her to the scaffold. He died in 1820 in utter destitution. The house was **No. 13** of this street.

Traverse the **rue des Grands Degrés**, so called from the stone steps which formerly led down to the river at this end of the street. (The painted façade of **No. 1**, at the corner of the rue Maître Albert, shows the American and English arms, legacy of a sign manufacturer.) Lively masks at **No. 6**. The rue des Grands Degrés has an important claim to fame. Here was the law office of Maître Alain. One of his clerks was François Arouet, who was to be known as Voltaire.

Turn **L.** in the rue Frédéric Sauton. Picturesque view, over roofs, of the Panthéon. The **Impasse Maubert L.**, is a joy to the eye in spring and summer when a profusion of vines and flowering plants line its windows and the balcony of the house at the further end is a riot of geraniums and sunflowers. This alley, formerly the Impasse d'Amboise and once called the rue Sans Bout, the Street without an End, has an important university association and reflects the beginning of the end of the strange tragedy of Brinvilliers. It occupies the site of the Greek **Collège de Constantinople**, founded in 1204 and one of the oldest, if not the oldest college in Paris. It declined in favor and in 1332 had only one student. It was taken over by Jean de la Marche, professor of philosophy, and was later united to the Collège de la Marche. In this alley, Sainte-Croix, the accomplice of the Marquise de Brinvilliers, had his laboratory and here he concocted the celebrated "succession powders" which his mistress utilized to dispose of her father and brothers. At his death his goods were seized, including the fatal casket which was to prove the undoing of Madame de Brinvilliers. (See Chapter I, page 37 et sequit.) Whether Sainte-Croix really met his death through the accidental breaking of a glass mask while he was concocting his poisons may be doubted, but certain it is that, a century later, three other mixers of poison—three women—were asphyxiated while working in their laboratory of the Impasse Maubert. A grim fatality pursued this flower-decked retreat even to the nineteenth century for in the nineties the Impasse held a riotous drinking place on the order of the Château Rouge, which was closed by the police following a series of murders. **No. 4, R.**, at the end, is a curiously shaped building with an odd courtyard.

Follow the **rue de la Bûcherie**, opposite. The rue de la Bûcherie, which dates from the end of the twelfth century,

owes its name to the wood merchants who lived here in mediaeval times and to the near-by Port aux Bûches (log port) where wood was landed. In the sixteenth century the wood merchants emigrated to the La Rapée quarter. At **Nos. 7 and 9** notice, in passing, the well-designed wrought iron railings at the windows (Louis XIV). The indefatigables will find an old well in the courtyard of **No. 9**. **No. 11**, with garlands, is an old hôtel restored.

The **rue de l'Hôtel Colbert** owes its name to a popular tradition which erroneously ascribed a hôtel on this street to the great minister of Louis XIV. In 1202 the street was called the rue d'Arras. A century later Gillot referred to it in his "Dit des rues de Paris," a dictionary in rhyme of the streets of Paris, as

"La rue d'Arras
Où se nourrissent maints grands rats."

Whether many large rats really found nourishment here or whether Gillot, as was not seldom the case, was pressed for a rhyme, his lines were sufficient to change the name of the street to the rue des Rats, as he who stops and deciphers may read on the further corner, **L**. This name it retained until 1829 when its inhabitants petitioned the city for a more exalted name than "Rat Street."

The building on which this inscription appears, and which fronts on the rue de la Bûcherie, was the first building to be owned and occupied by the Faculté de Médecine, for although mention is made of that Faculté in authentic documents in the early years of the thirteenth century, it had no home of its own until it came here in 1483. Hitherto, among other meeting places, the medical students assembled around the holy water fonts in the towers of Notre Dame. The Faculté de Médecine remained here until the time of Louis XV. The oldest part is the crypt underneath the eighteenth century cupola on the corner. It is now used for student fencing bouts. The frieze over the bull's eye window of the "Amphitheatrum" facing the court is decorated with reliefs depicting various animals used in medical dissection. Enlarged in 1909, the building is now the Maison des Etudiants, or student clubhouse. The work of adding the new wing was interrupted by a strike of the

carpenters and masons, whereupon the students set to work and finished the job themselves but with more good will than skill, for the work crumbled and had to be rebuilt.

Opposite the Maison des Etudiants, at **No. 16**, is a house which once bore the sign of the Three Fishes. The massive nail-studded door, according to M. Pessard, is the very door which in the fifteenth century opened on the woodyard of Master Jean Pierre whose name was at one time given to the street. Courbet had his studio in this street.

The rue de la Bûcherie brings us to the **Pont au Double, R.**, opposite Notre Dame. The original structure was built at the instance of the Hôtel Dieu in order to construct upon it an outbuilding for patients. The inhabitants of the quarter offered to contribute towards the expense of its construction on condition that a passageway be left open for them and the offer was accepted but the Hôtel Dieu was authorized to collect a toll from all who passed. The collection of this unpopular toll was no easy matter, as on one pretext or another everyone claimed exemption and the king was compelled to issue an edict whereby anyone refusing to pay might be subjected to invectives or be beaten, or even thrown into the water.

At this point the rue de la Bûcherie passes a clearing, **R.**, which was formerly occupied by an annex of the Hôtel Dieu. This annex, you will recall, was connected by a bridge spanning the rue de la Bûcherie with a second annex near Saint Julien and by the "Bridge of the Dead" with the main hospital, which stood beyond the channel where the statue of Charlemagne is now.

Pass the cleared tract, which you will perhaps find blossoming as a park, and continue to the next bridge, the oft-rebuilt Petit Pont, which was set on fire by the floating candle. The Petit Pont, as we have seen, occupies the site of one of the two Roman bridges and was guarded by the Petit Châtelet which, as the Tour du Bois, served as defense against the Norman invaders until its destruction by them in 886. A tablet with the names of the twelve distinguished defenders, which have come down to us in the record of the monk Abbon, was formerly on the annex of the Hôtel Dieu; when the annex was torn down the tablet was removed to the Musée Carnavalet. It was at the rôtisserie of the Petit Châtelet, you remember, that Rabe-

lais places the tale of Seigny Joan, the Citizen Fool of Paris, who pronounced the Solomonic judgment whereby the fumes of a roast were paid for by the clink of a coin.

The **rue de la Huchette** (Part I, page 185 et sequit) leaves the rue du Petit Pont in the same axis as the rue de la Bûcherie. It was in this street of rôtisseries that the kindly saint picked up the homeless waif and brought it to Saint Séverin to be baptized. On the corner of the street furthest from the river was the celebrated Cabaret du Petit More. The particular attraction of the "Little Blackamoor" was that on payment of six crowns the customer was entitled to all he could drink. It was the resort of poets and writers and its praises are frequently sounded in the drinking songs of the time of Louis XIII. One of its most faithful clients was Théophile de Viau, the Huguenot poet, who here composed his "Parnasse Satirique." "You must know then," recounts Théophile, "that one evening we met at the Little Blackamoor which every toper honors because of its good wine. We had a hash well seasoned with wine, followed by partridges and young rabbits."

At **Nos. 4-6** is a large building, dating from the Régence, with characteristic masks over the round arches of the entresol. In the center a bat-like figure bears the sign "A la Hure d'Or 1729"—"At the Golden Jowl." It commemorates the old sign of the Cabaret de la Hure which is mentioned, together with the Cabaret du Petit More, in the "Journal des règnes de Henri III et de Henri IV" (1607) by Pierre de l'Estoile.

Opposite, at **No. 5**, the Hôtel Suisse is a curiosity of doubtful historic value. The attractions are set forth on a plaque on the façade of the building. You are shown—for a consideration—a sub-cellar, which the proprietor would have you believe was used by a revolutionary tribunal, seven tree stumps for the judges to sit on and an eighth in the center for a prisoner, an "oubliette," or well, descending to the Seine and intended for the prisoner in case the judgment was unfavorable, and in another cellar, a room used by Marie Antoinette for amorous rendezvous! Also, the entrance of a former underground passage to Cluny which passed by the graveyard of Saint Séverin and bones brought from this graveyard by playful students. A lock, formerly on this door, is an interesting bit of workmanship. Well,—it's all very amusing.

A café at **No. 10** formerly bore the sign "Au Petit Caporal" for either here or at No. 8 was the Hotel of the Blue Sundial where lived Napoleon Bonaparte in 1795. (See Part I, page 188.)

Further along, on the same side of the street, is the **rue du Chat qui pêche** (1540). The Street of the Fishing Cat, named from the sign of a house, used to descend to the water's edge before the Quai was built. Remnant of old inscription on further corner.

Beyond the rue du Chat qui pêche, at **No. 14**, is a dignified seventeenth century house with good wrought iron in the window railings,—monogram. On the façade of the entresol is the letter "Y" engraved on a round tablet surrounded by a frame in relief and sheltered by a canopy. It is the sign of a shop where haberdashery and hose were sold. The old-time hose were popularly called "liegrègues" (à la grecque). Thus the letter "Y" (ygrec) here displayed, is a punning advertisement of "lie-grègues," or hose. The letter "Y" is incorporated in the window railings on each side.

Next door at the corner of the rue Zacharie is a finely proportioned house, **No. 16**, in the severe style of the epoch in which it was built—Louis XVI. Characteristic wrought iron. The imposing cornice and narrow panels give the effect of great height and suggest that "l'art nouveau," with its emphasis on vertical line, is not so new as the name implies.

Opposite, at **No. 17**, are old inscriptions of this street and the rue "de" Zacharie. Picturesque vista looking down the rue Zacharie towards the rue Saint Séverin. And so, passing a widened section of the rue de la Harpe, we are back at the Place Saint Michel.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE MARAIS.

Part I. By Way of Introduction.

I. The Picaresque Career of Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais. (The Hôtel de Beaumarchais in the rue Vieille du Temple.)

"What a man!" exclaimed Voltaire in a letter to d'Alembert, "he unites everything; jesting, serious matters, reason, gaiety, strength, the pathetic, every sort of eloquence, and he is deficient in none of them, confounds all his adversaries and gives lessons to his judges." The man of parts thus described by Voltaire summed up his life in a single phrase, "Ma vie est un combat." It was a struggle in a whirlpool, the strangest and most varied which ever agitated a human existence, but through it all, its protagonist showed himself, like his Figaro, "superior to events" and capable of surmounting all obstacles with verve and wit and smiling courage.

Pierre Augustin Caron—the Beaumarchais he adopted later from a fief belonging to his wife—began life in the jeweler's shop of his father on the rue Saint Denis, near the rue des Lombards, in that seething quarter of Les Halles which has given the French theatre Molière, Regnard and Scribe. Beset at an early age by a feverish need of action, by "that warmth of blood which I fear age will not correct in me," the youthful Pierre distressed his severe Protestant father by late suppers in the cabarets of Les Halles and by late risings on the mornings after until matters reached a crisis in the expulsion of the eighteen-year-old lad from the parental home. Sheltered

by friends of his father, with the latter's secret connivance, the exile, thanks to his mother's pleas, was taken back into the fold, pledged to apply his skill and intelligence towards distinguishing himself as a jeweler. This he accomplished to such good purpose that, at the age of twenty-one, he was honored by the Académie des Sciences for the invention of a new kind of escapement.

One day Pierre repaired a watch for Madame de Pompadour and, on another occasion, a small clock for Madame Victoire, daughter of Louis XV. As recompense, he was presented at court. Victoire and her sister Adelaide were passionately fond of music, and as Pierre Caron could play every sort of instrument—his father having vainly tried to restrict him to the flute and the violoncello—it came about that the young man who arrived at court as a jeweler remained as a music teacher and organizer of concerts. "As soon as Beaumarchais appeared at Versailles," writes Gudin, "the ladies of the court were impressed by his tall stature, his good figure, the regularity of his features, his lively and animated bearing, his assured gaze, his dominating air, which seemed to raise him above everybody who surrounded him, and finally by that involuntary ardor which flamed up in him at sight of them."

A Madame de Franquet, ten years older than Caron, with an invalid husband, brought a watch for repair. The prepossessing young jeweler ingratiated himself with his client, and, on the death of the husband, which occurred so soon afterwards that Caron was accused of having poisoned him, he married her. She considerately died in her turn, leaving Caron little wealth in worldly goods but in the family name of Beaumarchais a convenient cloak for his plebeian origin. But some there were, loth to forget. On one occasion, Beaumarchais was hailed by an extremely dandified young nobleman. "Our meeting is very apropos," quoth the dandy. "My watch is out of order, please give it a glance." "I have not handled watches for so long that my hand has become very clumsy," protested Beaumarchais. "No matter,

please examine my watch." "I will examine it if you insist, but I give you full warning that my hand has become very clumsy." The nobleman handed his watch to Beaumarchais who let it crash to the ground. "I warned you," said Beaumarchais, "that my hand had become very clumsy."

At the rue du Sentier house of M. Le Normand, the husband of the Marquise de Pompadour, Beaumarchais made the acquaintance of Pâris-Duverney, the financier who had enriched Voltaire by procuring him an interest in army supplies. Pâris-Duverney, who had conceived the plan of the Ecole Militaire, had been trying for years to persuade the war-weary monarch to visit the school, in order to procure a sort of official consecration for the establishment, but his efforts were in vain. Finally he addressed himself to the young harpist, who was in favor with Mesdames de France, and the young harpist persuaded the princesses, who, in their turn, persuaded their father to visit the Ecole Militaire. In gratitude Duverney loaned Beaumarchais eighty-five thousand francs with which to buy the title of secretary to the king. When afterwards reproached for boasting of his nobility, Beaumarchais declared that no one would dare to dispute his title, for he had a receipted bill for it.

After unsuccessful business ventures in Spain, amatory troubles and waning popularity at court, due to too great freedom of manner, Beaumarchais turned to the theatre and wrote "Eugénie," a tearful tragedy in five acts, which found favor with neither court nor public. "Les Deux Amis" was another failure, but between the two Beaumarchais married a widow with a large fortune. With Pâris-Duverney he bought the immense forest of Chinon and dreamed great dreams for the enrichment of the child that was to come. The mother died in childbirth; the son, two years later. Nor was misfortune at an end. In an attempt to bribe the judge in a lawsuit—no unusual proceeding in the eighteenth century—Beaumarchais lost his civic rights. It was the feverish struggle to regain these rights which motivated the rest of his life.

"Les Mémoires Secrètes d'une Femme Publique" was a volume with which one Morand, who had taken refuge in London, was blackmailing Madame du Barry. The destruction of this injurious volume was the task assigned to Beaumarchais in his new capacity as secret agent of Louis XV, and after eighteen months of fruitless negotiations he secured the burning of the six thousand extant copies in a brick oven near London. His reward was to be the restitution of his civic rights but Louis XV died before its accomplishment. Nothing daunted, Beaumarchais secured a similar appointment under Louis XVI for whom the business of running down scandals seemed of limited scope. Yet shortly after the appointment was confirmed, a libel appeared against Marie Antoinette, published in London and in Amsterdam by an Italian Jew named Angelucci. Beaumarchais bought the edition and another auto-da-fé took place, this time at Amsterdam, but Angelucci escaped to Nuremberg and threatened to reprint the book in French and Italian. Beaumarchais set off in pursuit and finally turned up in Vienna where he presented himself at the Austrian court with a harrowing tale of how he had overtaken Angelucci, thrown him from his horse, and, following an heroic hand-to-hand struggle, had recaptured the manuscript only to lose it again when overwhelmed by superior numbers. In support of his story, he exhibited wounds on his face and right hand, but unhappily for Beaumarchais, his postilion testified that he had discovered the king's agent in the act of inflicting the wounds upon himself. Beaumarchais was arrested but was released on advices from M. de Sartine, the French Lieutenant of Police, and given one thousand ducats. Was Beaumarchais himself the author of the libel? Was de Sartine involved in the affair? Questions which remain unanswered.

"This devil of a man," says Vitu, "was mixed up in everything." He fitted out a whole fleet laden with arms and ammunition for the American revolutionists, and though many of his vessels were lost, the greater number arrived safely. Other enterprises which afforded an out-

let for his boundless energy were the foundation of a bank similar to the Bank of England, the installation of a steam pump at Chaillot, now a part of Paris, the creation of a water company, a balloon enterprise, the establishment of a theatre in the present rue de Sévigné and an unsuccessful plan for publishing the works of Voltaire which involved the acquisition of a vast amount of land and the buying up of ruined paper factories in the Vosges. When the mob broke into the magnificent house which Beaumarchais built for himself at the present Place de la Bastille, expecting to find firearms intended for the monarchist cause, they found the works of Voltaire!

His first dramatic success was that blithesome comedy, "Le Barbier de Seville." In Figaro, its barber hero, gay, mocking, man of many trades, with a genius for worming his way through all difficulties, we may easily recognize the author. Figaro treads the boards again in "Le Mariage de Figaro," a masterpiece of brilliant satire. "No, monsieur le comte," cries Figaro in the famous monologue of Act V, "you shall not have her. Because you are a great lord, you believe yourself a great genius —nobility, fortune, rank, offices; these make a man so proud! What have you done to have so many good things? You have given yourself the trouble to be born and nothing more. . . ." Here was that sense of the dignity of man, that smarting under injustice, which breeds revolutions. Even Louis XVI could perceive it and was moved to prophecy. "Si je laissais jouer 'Le Mariage de Figaro,'" he exclaimed, "il faudrait démolir la Bastille." [1] "The piece will never be played," Beaumarchais was told, "the king will always oppose it." "Si ce n'est que cela, Monsieur, elle sera jouée" [2] was the typical reply. After years of scheming, it was finally played before a fashionable audience. Marquises and duchesses invaded the theater in the morning to be sure

[1] "If I permitted 'Le Mariage de Figaro' to be played, we should have to demolish the Bastille."
[2] "If that is all that stands in the way, it will be played."

of a seat, although the curtain did not rise until five thirty. It was an immediate success.

If the jeweler of the rue Saint Denis was not untainted by the charlatanism of the unscrupulous century in which he lived, he embodied as well as its bravura, its dashing "panache." A fantastic rascal but a plucky rascal of generous impulses, devoid of meanness. His own appraisal of himself was not far wrong. "I have received from nature a gay cast of mind," he declared, "which has often consoled me for the injustice of men. I relax from business matters with *les belles lettres, la belle musique et quelquefois les belles femmes* . . . all these agreeable tastes are too multiplied in me ever to give me the time or the wish to do an ill turn."

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A stroller through the Marais between the years 1776 and 1790 might have run across a greyhound with this inscription on his collar: "Beaumarchais m'appartient; je m'appelle Florette; nous demeurons Vieille-Rue-du-Temple."[1] If, intrigued by this inscription, the stroller had had the curiosity to follow Florette to her residence, he would have found, ensconced behind an imposing gateway, one of the finest specimens of that region of fine hôtels.

Some five and a quarter centuries ago, a hôtel on this site (now No. 47 rue Vieille du Temple) was occupied by a gentleman from Brittany, one Jean de Rieux, Marshal of France, companion in arms of Du Guesclin, and one of the most valiant knights of his time.

His son, Pierre de Rieux, inherited the hôtel and his father's loyalty to the royal house, a loyalty which was to cost him dear, for when the English obtained possession of Paris, their first act was to imprison the partisans of the Dauphin, the future Charles VII, and to confiscate their property. Thus it happened that, while

[1] "Beaumarchais belongs to me; my name is Florette; we live in the Rue Vieille-du-Temple."

Pierre de Rieux was dying of disease contracted in English dungeons, the neglected hôtel in the rue Vieille du Temple went gradually to ruin.

It was not until the seventeenth century that the hôtel rose in splendor under the egis of Count Amelot de Bisseuil, a magistrate who employed the services of Pierre Cottart, "architecte du roi." Lavish in their praise are the writers of that epoch anent the interior decoration of the Hôtel de Bisseuil. "In short," concludes Germain Brice, "those who have examined all its beauties will agree that it is difficult to assemble more beautiful things in so small a space." During the lifetime of that excellent magistrate, Amelot de Bisseuil, visitors were allowed to inspect these "beauties" and, according to La Bruyère, it became "a prey to traveling English and Germans, who came there from the Palais Royal, the palace L..... D.....[1] and the Luxembourg. They are endlessly knocking on the door, they all ask to see the house and no one to see Monsieur." Of that contemptuous "Monsieur," we may savor the mordant irony. That a magistrate, a mere nobleman of the robe, should occupy so palatial a dwelling angers the embittered chronicler; it should belong to "Monseigneur."

Despite the inevitable damage of time and, alas, of neglect, some of these beauties still remain; the entrance gate, two decorated courts, a ceiling by Louis Boulogne, two others by Vien and, in the Grand Salon, bas-reliefs and panels with landscapes and marine views. All of these we may yet be privileged to see, provided the City of Paris, which is anxious to acquire the hôtel, can persuade the owner to modify his views as to purchase price. At present, the entrance gate, the sculpture on the inside of the doors and the first court are alone visible to the public, but these are well worth seeing.

The hôtel is often called the Hôtel de Hollande, or Hôtel des Ambassadeurs de Hollande from a tradition

[1] Les Diguières or Lesdiguières. The Italian palace built by Zamet where Gabrielle d'Estrées met with misadventure; rebuilt by the Connétable de Lesdiguières.

that the Dutch Embassy was once housed there. The Dutch was the most active of the Protestant embassies which opened their chapels to the French Protestants, deprived of their places of worship by the Edict of Nantes, and there is record of a chaplain of the Dutch Embassy, who lived in the rue Vieille du Temple and who invited French Protestants to use the chapel of his residence, but it is certain that the Dutch Embassy never occupied the building.[1]

In 1776, one Pingault rented the hôtel to "Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais, Squire, Secretary Councilor of the King, House, and Crown of France, Controller of his Chancellery of the Palace at Paris and Lieutenant General of the Hunt of the Stables of the Louvre." Here Beaumarchais wrote "Le Mariage de Figaro," which was finished in 1778 and was acted six years later at the Comédie-Française. With the proceeds he established in this hôtel a charity which provided financial aid to nursing mothers, a branch of which still exists at Lyon, and to which the Comédie-Française donated the receipts of the fiftieth representation of that play. In 1790, Beaumarchais left the hôtel to take up his residence in his new home near the Place de la Bastille, of which not a trace remains. During the Revolution the Hôtel de Beaumarchais was used as a public dance hall but, as a safeguard against the prevalent spirit of vandalism, the owners took the precaution to protect the ornament and decorated panels with a coating of whitewash. Let us ardently hope that the endeavor of the City of Paris to gain possession of the hôtel will be crowned with success and that the public may again be admitted to this august abode, if not to dance, to see unwhitewashed and to admire.

[1] For a full discussion of the evidence, see Charles Sellier, "Anciens Hôtels de Paris" and the Bulletin de la Société Historique et Archéologique du IVème. Arrondissement de Paris, anno 1904, p. 150.

II. The Affair of the Queen's Necklace (The Hôtel de Rohan).

"I saw Maria Teresa weeping over the ills of oppressed Poland, but this princess, skilled in the art of concealment, appeared to me to have tears at her beck and call; with one hand she held a handkerchief to wipe away her tears, while with the other she grasped a sword to gain a third share in the cutting up of Poland."

This uncomplimentary reference to the mother of Marie Antoinette was contained in a letter written by Louis René Edouard, Prince de Rohan and Ambassador of France at the Court of Austria, to d'Aiguillon, French Minister of Foreign Affairs. By inadvertence or design the letter fell into the hands of Madame du Barry who conceived the joyous idea of reading it aloud at one of her *petits soupers*. Thus its contents reached the ears of the Queen of France and sowed the seeds of that enmity which the Cardinal was to struggle valiantly to overcome and which was to lead his corrupt and singularly gullible self into the Comical-Tragedy of the Necklace.

Recalled from the court of Austria on the exposure of this letter, Rohan was coldly received by Louis XVI and denied audience with Marie Antoinette. The snub cut him to the quick and he then and there formed the resolution to reenter the good graces of his queen. Nevertheless, honors came his way; in 1777 he was appointed Grand Almoner of France and shortly afterwards Cardinal and Bishop of Strassbourg. His great wealth was equaled only by his insensate love of luxury and his enormous debts. In the embellishment of his château at Saverne he spent money with a lavish hand and lived in a splendor truly regal, with a retinue worthy of the ancient kings of Brittany from whom he claimed descent. The church dominions consigned to his keeping he treated as his own heritage, and there were none to doubt that his trust as Grand Almoner was basely betrayed or in the sale of lands of the Quinze-Vingts Hospital for

the Blind that the greater part of the proceeds had trickled into the episcopal pocket. Thus the Cardinal was not above suspicion when the Affair of the Queen's Necklace set Paris by the ears.

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It was at his château at Saverne that the Cardinal de Rohan made the acquaintance of the enchantress who was to play so prominent a rôle in the Comical-Tragedy of the Necklace. Jeanne de Saint Remy de Luz de la Motte Valois was a descendant of a Baron de Saint Remy, a legitimized son of Henri II. "My father had seen," writes Count Beugnot, "the head of this sad family. He depicted him as a man of athletic build, who lived by hunting, by gathering wild fruit and even by theft from orchards. Thus for two or three generations, the Saint Remys eked out an heroic existence, tolerated by their neighbors from fear and by the authorities because of the lustre of a famous name." The last Saint Remy did not live long enough to guide his son in his footsteps and the latter, with his two sisters, met the common fate of indigents and were thrown upon the care of the parish curé. Only one possession was left to the family—their genealogy—and of this the brighter of the two sisters, little Jeanne, was determined to make the most. Her first employment of the ancestral title began in sorry fashion at the age of five when, well beaten by her mother to make the tears come into her eyes, little Jeanne begged from café to café with the sobbing sing-song supplication, "Messieurs et Mesdames, ayez pitié d'une petite orpheline qui descend en ligne directe de Henri II de Valois, roi de France. This was at Bar-sur-Aube in Champagne.

The future Countess de la Motte is next to be found in a miserable drinking resort of the village of Chaillot, now a part of Paris. (The rue de Chaillot, near the Place d'Iéna, was the main street of the village of Chaillot.) The three children have been abandoned by their mother and Jeanne goes out daily with her little

sister on her back to profit by the early, hard-earned lessons in mendicancy. While Jeanne was begging, one day, in the outskirts of Passy, the unusual appeal in the name of Valois excited the interest and commiseration of a charitably disposed woman, the Marquise de Boulainvilliers. Taken home by this Lady Bountiful, the ragged child was entrusted to the tender mercies of the female domestic force, by whom she was scrubbed, pomaded, perfumed and arrayed in grandeur beyond her dreams. Through the influence of Madame de Boulainvilliers, royal pensions were procured for the three Saint Remy children; the brother was given a berth in the navy and Jeanne and her sister were sent to the Abbaye de Longchamps.

After a sojourn of six years in the convent, the sisters escaped and made their way back to Bar-sur-Aube where they were received by one Mme de Surmont. Here Jeanne married a nephew of Mme de Surmont, named La Motte, an officer in the gendarmerie and a useless fellow head over heels in debt. But garrison life in the little town of Lunéville, where La Motte was stationed, held small attraction for the descendant of Henri II, and the couple were not long in abandoning it for the more profitable field afforded by Paris and Versailles where the Countess de la Motte, as she now styled herself, resumed the task of currying favor by crying aloud the Valois name. Through the Marquise de Boulainvilliers she had made the acquaintance of the Cardinal de Rohan. Her expressive blue eyes and the oval contour of her face, a Valois heritage, illumined by a certain elfish grace and something of the wild animal quality begotten by those early days of beggary, appear to have bewitched His Eminence, the Cardinal. Aware that the great ambition of Rohan was to be reinstated in the Queen's favor and to be appointed Prime Minister, Mme. de la Motte led him to suppose that she stood high in the good graces of Marie Antoinette and that she was engaged in furthering his interests at court. The skill with which she played her cards was soon to be revealed.

Such was the setting of the stage for the Comical-Tragedy of the Necklace. It was preceded by a curtain raiser of pure comedy. Adroitly encouraged by Mme. de la Motte, the Cardinal harbored a growing conviction that her efforts on his behalf were bearing fruit and, through the agency of the Valois heir, he had received a number of letters signed in the Queen's name. To cap the climax, he was told that Her Majesty desired a secret meeting. The time was the lover-like hour of midnight and the place, appropriately enough, was the Bosquet de Vénus (now the Bosquet de la Reine) one of those charming, wooded bowers in the gardens of Versailles. Feeling very brave and fine in his musketeer's uniform, Rohan set forth with high beating heart for this rendezvous, which was not only so flattering to his vanity but which was to set the final seal upon his life's ambition. At the appointed hour and place he beheld a vision in white, who graciously extended her hand, and the Cardinal distinctly caught the whispered words, "All is forgiven." The overjoyed prelate fell upon his knees and fervently kissed the proffered hand. Unhappily the interview was cut short by the appearance on the scene of Mme de la Motte with the hasty warning that the Count and Countess d'Artois were approaching. The vision vanished but dropped a rose in its flight, which Rohan, in the seventh heaven of ecstasy, caught up and pressed fervently to his lips. Henceforth the Cardinal walked as in a dream. An avenue of his park at Saverne he named "l'Allée de la Rose." Only after the bubble had burst and Rohan found himself in the Bastille was the discomfited prelate made aware that he had never spoken with the Queen, that the lady of the rose was one Nicole Leguay, a frequenter of the Palais Royal Gardens.

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The way was thus paved for the master-stroke. Böhmer and Bassenge, the court jewelers, had created at great expense a diamond necklace intended for Mme du

JEANNE DE SAINT REMY
The Countess de la Motte of the Affair of the Queen's Necklace.

Barry. But in the meantime Louis XV had died, and the necklace, worth 1,600,000 livres, remained a white elephant upon their hands. In vain they had tried to dispose of it at the various courts of Europe; no royal client was rich enough to buy it. Twice offered to Marie Antoinette, the necklace had been twice rejected, the Queen being credited with saying, "We have greater need of two warships than of jewelry." To persuade the fatuous Cardinal that the Queen had suffered a change of heart and wished to purchase the necklace from her private purse and without the knowledge of the King was no great matter for Mme de la Motte. Moreover, His Eminence was given to understand that in proof of the confidence she placed in him, the Queen wished him to make the purchase in her name and to arrange for payment by instalments. To dispose of any lingering doubt, Mme de la Motte placed in the Cardinal's hands an authorization to buy the necklace, signed "Marie Antoinette de France." With this document, Rohan obtained the necklace from the jewelers and confided it for delivery to the Queen to a person whom he supposed to be an officer of the Queen's household but who was in reality one Reteaux de Villette, an agent of Mme de la Motte. Mme de la Motte dismounted the stones of the necklace, sold them in Paris, Amsterdam and London and embarked on a career of mad expenditure.

Some months later the Queen received a letter from the jewelers, which read as follows: "Nous sommes au comble de bonheur d'oser penser que les derniers arrangements que nous ont été proposés et auxquels nous nous sommes soumis avec zèle et respect sont une nouvelle preuve de notre soumission et dévouement aux ordres de Votre Majesté, et nous avons une vraie satisfaction de penser que la plus belle parure de diamants qui existe servira à la plus grande et à la meilleure des reines." [1]

[1] "We are overwhelmed with joy at daring to conceive that the last terms which have been proposed to us, and to which we have assented with zeal and respect, are a fresh proof of our obedience and devotion to the orders of Your Majesty, and we take a sincere satisfaction in the thought that the most beautiful set of diamonds in existence will serve the greatest and best of queens."

The letter was dictated by the Cardinal de Rohan. Unable to understand this missive, the recipient threw it away.

But the dénouement was not long postponed. It arrived when the first payment fell due. Böhmer set forth his position to Mme Campan, the First Lady in Waiting, and was sent for by the Queen. Blazing with indignation at the jeweler's revelations, Marie Antoinette went straight to the King to denounce the Grand Almoner of France. On August 15, 1785, the Feast of the Assumption, Rohan, in full cardinal's regalia, was arrested as he was about to celebrate mass in the chapel of Versailles, and was conducted under guard to his hôtel in the rue Vieille du Temple. The following morning he was escorted to the Bastille by M. de Launay, Governor of that prison. Mme de la Motte was arrested at Bar-sur-Aube. Her husband made good his escape to England. Nicole Leguay was apprehended at Brussels and extradited. The so-called Count de Cagliostro, the Italian magician, who was the confidant of Rohan, was also arrested.

The case was tried by Parliament. Rohan, who pleaded the story of the rose, was considered a dupe and was acquitted by Parliament though afterwards, to satisfy a nervous and irritated Queen, he was exiled to his Abbaye de la Chaise-Dieu and deprived of his title of Grand Almoner. Nicole Leguay, the Lady of the Rose, who impersonated the Queen in the garden scene, was set at liberty. The most important witness against Mme de la Motte was her agent and lover, Reteaux de Villette, who had received the necklace from the Cardinal, and who testified that he had forged the Queen's signature to the letters addressed to Rohan and to the letter of authorization, signed "Marie Antoinette de France," a form of signature never employed by the Queen, who was a member of the house of Austria. Mme de la Motte was sentenced to be whipped and branded on both shoulders by the executioner, the rope about her neck, and to be shut up in a hospital for the rest of her days. The branding

was accomplished with unnecessary cruelty in front of the Palais de Justice. Stripped naked in accordance with the terms of her sentence, Mme de la Motte screamed and struggled and, in the scuffle, the hot iron scorched her breast. The fleur-de-lis was finally stamped upon her shoulders and, shortly afterwards, this grim quatrain went the rounds of the town:

"La Motte, on n'en peut douter,
Des Valois est bien la fille,
Puisqu'on lui fait porter
Les armes de la famille." [1]

Mme de la Motte escaped from prison and rejoined her husband in London, only to meet an ignominious death four years later by jumping from a window in flight from pursuing creditors.

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The popular view of the whole affair regarded Marie Antoinette as the real culprit and Mme de la Motte as the scapegoat for the royal misdeeds. Never too well disposed towards "the Austrian," popular feeling now ran high against her, and certain it is that, if the weakened prestige of the Bourbons was a cause of the Revolution, the Affair of the Queen's Necklace was no small element in weakening that prestige. "The Trial of the Necklace," declared Mirabeau, "was the prelude to the Revolution," and Napoleon, meditating at Saint Helena, wrote, "The death of the Queen dates from that moment."

Two vivid pen portraits have been left us of the Cardinal Louis de Rohan. "C'était," writes Mme Oberkirch, "un beau prélat, fort peu dévot, fort adoré des femmes, plein d'esprit et d'amabilité, mais d'une faiblesse et d'une crédulité inconcevables." "The Cardinal de Rohan," writes the Duke de Levis, "had a fine figure, a noble face and agreeable manners. He loved the world and was

[1] "La Motte is the Valois heir
The proof is of the best,
Because they make her wear
The family crest."

successful there. One cannot refuse him wit, but good judgment he altogether lacked."

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The Hôtel de Rohan, to which the Cardinal was allowed to return over night following his sensational arrest at Versailles, is on the rue Vieille du Temple near the home of that other blithe adventurer, Pierre Augustin Caron de Beaumarchais. On the grounds of the Hôtel de Soubise, the fifth son of the Prince de Soubise, Armand Gaston Maximilien de Rohan constructed, about 1706, a new hôtel, sometimes referred to as the Hôtel de Strasbourg by reason of the fact that the four Cardinals de Rohan who successively occupied it were all Bishops of Strasbourg. The founder was succeeded by his great-nephew, Armand de Rohan, known as the Cardinal de Soubise, from whom the tenancy passed to a cousin, Louis Constantin de Rohan Montbazon, uncle of the fourth and last tenant, Louis René Edouard de Rohan Guéménée, our friend of the necklace. The Hôtel de Rohan contains a bit of interior decoration and a haut-relief in the inner courtyard which are superb examples of eighteenth century art. These are the cardinals' study, known as the Cabinet des Singes, and the haut-relief of Le Lorrain over the stables, representing the watering of the horses of Apollo, chefs-d'œuvre, which, with the reader's concurrence, we shall presently fare forth to see.

III. A Light-Hearted Cripple and a Prophecy. (The Scarrons, 17 rue Villehardouin).

Figure to yourself, as the French say, the provincial city of Le Mans, the ancient capital of Maine, some hundred miles and more southwest of Paris, and figure further a young Parisian, canon of its august cathedral, suffering in exile some hundred miles and more from happiness. It is carnival time and the dour inhabitants of the region of the Sarthe have thrown off for a day

the mantle of their stodginess and donned the fantastic garb appropriate to Mardi Gras. The young Parisian, for all that he is canon at Le Mans, is no less young and no less the Parisian who loves to mingle with the gay philandering throngs. He has bethought him of a novel disguise and the temptation is not to be resisted. With three fellow-canons, the fun begins. The young men cover their bodies with a thick coating of honey, then roll in piles of downy feathers until they look more like birds than men, and thus arrayed, they sally forth into the winding streets of the old town.

Their success is immediate, but disaster portends when a little lady, adrift in the carnival, plucks a feather from the plumage of one of these human birds. Her sisters follow suit; each plucks a feather for a souvenir and then more feathers for the joy of the plucking, and yet more feathers while feathers still remain, until finally the well-plucked canons are running naked in the tortuous streets of Le Mans, close at their heels a crowd of men and youths reviling and throwing stones. Fleeing for their lives, the discomfited abbés gain the river, hard pressed by the yelping pack. Into the chilly waters of the Huisne plunges our heated Parisian and conceals himself in the reeds by the shore where he remains in hiding until, with nightfall, his pursuers give up the chase.

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Though robbed of bodily vigor by this unseasonable ducking, our defeathered Parisian, happily for posterity, lost nothing of his gaiety and lived to become the great comic poet of the seventeenth century. Paul Scarron, for such was his name, was born in 1610, the year in which France mourned the assassination of "le bon roi Henri IV." As a councilor of Parliament, Scarron's father enjoyed a substantial income, but having incurred the displeasure of Richelieu, he lost office and income and was exiled to Touraine. The offspring of the councilor's first marriage were Paul and two daughters.

Their mother died and the councilor married again. Between his stepmother and young Paul there seems to have been no love lost and perhaps the lad's wild tendencies sorely tried the patience of the judge. At any rate, Paul was sent away to a relative, and was taken back only on condition that he become an abbé, one of those twittering little abbés which haunted my lady's salon. Hence the exile of our gay Parisian to Le Mans, the adventure of the carnival, the chilling waters of the Huisne and a paralysis which rendered him, in his own phrase, "an epitome of human misery," a helpless invalid for life.

Scarron was then twenty-seven. Disaster did not come singly. After a protracted lawsuit with his stepmother, he lost the greater part of his small inheritance. At Paris he found lodging in a house of the Marais Quarter in a street as bent and crooked as his poor wracked body, the rue des Douze Portes of that epoch, the rue Villehardouin of today. Here he lived with his two sisters of whom he spoke in no very flattering terms—"l'une aime le vin et l'autre aime les hommes"—and a little boy of uncertain parentage whom he called his nephew, "à la mode du Marais." To support this household, the crippled poet turned to his pen which, throughout a score of years, produced a wealth of satires, burlesques and plays. Fortunately for Scarron, who was a lover of good things to eat—his digestion, he complained, devoured the fruits of his imagination—the revenue thus obtained was supplemented by a pension from the Bishop of Le Mans and by another from Anne of Austria, though the bounty of the queen was afterwards withdrawn because of the poet's association with the seditious circle of the Fronde.

Scarron was now to take reluctant leave of his beloved Marais. Attracted by the rumored benefits of some springs in the Saint Germain quarter, which he hoped would cure his illness, he moved to the rue des Saints Pères. To visit him one day came the Baronne de Neuillant, with her youthful ward, Anne Françoise d'Aubigné,

for whom fate held so brilliant a future and who was to play in his life so important a rôle. When a child, little Françoise was present at a fashionable gathering where fortunes were being told and the cards predicted that her fate would, one day, be linked with royalty. The announcement was greeted with laughter.

In her meeting with the poet, the pretty fifteen-year-old girl, timid by nature, was rendered still more self-conscious by the unbecoming clothes and abbreviated skirt which her miserly guardian compelled her to wear. But the middle-aged cripple smiled reassurance and encouraged his youthful visitor to relate the story of her travels. Her life had been far from uneventful. Born in jail of a wastrel father, she had voyaged, when still a baby, to Martinique. The ship had scarcely set sail when little Anne Françoise was taken ill, fell into a coma, which lasted several days, and was given up for dead. They were about to throw her overboard, but as her mother clasped her in a last embrace, the baby opened her eyes and stretched out her arms while the amazed mother sobbed for joy. Adventure still pursued Anne Françoise; the ship was attacked by pirates and in Martinique she was nearly devoured by a large snake. Her recital finished, the young girl was greatly moved and her listener no less so. "Mademoiselle," he said, "one does not come back from so far for a trifle."

Then followed further confessions in which Cinderella told of the slights and discomforts which she suffered at the hands of her guardian and of her relegation to the servants' quarters. "I was in command of the back court," said the ruler of the greatest court in Europe, "it was there that my reign began." Other visits followed from the unhappy girl to the crippled poet, and one day he said to her, "Mademoiselle, I am very sorry indeed for the way in which fortune wrongs you and the harsh treatment which you experience daily. What would become of you if the series of your misfortunes should take you away from the lady with whom you are living, for, harsh though she may be, she keeps you in her house?

A young girl has no other resource than the convent or marriage. Do you wish to become a nun? I will pay your dowry. Do you prefer an establishment? I can offer you only a very ugly face and a fortune exceedingly limited." This singular proposal of marriage was accepted—"I preferred to marry this man than a convent" Madame Scarron explained to her friends. The notary asked Scarron what marriage settlement he conferred upon his wife. "Immortality," he replied. These poets!

To the brave-hearted cripple Françoise d'Aubigny was not only a devoted and faithful wife but critic, secretary and pupil. The presence of the girl wife brought a charm and a refining influencing to the gatherings of the author's friends, which became at the same time more brilliant and more decent. The meagre fare of the "Hôtel de l'Impécuniosité," as Mme Scarron styled their lodging, was often supplemented by contributions to the larder brought by the guests themselves, and in default of such aid a heavy burden was placed upon the hostess. It is related that at a dinner party where Mme Scarron had been entertaining the company with stories, the servant stage-whispered in her ear, "Encore une histoire, Madame, le roti manque." [1]

"C'était la mode d'aller chez lui," writes Saint Simon, "gens d'esprit, gens de la Cour et de la Ville, et ce qu'il y avait de meilleur et de plus distingué.[2] Among the illustrious visitors who came to bask in the wit of the crippled poet and the charm of his young wife were the Duke de Sully, the Marshal d'Albret, the Marshal de Turenne, the Prince de Condé, Saint-Evremond, Mme de la Sablière, the beautiful Ninon de Lenclos and the Marquise de Sévigné. "Nous soupons tous les soirs avec Madame Scarron," writes the latter, "Elle a l'esprit aimable et merveilleusement droit"; and again,—"Elle est aimable, belle, bonne et négligée."

Unhappily, Scarron's malady grew worse. He began

[1] "Another story, Madame, the roast is lacking."
[2] "It was the fashion to go to see him,—people of wit, people of the Court, people of the Town, and these of the best and most distinguished society."

to be greatly troubled by insomnia, and it was at this period that he composed the delicate and touching epitaph which was afterwards inscribed upon his tomb:

"Celuy qui cy maintenant dort
Fist plus de pitié que d'envie
Et souffrit mille fois la mort
Avant que de perdre la vie.

Passants, ne faites aucun bruit
Et gardez bien qu'il ne s'éveille
Car voicy la première nuit
Que la pauvre Scarron sommeille." [1]

At the beginning of the autumn of 1860 a violent fit of hiccups seized his pain-wracked body. "If ever I get over these hiccups," he declared, "I will write a satire against them." But the satire was never written.

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* *

At the death of her husband, the fortunes of Françoise d'Aubigné were at a low ebb. "Adieu," the dying Scarron had said to her, "think of me now and then. I leave you without property and, although virtue does not bring it, I am perfectly convinced that you will always be virtuous." The crippled poet foresaw her virtue but not the high estate it brought her. For the moment all was black. The widow was driven to take refuge in a charity home where she obtained a room through the good offices of the wife of Marshal d'Aumont who aided her, even to the gift of discarded dresses. Thanks to her wit and charm, the Widow Scarron became a well-liked visitor

[1] "He who sleeps here now
Evoked more pity than envy
And suffered death a thousand times
Before losing life.

Passers-by, make no noise,
And take care lest he awake,
For this is the first night
That poor Scarron slumbers."

at the receptions in the Hôtel Richelieu in the Place Royale, and at those of Marshal d'Albret in the rue des Francs-Bourgeois. It was in the salon of the Hôtel d'Albret that Françoise d'Aubigné Scarron made the acquaintance and won the friendship of Mme de Montespan. The royal favorite asked her to act as governess to her children. The grand-daughter of Agrippa d'Aubigné hesitated. "If they are the king's children," was her reply, "I am willing, but I must have the order from the king, and that is my final word." The royal order was forthcoming, and the rest is history.

Louis, a tender-hearted father, loved the society of his children. On his frequent visits he made the acquaintance of their governess. One winter's night in 1684, the year following the death of Maria Teresa, a group of five persons assembled in the palace of Versailles in a room transformed into a chapel and Père Lachaise, the Jesuit confessor of Louis XIV, said mass a little before dawn and married the Sun King to the Widow Scarron. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy which had caused so much laughter in an aristocratic salon.

The morganatic wife of Louis XIV was supreme at Versailles. To her apartment came the ministers of state to consult the king. Louis used to sit at one end of the fireplace; at the other end, reading a book or busy with embroidery, was the newly-created Marquise de Maintenon. She spoke only when the king consulted her and then gave her opinion with such clearness and precision as to win from her royal spouse the affectionate sobriquet of "Votre Solidité." The influence of "Sa Solidité" was nothing if not austere, and while the gay fêtes of olden time were not entirely done away with, they were greatly diminished in number. "There is little stirring here," wrote Matthew Prior, "the king is at his prayers."

On the death of Louis XIV, Mme de Maintenon withdrew to the convent of Saint Cyr where she had established a school for the daughters of impoverished noblemen. There she died and was buried in the conventual chapel, which rings no longer to the pattering footsteps

of little girls but to the martial tread of stalwart young men. For the convent has become the training school for infantry officers, subject, like their predecessors, to stern discipline.

* * *

A century later, tragic comedy was succeeded by comic tragedy in the house of the rue Villehardouin. To the kingdom of the crippled satirist came that robust apostle of gruesome drama, Crébillon the Elder. From 1741 until he died in 1762, Crébillon shared the garret of this house with an army of pet animals recruited from the streets. Mercier, the author of the famous "Tableau de Paris," speaks of calling on the dramatist at the tender age of nineteen. After running the gauntlet of from fifteen to twenty dogs, who growled all through the interview, he found the massive Crébillon bare-legged, bare-chested, and puffing his perpetual pipe. "I had no choice," he is supposed to have replied when asked why he wrote such sombre and terrible tragedies,—"Corneille took Heaven; Racine took the earth; that left only Hades for me." In composing his tragedies he strode up and down gesticulating like a madman and uttering fearful cries. Thus ambulant, he recited to the actors of the Comédie Française the five acts of his "Catalina" without once referring to his manuscript. In this house yet another writer, Le Sage, author of the picaresque novel, "Gil Blas," plied his independent pen.

IV. "Ma Chère Carnavalette."

"It seems to me that I still see her arriving, sitting at the back of her open coach between Monsieur, son fils, and Mademoiselle, sa fille, all three as the poets represent Latona between the youthful Apollo and the young Diana, so much charm was there in mother and children!"

Thus writes an eye-witness of the arrival of the Marquise de Sévigné at her "chère Carnavalette," as she affectionately termed the Hôtel Carnavalet, a home achieved

after many movings and her Paris abode for the last twenty years of her life. Here the incomparable Marquise wrote many of those delightful letters which have given her so enduring a niche in literature.

The hôtel was constructed in 1544 as a country house for the magistrate Jacques de Ligneris, son of the René de Ligneris, who built the beautiful château of Azay-le-Rideau in the Touraine. As architect and sculptor, he employed two men who frequently worked in collaboration and each of whom was foremost in his field, Pierre Lescot and Jean Goujon. When Lescot and Goujon were called to the Louvre, the work was continued by Bullant and pupils of Goujon. It was at this country house of Jacques de Ligneris that François II and his suite assembled to don their mantles and hoods of mourning before repairing to the Hôtel des Tournelles to sprinkle holy water upon the remains of Henri II, victim of the fatal tournament of the rue Saint Antoine, and here the Prévôt des Marchands and the city officials foregathered to go to his funeral.

From the Ligneris family the hôtel passed to the widow of François de Kernevenoy, a powerful Breton nobleman, who, according to Montaigne, had no equal in the handling of a horse and who owed to this equestrian skill his appointment as First Squire of Henri II and tutor of the Duke d'Anjou, the future Henri III. Mme de Carnavalet—such was the Gallic transformation of the slaty Celtic name—was a "belle, noble et honneste dame," in the phrase of the liberal-minded Brantôme, but who was none the less affiliated with the retinue of Queen Margot and was not above furthering that fervent lady's multiple amours. For the arms of Ligneris on the façade of the hôtel, she substituted her own, and transformed the sphere representing the world, below the figure of "Abundance" on the doorway, into a carnival mask in punning reference to her name.

In 1654 the hôtel was owned by Claude Boislève, an intendant of Fouquet, who had made a suspiciously rapid fortune in food supplies for the army, and who at once

set about its reconstruction, which he wisely entrusted to François Mansart. While respecting the entrance and the sculpture of Jean Goujon, Mansart added a second story on the rue de Sévigné side and on the two wings, completing it in the style of roof which has been given his name. The disgrace of Fouquet having brought about the ruin of Claude Boislève as he was about to install himself in his new dwelling, the hôtel was seized by the Crown, passed to one d'Agaurry, and by him was rented to its most celebrated tenant, the spirituelle, the fascinating, the delicious Marquise de Sévigné. "Dieu merci," wrote that animated lady, at the end of her trials in house-hunting, "Nous avons l'hôtel Carnavalet. C'est une affaire admirable. Nous aurons le bel air . . . une belle cour, un beau jardin, un beau quartier." In this, her final abode, Mme de Sévigné reigned for twenty years over a small court, which included such names as Retz, La Rochefoucauld, Séguier, Turenne, Condé, Bossuet and Bourdaloue.

The beautiful Hôtel Carnavalet, which we shall visit in our next ramble, is now the Historical Museum of the City of Paris. The delightful sculpture of Goujon, the superb façade of Mansart, some charming rooms evocative of Mme de Sévigné and several more with woodwork from old hôtels, not to mention a thousand and one decorative bits and amusing souvenirs, make it a place of endless interest to lovers of Old Paris.

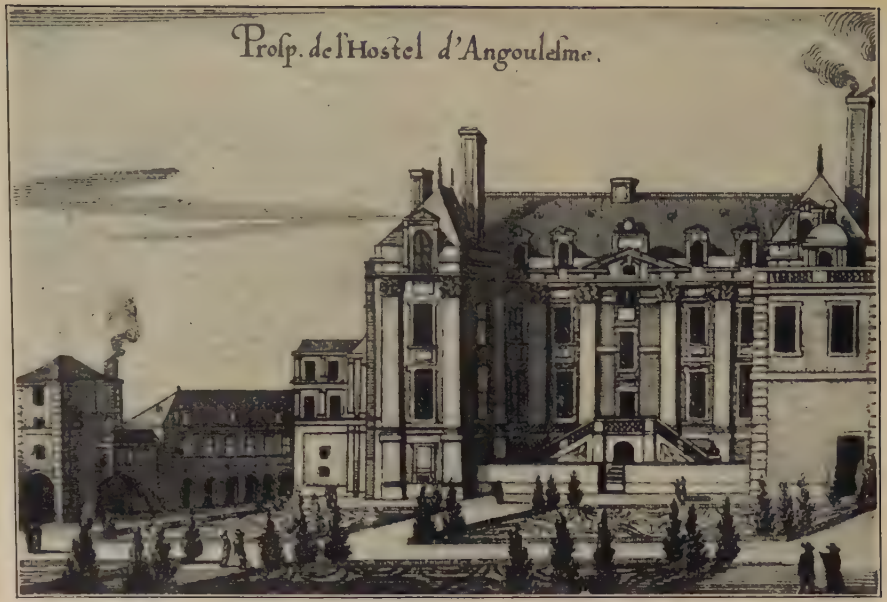
V. "Gynæceum of Modesty," Den of Thieves, Literary Salon. (Hôtel de Lamoignon.)

A stone's throw from the Musée Carnavalet, at the junction of the rue des Francs-Bourgeois and the rue Pavée, is a blunt square tower, of which the supporting bracket is scooped out in shell-like curves, resembling a sentry box. The entrance gate of the hôtel to which is attached this sentry box tower is a few feet from the corner on the rue Pavée. In the tympanum, in high re-

lief, are two figures of children, one holding a serpent and the other a mirror, typifying the virtues essential to a magistrate, Prudence and Truth. On the cartouche which they support one may read, "Gme.[1] de Lamoignon, premier président du Parlement de Paris, 1658." The façade of the court opposite the gateway is impressively treated with monumental Corinthian pilasters, which extend in unbroken line the entire height of the façade. On the north wing is the "D" and crescent, and in the pediments are the hunting symbols of Diana.

The owner of this imposing hôtel was Diane de France, a legitimized daughter of Henri II. Her mother was not Diane de Poitiers, as is often said, but an Italian of good family, named Philippe Duc, who was won in cave man fashion during a campaign in Italy of the future Henri II. She would have none of the invading prince, so his lackeys burned down her parents' house and carried off the young girl. A daughter was born who was named Diane, perhaps in delicate tribute to Diane de Poitiers. Brought up at the Court of France, she became an accomplished princess, played several instruments, spoke three languages including a little Latin, and danced to perfection. A true Diana, her great passion was hunting. "Jamais dame ait été mieux à cheval," records Brantôme. Charles IX took pleasure in her society, because she was ever ready to accompany him on the hunt and ever in gay humor. Her first husband was Orazio Farnese, the Duke de Castro, and on his demise, she married Duke François de Montmorency, Marshal of France. When she reconstructed this hôtel in 1584—it was originally built for Robert de Beauvais in 1555—the Duchess de Montmorency was again a widow. She died in 1619 after a most exemplary life. A "gynæceum of modesty" was the term used in her funeral oration to describe the dwelling in the rue Pavée. "Any audacious intruder," suggests Fournier, "would have incurred the danger of Acteon, and the stags' heads of the pediments were there only as a warning."

[1] Guillaume.



HÔTEL DE LAMOIGNON.

Or Hôtel d'Angoulême. An old view of the garden façade.

In contrast to the austere Diane, her nephew and successor was a rowdy character and the terror of the neighborhood. Charles de Valois, the Duke d'Angoulême, to whom Diane ceded the hôtel, was, like his aunt, an illegitimate scion of royalty, being the natural son of Charles IX and Marie Touchet. Of this strange fellow, half prince, half bandit, Tallement des Réaux observes, "If Monsieur d'Angoulême could have rid himself of the rascally disposition which God had given him, he would have been one of the greatest men of his century." Charles actually engaged in the making of counterfeit money. When questioned one day by the king as to his yearly profits from this source, he replied: "I don't know what that means, Sire. I rent a room to Merfin at Grosbois for which he gives me four thousand crowns a year. I don't know what he does there." Despite this influx of ready money, the Duke was loth to pay his servants. When they demanded their wages, he said to them, "It is for you to shift for yourselves; four streets border the Hôtel d'Angoulême, you are well situated, profit by it if you wish." And profit by it they did, beating and robbing passers-by; in fact so tough a lot were they that the lieutenant of police declared himself powerless to repress their lawless aggressions.

With "le grand siècle," the pendulum swung back to virtue in the person of the dignified and estimable Guillaume de Lamoignon, who occupied the high judicial office of Premier Président du Parlement de Paris. An enlightened patron of letters, the Premier Président assembled at his home such men as Bourdaloue, Regnard, Boileau and Racine. Another frequent visitor was a sprightly neighbor who dwelt just around the corner, the Marquise de Sévigné. The magistrate's son and heir purchased the hôtel—his father had merely rented it—and erected the present gateway on which he inscribed his father's name. The Lamoignons were magistrates for several generations. The last of the family to occupy this hôtel was Chrétien Guillaume de Lamoignon de Malesherbes, one of the defenders of Louis XVI, whose

name has been commemorated by the Boulevard Malesherbes. Three generations of the house of Lamoignon perished by the guillotine on the same day, the 22 April, 1794—the seventy-two-year-old Lamoignon de Malesherbes, his daughter and grand-daughter. When Malesherbes was leaving the prison of the Conciergerie to take his place in the cart which was to carry him to the guillotine, he tripped on the threshold. "That is what you might call a bad omen," he remarked, smilingly, "Now, a Roman, in my place, would turn back."

The Hôtel de Lamoignon harbored within its imposing walls the first library of the City of Paris, established in 1763. The present library of some 240,000 volumes has been housed, since it left the Musée Carnavalet in 1897, at No. 29 rue de Sévigné in the old hôtel of Le Pelletier de Saint Fargeau, the member of the Convention who was assassinated for having voted the execution of Louis XVI.

Alphonse Daudet had an apartment at the top of the Hôtel Lamoignon in 1867, and there he wrote, "Jack" and "Froment jeune et Risler aîné."

VI. A Mediaeval Misadventure concerning a Baker's Shop and a King who went Mad. (The Hôtel de Clisson-Guise-Soubise).

A monumental doorway in the rue des Francs-Bourgeois opens on a magnificent colonnaded court of honor. At the rear of this court is the beautifully proportioned façade of one of the finest hôtels in Paris, the Hôtel de Soubise, now the Archives Nationales.

The owner of this impressive building was François de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, whose son, Armand Gaston Maximilien de Rohan, erected the Hôtel de Rohan on the rue Vieille du Temple and was the first of the four Cardinals and Bishops of Strasbourg to reside there. François de Rohan Soubise married his cousin, Anne Julie Chabot de Rohan, the intriguing beauty who procured from Louis XIV the "prodigious advantages" mentioned

by Saint Simon, and which comprised not only the elevation of the House of Soubise from a barony to a principality but the means of enabling a husband, crippled with debts, to build a veritable palace. When she died in 1709, she left behind "the richest and largest house known to the Court, a work due entirely to her beauty and to the use which she knew how to make of it." The magnificent interior decorations, executed under the direction of Boffrand, were completed under the tenancy of her son, Duke Hercule Mériadec de Rohan, who embarked at the age of sixty on his second matrimonial venture with the nineteen-year-old Marie Sophie de Courcillon, Duchess of Pecquigny.

It is absurd to go to Versailles and Fontainebleau and miss the Hôtel de Soubise. Fortunately, there is no need to miss it, for the hôtel is now the depository of the national archives and is open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays from one to four. Sunday is preferable, for on Thursday one must be conducted throughout, whereas on Sunday one may wander about at will in the magnificent Princess' suite and browse among the archives, submitting to guidance only on the ground floor.

Particularly elaborate are the Princess' chambre de parade and the adjoining oval salon of Boffrand, with paintings by Natoire, executed in the years 1737-1739, and representing the myth of Cupid and Psyche in allusion to the royal interest in the Princess de Soubise—a god stoops to a mortal. The suite also contains several charming Bouchers and other decorative paintings of the School of Versailles. In the first room after the stairway, some panels from a destroyed portion of the hôtel, set up in the manner of a stage set, represent the fables of La Fontaine and are among the finest examples of wood-carving of the period of Louis XV. Then of course there are the archives themselves, of which the more noteworthy are on display. (For details, consult the standard guides under "Archives Nationales" and the catalogue sold in the building.)

The towers at the western end of the Hôtel de Soubise

have a decidedly mediaeval look and with reason for, although cleverly incorporated in the eighteenth century façade, they are a part of the fourteenth century Hôtel de Clisson. As reward for his military prowess, Olivier de Clisson received from Charles V the sum of eight thousand pounds to construct this dwelling in the neighborhood of the Hôtel Saint Paul. Under Charles VI, Clisson was appointed Connétable de France or Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He was leader of the Marmousets, a name derisively applied by the king's uncles and the great lords to the erstwhile counselors of Charles V. Of his many enemies Clisson had none more bitter than a certain Breton nobleman named Pierre de Craon. Through the agency of de Craon, a midnight misadventure befell the Connétable, which is so typically mediaeval and touches so closely the streets of this quarter as to justify the telling.

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Opposite the present Street of the Bad Boys, near the rue Saint Antoine, Pierre de Craon possessed a fine hôtel, which a concierge guarded in the owner's absence. In the Lenten season of 1392, de Craon stocked the hôtel with arms and provisions for forty men, and each week despatched there three or four men with instructions to the concierge to house them. When the number reached a total of forty, the owner slipped secretly into Paris.

On the 14th June, 1392, Charles VI held open court at the Hôtel Saint Paul and, as was usual on such occasions, there was much jousting and wining and dining. At one in the morning the party broke up. Olivier de Clisson, Connétable de France, was the last to leave. Accompanied by an escort of eight men and preceded by two torch bearers, the Connétable followed the rue Saint Paul, turned left in the rue Saint Antoine and turned right into the rue Culture Sainte Catherine, the present rue de Sévigné. Clisson was deep in conversation with the squire of his household. "Tomorrow," he was say-

ing, "I am having to dinner Monseigneur de Touraine, the Lord of Coucy, Messire Jean de Vivienne, Messire Charles de Hangiers, the Baron d'Ivery and several others; I charge you to see that all is in readiness and that no expense is spared." Hardly had he finished speaking when a band of men attacked the torch-bearers, extinguished their torches and knocked them down.

Clisson thought it was a joke on the part of the Duke d'Orléans. "Par ma foi, monseigneur," he cried, "this is ill done, but I forgive you, because you are young and think only of playing tricks." "Death to Clisson," replied a voice. "Who are you?" demanded the Connétable, "And what signify those words?" "I am Pierre de Craon, your enemy. You have angered me so often that I am resolved to seek vengeance. Forward!" and so saying, de Craon drew his sword and led the attack. "Shall we fight to kill?" asked his followers. "Kill all who defend themselves," was the reply. Assailed on all sides at once and protecting himself with his left arm, Clisson fought valiantly with the long hunting knife, which was his sole weapon, but he received a sword thrust on the head and then a second blow which knocked him off his horse and sent him crashing into the shop of a baker, who had opened his door to see what the row was about. The ruffians hesitated. "Let us be off," cried Pierre de Craon, "We have done enough. If he is not dead, he will surely die of that blow on the head, for he was struck with a strong right arm." And the cavalcade galloped off to the rue Saint Antoine and thence by the Porte Saint Antoine to the open country.

The baker stood aghast before the body of this noble lord which had so unexpectedly rolled into his bakery, but the followers of Clisson hastened to his aid while others ran to the Hôtel Saint Paul to acquaint the king with what had happened. The monarch was about to retire to bed when he heard a clamor at the gate, followed by the noise of creaking hinges as it swung open to admit the breathless servants of the Connétable.

"Sire, great mischief has befallen in Paris."

"What mischief?" asked the king.

"Sire, your Connétable, Olivier de Clisson, is killed!"

"Killed! How? By whom?"

"Sire, we do not know, but this mischief has come upon him and very near here in the rue Culture Sainte Catherine."

"Bring torches," cried the king, "I wish to go to him." There was scurrying to and fro in the palace and hasty lighting of torches. The king donned a cloak, his shoes were brought him, and he set forth, accompanied by torch-bearers, men at arms and Martel and Lignac, his chamberlains. At the baker's shop, Charles bent anxiously over his stricken Connétable and was relieved to find that the latter was still alive.

"Connétable, how do you feel?" he asked.

"Poorly, dear Sire, and feeble."

"And who has put you in this state?"

"Sire, Pierre de Craon and his accomplices, traitorously and without provocation."

The king sent for his doctors, who examined the wounded man. "Is there danger of death?" asked Charles in deepest solicitude. "Sire, no whit," he was assured, "In a fortnight we will have him able to ride a horse."

But the story of Clisson had an unhappy ending. First of all, his royal master came to grief. Assembling an army, Charles VI set out to capture Pierre de Craon, who had taken refuge with the Duke of Brittany. While the king was traversing the forest of Le Mans on a hot August day, a man clad entirely in white stepped out of a thicket, and seizing the bridle of the king's horse, cried out, "Go no further, noble Sire, you are betrayed." The intruder was pushed aside, but persisted in following the cavalcade, droning forth lugubrious warning. As ill luck would have it, the horseman immediately preceding the king fell asleep on his horse, and his falling lance struck the king's helmet. Already unnerved by the apparition in white and rudely awakened from his reverie, the king thought he was attacked. "Death to the traitors," he cried, and, drawing his sword, he hurled

himself at the horsemen nearest him, of whom he killed four. The king was mad.

The king's uncles returned to power, the Marmousets were overthrown, Clisson was exiled and Pierre de Craon pardoned. De Craon returned to Paris and, by the gibbet of Montfaucon, which was to have hanged him, erected a stone cross emblazoned with his arms. The attack on Clisson, however, was not wholly unavenged. Two squires and a page of the de Craon retinue, who had been captured shortly after the adventure in the rue Culture Sainte Catherine, were dealt with in the thorough-going mediaeval fashion. Their hands were cut off on the scene of the crime, they were beheaded at Les Halles and their bodies were hanged by the armpits on the gibbet of Montfaucon. The concierge of the Hôtel de Craon was executed, the hôtel was razed to the ground and a cemetery established on its site.

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The Hôtel de Clisson passed in 1533 to the powerful house of Guise, and became, under Henri le Balafré, the principal stronghold of the Guise faction and a formidable rival to the Louvre. Here were hatched the deep laid plans for the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. The Guises were patrons of literature, and at their hôtel the aged Corneille was given asylum from 1662 to 1664 while writing his tragedy of "Othon." On the extinction of the Guise line in 1668, the hôtel was sold to François de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, who, with his son, transformed it by the addition of the magnificent façade, the court of honor and the interior embellishments, which make it, with the mediaeval doorway, so well worth a visit today.

VII. "The Convent where God was Boiled."

"Le couvent où Dieu fut bouilli" or "The convent where God was boiled" derived its name from the "Maison

où Dieu fut bouilli," or the "Maison des Miracles," which stood in a former rue des Jardins, one of the narrow, tortuous streets between the Hôtel de Ville and the Hôtel de Soubise. When the house was burned down, the name, "Maison où Dieu fut bouilli" was applied to the chapel built upon the site, the narrow rue des Jardins became the "Rue où Dieu fut bouilli" and the convent, which clustered about the church, was called the "Couvent où Dieu fut bouilli." The street has been swallowed up by the all-devouring rue des Archives; the chapel is represented today by a bleak eighteenth century edifice, rendered still bleaker by its bare Lutheran interior, but the charming fifteenth century cloister of the "Convent where God was Boiled," remains today the only mediaeval cloister in Paris, a precious example of monastic architecture, an unexpected and perpetual delight.

At the approach of Easter in the year 1290, when the Jew-baiter, Philip the Fair, was king, a woman, who had pawned some clothes with a Jew named Jonathas, begged him to return her finery for the forthcoming feast, that she might be arrayed in splendor for the holiday, and promised to bring back the articles on the morrow. Jonathas refused her offer but proposed a bargain; if his debtor would obtain for him a consecrated wafer, he would release her from her debt and return her pledge. The woman agreed and on Easter morning, arrayed in her fine clothes, she went to early mass at her parish of Saint Merri, received the host and brought it to Jonathas.

"I shall soon see," said Jonathas to himself, "if it is the body of Jesus Christ as the Christians maintain." So saying, he placed it on a chest and stabbed it several times with a penknife. Blood flowed out over it in abundance and the astonished Jew called his wife and children to witness the miracle. Then recovering from his surprise, he drove a nail into it but the blood flowed more freely than ever. His wife and children begged him to desist, but in vain; Jonathas seized the blood-covered host and threw it into the fire. It promptly leapt from the flames and began to spring about the room. He

then plunged it into a kettle of boiling water. The water reddened with blood, but the host emerged from the kettle and rose into the air.

Frightened by these supernatural wonders, the Jew's wife retired to her room in tears, but his small son rushed out of doors and cried in triumph to citizens passing on their way to church, "It is in vain that you go to adore your God; my father has killed him." The church-goers paid no heed to the child's words, but a woman of the neighborhood, who had overheard him, entered the house of Jonathas on the pretext of seeking material to light a fire. Herself a witness of the Jew's vain efforts to destroy the host, she persuaded him to give it to her, wrapped it in the folds of her dress, took it home, placed it in a wooden vessel and hurried with it to the curé of Saint Jean en Grève, to whom she recounted what had happened. The curé informed the Bishop of Paris, who immediately gave orders to arrest Jonathas. Jonathas confessed his crime. The Bishop tried to convert him, but, though his wife and children turned Christian, he obstinately refused to be converted and was condemned to be burned alive before his house. This was accomplished to the great satisfaction of the people, who loved not the Jews and who, rendered furious by the crime, entered the house of Jonathas by force and destroyed everything.

Confiscated by the Crown, the house of the rue des Jardins was presented to one Reignier Flaminge, who tore it down and, with the authorization of a papal bull, dated July 17, 1295, built a chapel on the site bearing the inscription, "Below, the Jew boiled the Sacred Host." With the royal consent, Guy de Joinville took over the chapel in 1302 for the Hospitaliers de Charité Notre Dame, monks of the Third Order of Saint Francis, whom he installed in adjoining buildings. Their religious zeal fanned to flame by the adventure of Jonathas, the Parisians extended a warm welcome to the new arrivals, who inaugurated, in atonement for the sacrilege, the Solemn Service of the Reparation, which was celebrated

annually both here and at Saint Jean en Grève for over five hundred years. The church preserved as relics the penknife used by Jonathas and the wooden vessel in which the neighbor had carried the host to the curé. The host itself remained in the possession of Saint Jean en Grève.

The story of the profanation is depicted in a fifteenth century processional emblem in bronze, which belonged to the convent and which was carried with great ceremony in the processions of the Solemn Service of the Reparation. Jonathas and his wife (who, according to this version, sided with her husband) are depicted stirring up the fire on either side of a kettle from which emerges Christ on the Cross, an aureole about his head. It is now at the Musée de Cluny. The same subject may be recognized in the lower portion of a sixteenth century window in the Chapelle des Catéchismes at the Church of Saint Etienne du Mont.

Queen Clémence of Hungary, wife of Louis X, generously endowed the Couvent où Dieu fut bouilli, which was afterwards known as the Couvent des Billettes. The name may have had its origin in the scapularies of the monks, which recalled the oblong-shaped billets of heraldry, or in the sign of a neighboring toll house, which took the form of a small "billot" or log of wood. The church was reconstructed in the fifteenth century and again in the eighteenth, the second time by Carmelite monks, who had been installed there. Napoleon gave it to the Lutheran Church, which owns it today. The delightful fifteenth century cloister of the Couvent où Dieu fut bouilli is still intact to the joy of all lovers of Old Paris.

IN THE MARAIS.

Part II.

The Visit.

I. The rue Vieille du Temple.

(Including the Hôtel de Beaumarchais, the Hôtel Hérouet, the Allée aux Arbalétriers and the Hôtel de Rohan.)

We start at the rue de Rivoli end of the rue Vieille du Temple. (Rue de Rivoli Métro, direction Vincennes. Leave Métro at the Hôtel de Ville Station, follow the rue de Rivoli in the direction of decreasing house numbers to the third street **L.**, the rue Vieille du Temple).

Proceed **N.** on the **rue Vieille du Temple.** The rue Vieille du Temple, which existed at the beginning of the thirteenth century, was named, at this end, the Vieille rue du Temple de la rue Saint Antoine. The "temple" probably referred to a building owned by the Knights Templars near the Hôtel de Ville before their migration to the region now known as the Square du Temple. In the seventeenth century and the early part of the eighteenth, the Vieille rue du Temple was a fashionable street, inhabited by the well-to-do, but in the latter part of the eighteenth century the commercial invasion set in. In the nineteenth century the name was standardized and became rue Vieille du Temple.

The first cross street is the **rue du Roi de Sicile,** named from the palace of Charles d'Anjou, brother of Saint Louis and King of Sicily, which, after many reconstructions, became the Prison de la Force of Revolutionary fame. A wall of this prison we shall later see. A few steps **R.** in the rue du Roi de Sicile at **No. 40 L.** is an interesting empire frieze. At **No. 24 R.** rue Vieille du Temple, with griffins over the door, is the Hôtel d'Effiat, which was inhabited by the Marshal d'Effiat, the father of Cinq Mars. The street

beyond, with a baroque fountain at the further end, is the **rue du Trésor**, so called because at its opening in 1882, discovery was made in the foundations of the Hôtel d'Effiat, which extended north to this point, of a copper vase containing fourteenth century gold coins, some bearing the likeness of Jean le Bon on horseback and others of Charles V on foot. The treasure, amounting to 7882 livres and the largest ever found in France, is thought to have belonged to a keeper of public moneys. The copper vase and some of the coins are now at the Musée Carnavalet.

Passing the rue Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie, which we shall visit later, and a house with curiously bulging façade and eighteenth century doorway at **No. 36 R.**, we come to the thirteenth century **rue des Rosiers.** The rose gardens which gave it its name have long since vanished, and it is now one of the many Parisian Ghettos. At the corner of the rue Ferdinand Duval (formerly a part of the rue des Rosiers) and the rue du Roi de Sicile was a stone statue of the Virgin, which was overturned and mutilated in 1528 by Huguenots. To replace it, François I ordered a statue in silver, and himself took part in the inaugural ceremony, walking bareheaded in the procession and carrying a taper, for since the disaster at Pavia when "all was lost save honor" our gay Francis had become very pious. Climbing a ladder, he placed with his own kingly hands the silver image in the niche, kissed it and descended with tears in his eyes. This silver statue was stolen by a baker's boy and another in wood was substituted, which was burned by the Huguenots on December 13, 1551. With another solemn procession, a statue in marble, in which François I was represented, took its place, and this fared better than its predecessors, for it is mentioned by Jaillot as existing in 1773, and so we may suppose that it lasted until the Revolution.

Opposite the rue des Rosiers, one may glance at the Passage des Singes, established on the ruins of the old Hôtel Bragelonne where the Governor of the Bastille, M. de Launay, was living in 1789. The name comes from a sign on the former rue des Singes, which forms a part of the present rue des Guillemites. Curious old house at further end on rue des Guillemites. Continue on the rue Vieille du Temple. Notice, in passing, eighteenth century façade

IN THE MARAIS

1. Hôtel de Beaumarchais
2. Hôtel Hérouet
3. Hôtel "Salé"
4. "Hôtel de l'Impécuniosité"
5. Hôtel Carnavalet
6. Hôtel de Lamoignon

at **No. 45 L.**, and, at **No. 44 R.**, a doorway of the same period, surmounted by cartouche with star:

The Hôtel de Beaumarchais.

(See Part I, page 227 et sequit)

At **No. 47 L.** is the imposing gateway of the Hôtel de Beaumarchais, the so-called Hôtel des Ambassadeurs de Hollande or Hôtel de Hollande. Above the door is a cartouche flanked by two seated figures of Fame, surrounded by implements of war and peace. War and peace are again represented in the medallions of the doors. Below these medallions are horizontal panels depicting cupids seated on the backs of lions and holding shields. At the base are medallions with Medusa heads of vigorous and expressive artistry. Above, and on either side of the gateway, are ornamental dormer windows flanked by urns.

Enter **court.** On the inside of the door are two charming bas-reliefs representing **L., Ceres** and **R., Flora.** Above are medallions with allegorical figures: **L., Force,** seated, with knotted club, and **Truth,** with mirror: **R., Peace,** with olive branch, and **War.** Above, in the tympanum, Romulus and Remus are discovered by Faustulus, the shepherd, and his companions. The sculptures of this doorway are by Regnaudin.

The consoles of the court are amusingly fashioned caryatids with heads of children. On the sides are four great sun-dials with Latin mottoes, the invention of one Père Sébastian, a Carmelite monk and a distinguished mathematician. The first, **L.,** which has been recently repaired, bears the motto, "Veniet quae non sperabitur hora," attributed to Beaumarchais.

Here, you may recall, Beaumarchais wrote "Le Mariage de Figaro," and installed with the profits a charity for nursing mothers.

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On the corner of the rue des Blancs Manteaux, between the modern sign, "rue Vieille du Temple" and the numeral, "51," is an old inscription "Vieille rue du Temple." The **rue des Blancs Manteaux** was formerly the rue de la Par-

cheminerie, where parchment was prepared from sheep skins. It received its present name in the thirteenth century when Saint Louis established here a community of monks, who depended for their living upon alms and who were distinguished by long white cloaks (blancs manteaux). The Marquis de Favras, whose residence we saw in the Place Royale, lived at one time in this street. The informer, Turcatti, who denounced Favras for plotting against the Revolutionary Government, likewise lived in the rue des Blancs Manteaux. Some years after Favras had been hanged at the famous lantern of the Place de Grève, Turcatti was found dead after a night of debauch, having hanged himself by the bed curtains in the room where he had plotted the downfall of the Marquis.

Continue to the **further** side of the market and turn **R.** in the northern section of the **rue du Marché des Blancs Manteaux.** In the courtyard of **No. 4, L.,** is a handsome pediment of the Hôtel d'O. François de Fresnes, Marquis d'O, was a favorite of Henri III and Surintendant des Finances, but so flagrant were his extortions, even for that corrupt epoch, that he was relieved for a time of his office.

Returning to the rue Vieille du Temple, continue **R.** At **No. 65, L.** are amusing harriers in porcelain (seventeenth century) at the second story windows. On the adjoining façade, at **No. 67,** curious corbels supporting window balconies.

The Hôtel Hérouet.

At the corner of the rue Vieille du Temple and the rue des Francs-Bourgeois is a delightful gabled building with a tower of exquisite Gothic tracery. The first mention of this property is in the year 1360 when we find record that a certain Bernard de Bonnières paid to the Temple "3 sols, 9 deniers parisis" of annual rent for a "masure" on this spot. Since "masure" is a very lowly term for a house, translatable as "hovel," we may safely assume that the picturesque tower had not yet made its appearance. The word "masure" recurs in mention of the rent until 1499, but in 1528 the property is described by the more imposing designation of "grant hostel," which would seem to indicate that the hovel had been supplanted by the existing building. So we may conclude that this charming Gothic tower was

erected somewhere between 1499 and 1528. The owner was Jehan Hérouet, secretary of the Duke d'Orléans who succeeded to the throne as Louis XII, and afterwards treasurer of that monarch. Hérouet accompanied his master on the disastrous Italian expedition, and it was probably on his return from that expedition that he constructed the hôtel. Thus this pretty tower dates from the early years of the sixteenth century.

The Hôtel Hérouet, while Gothic in the main, reflects in the moldings and squared windows the new type of architecture of the Renaissance. Notice the little grated window in the tower, the "mocking mediaeval eye" in Doctor Edward's happy phrase, "watching from behind the grille the banalities of the street" and the whirring busses of a later age. Note, too, the charming colonnettes of the adjoining window, the graceful moldings of the tower bracket and the inconsequent Gothic manner in which the various windows are dotted about the façade. In connection with this mediaeval jewel, it is a pleasure to record the public-spirited act of a lover of Old Paris, M. Henry d'Allemagne, who not only purchased this building, with its exquisite Gothic tower, but permanently insured it against the pick of the demolisher by arranging to have it classified as a *monument historique.*

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From this corner, looking east **(R.)** in the rue des Francs-Bourgeois, one may catch another glimpse of the high-roofed Hôtel d'O with grimacing mask at corner. Turn **R.**, walking east in the **rue des Francs-Bourgeois.** Pass courtyard of the Hôtel d'O and stop in the entrance of the alley, **L.**, opposite the rue des Hospitalières Saint Gervais. Look back at the roof and rusticated dormers of the Hôtel d'O, of which the former tenant is fittingly symbolized by the rapacious mask at the corner.

The Allée aux Arbalétriers.

You are in the Allée aux Arbalétriers, the Alley of the Crossbowmen, where a murder was committed which rent France into two factions and paved the way for the foreign invader in the Hundred Years War. This was the mur-

der of Philip, Duke of Orleans, by John the Fearless, Duke of Burgundy. "By this hole, Sire," said the monk of Dijon to François I, showing him the battered skull of John the Fearless, "the English entered France." It might be said that the English entered France by the Allée aux Arbalétriers, for if there had been no murder committed here, there would have been no revenge murder on the bridge at Montereau.

After the deposition of the Marmousets, the former advisors of Charles V, Philip the Bold of Burgundy had the upper hand in the government of France until his death in 1404. His son, Jean sans Peur (John the Fearless) was anxious to succeed to the commanding position of his father, but the obstacle was Louis, Duke d'Orléans, who through his relations with Isabelle of Bavaria held the reins of government. A bitter rivalry was engendered in which the opposing leaders gathered their numerous henchmen about them and fortified their hôtels. Suddenly came reconciliation. Louis d'Orléans conferred the Order of the Porcupine upon Jean sans Peur; the rivals swore eternal friendship and embraced with tears of joy. Two days later, Louis d'Orléans was assassinated in this alley by the hired ruffians of Jean sans Peur.

The Allée aux Arbalétriers led to an entrance of the Hôtel Barbette, the chosen retreat of Isabelle of Bavaria, whose royal spouse, in Michelet's phrase, "annoyed her when he was crazy and even more when he wasn't." Here she received the frequent visits of her brother-in-law and lover, Louis, Duke d'Orléans. On the evening of November 23, 1407, Louis d'Orléans was at the Hôtel Barbette when a messenger arrived with the news that Charles VI wished to see his brother at once at the Hôtel Saint Paul. With a premonition of impending evil, Isabelle urged him not to go. But he took his leave and set forth. Down the Allée aux Arbalétriers rode Louis, clad in black silk and astride a mule. The prince was gaily humming a tune and playing with his glove. Two squires accompanied him on horseback and six servants preceded him, carrying torches. Suddenly he was set upon by a score of men, crying, "Kill him! Kill him!"

The duke called out, "I am the Duke d'Orléans."

"The very man we want," was the reply.

Blows rained from all sides. A page tried to protect his

master with his own body and was killed. A window flew open and a woman stuck her head out, crying "Murder." "Shut up, you hag," called one of the assassins. The duke was "very piteously killed" ("très piteusement tué"), and his followers rushed back to the Hôtel Barbette, shouting "Murder!" A hooded figure stepped from the shadows of the alley, seized a lantern from one of the attackers and examined the duke's prostrate body. "He is dead beyond doubt," he cried, "Extinguish your lanterns and make off." It was Jean sans Peur. The assassins obeyed, covering their flight by setting fire to a near-by house and crying "Fire!"

The house set on fire by the fleeing henchmen of Jean sans Peur was the Maison de l'Image Notre Dame, which stood on land now occupied by the Marché des Blancs Manteaux opposite the Hôtel de Beaumarchais. They knew the house well, for they had lain in hiding there for several days previous to the murder to spy on their victim. Largely because of the location of this house, latter-day historians have pretended that the murder took place opposite this house in the rue Vieille du Temple. But M. Charles Sellier, who knows a thing or two about Old Paris, points out, in an overwhelming battery of argument, that the occupancy of this house by the assassins is entirely compatible with the supposition that the murder took place in the alley, for if the assassins were housed in the Maison de l'Image Notre Dame, they would have had access to its grounds, situated directly opposite the alley, and so would have been well placed to spy on the movements of their victim. Moreover, since murders are generally conducted with concern for privacy, it seems difficult to believe, in the absence of conclusive evidence, that the attackers would have deliberately neglected this shadowy death trap for the publicity of the king's highway. There used to be a tablet in the alley recording the murder; it should be replaced.

Some years after the tragic death of Louis d'Orléans, a lantern was hung in the Allée aux Arbalétriers. It was an expiatory lantern, the legend ran, placed there as an act of repentance by Brulart, one of the assassins. This lantern, the legend continues, was still in place a century later, and by its light François I, on a nocturnal visit to La Belle Féronnière, was recognized by the lady's husband, who

forthwith plotted his dastardly revenge. Other occupants of the Hôtel Barbette were the ugly Count Louis de Brézé and his beautiful wife. Legend, ever tireless, places this lovely wife in the Gothic tower of the house of Hérouet on the corner of the rue Vieille du Temple and sends François I riding by and doffing his plumed hat to the beauty in the little window, the "mocking mediaeval eye." The legend might be one of those of which Belloc speaks, "so true as to be almost history," were it not shattered by the desolating fact that the towered home of Hérouet was never a part of the Hôtel Barbette. Francis, however, may well have ridden this way and seen at her window the future Diane de Poitiers, who, uncrowned, was to rule France in the reign of his son, Henri II.

Walk through this mediaeval alley with sinister overhanging houses. Beyond the grille where the alley branches west, stood the Hôtel Barbette. Follow around to the rue Vieille du Temple. (Should the alley gate be closed, return to the Gothic tower and turn **R.**)

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At **No. 79**, opposite the further end of the alley, is a handsome Empire wine shop with quaintly sagging doorway. The building through the archway of which you have just passed (Nos. 66-64) is the Hôtel de Pommereuil and belonged to a family of magistrates of the seventeenth century. Old house at the corner of the rue Barbette, **No. 68, R.**, with bowed Louis XV wrought iron railings at the second story windows.

The **rue Barbette** is on the site of the old Hôtel Barbette. The original country house of this name, which belonged to Etienne Barbette, Master of the Mint under Philip the Fair, was torn down in 1306 by a mob incensed at the debasement of the coinage, which rendered valueless their savings. The reconstructed hotel was sold a century later to Isabelle of Bavaria, and here masked balls, the invention of the royal hostess, were given for the first time in history. One may make a detour in this street to see, at **No. 8, L.**, which belonged originally to the Maréchal d'Estrées, brother of Gabrielle, a fine eighteenth century **staircase.** The walls and ceiling were originally covered with tapestries. The magnificent railing is unfortunately

lost to us, as it was sold, at one thousand francs the meter, and is now in a building on the Champs Elysées. You will have noticed, in passing, handsome doorways at **No. 17** and at **No. 11.**

The Hôtel de Rohan.

(See Part I, page 235 et sequit.)

At **No. 87, L.**, rue Vieille du Temple is the fortress-like wall and massive gate of the Hôtel de Rohan, otherwise known as the Hôtel de Strasbourg, because the four Cardinals de Rohan who successively resided here were all Bishops of Strasbourg. You will recall that the hôtel was constructed in 1706 by the Cardinal Armand Gaston Maximilien de Rohan Soubise, and that the last of the four cardinals to live here was Louis de Rohan Guéménée of the Affair of the Queen's Necklace.

The hôtel at the present writing is in process of evacuation by the National Printing Press. (Admission, Thursday afternoons.) Climb the banal stairs, which have supplanted the escalier d'honneur and (under present arrangements) ask at the office (second door leading off staircase) for permission to view the Cabinet des Singes. The way leads through the cardinals' salon with gilded eighteenth century frieze.

The **Cabinet des Singes** served as the study of the first three cardinals and was used by Louis de Rohan, he of the necklace, as his bedroom. The entire wall space is covered with paintings by Huet in lively color and exquisite taste. They date from the tenancy of the second cardinal, Armand de Rohan, who was known as the Cardinal de Soubise, and who was the great-nephew of the Armand Gaston Maximilien de Rohan who constructed the hôtel. Executed about 1750, at a time when things Chinese were in vogue, the principal scenes depict persons in pseudo-Chinese costume engaged in various outdoor amusements. Embodied in the design are dogs, birds, arabesques, garlands of flowers and the oft-employed monkeys, which have given this room its name. Huet specialized in "chinoiseries" of the sort and adorned many a coach and sedan chair with what a contemporary described as "a knowing and a dainty brush."

Beginning on the left of the door, the subjects are as follows:

1. **Le Bal Champêtre.** Chinese women dance about a May Pole. Musicians with flute and drum. Above a monkey, balanced on a stick, plays the violin, while below are other monkeys with castanets and trombone. Very charming and, despite the Chinese attributes, very French.

2. **Soap Bubbles.**

3. **The Game of Caldron.** A caldron filled with water is placed upon a table, and the player attempts to pass the handle over his head without using his hands and without spilling the water. The young Franco-Chinaman has evidently won, to the delight and surprise of the company.

4. **Children Playing.**

5. **The Trained Dog.** Joyous bits in the frame burlesque the central theme.

6. The next panel, evidently restored, was removed at one time to allow for a door, which gave on a small stairway behind this wall. The panel was actually used as packing box material for articles sent to the London Exposition, but was fortunately recovered.

7. **The Bird Charmer.** Above, an infant playing Buddha between two monkeys in mock supplication.

8. **The Horizontal Pole** or the candle. A pole is stretched between two benches on which the player sits cross-legged, maintaining his balance by means of a stick held in one hand. The object is to cross the pole and extinguish a lighted candle at the further end. A Gallic variation on this theme in the frame.

9. **Blind Man's Buff.** In the frame, a monkey playing a musical instrument and another monkey blindfold.

10. **See-Saw.**

11. **Game of Cards.** A spectator is mounted on stilts. Then comes a niche sheltering a frame with angels' heads. Here, in incongruous surroundings, was the cardinals' oratory, originally enclosed by a panel of the Huet series, which has been lost. It is significant that there was no chapel in connection with the hôtel.

12. **Leap Frog.**

13. **Battledore and Shuttlecock.** (In the corner by the door.)

When the National Printing Press will have vacated the Hôtel de Rohan, it is planned to remove the sheds seen from

the windows of this room and to restore the gardens. On regaining the court, turn **L.** into a second court. Over the stables, **R.**, is a haut-relief, by Robert Le Lorrain (1666-1743) representing the watering of the horses of Apollo. They are about to start on their daily journey. The sun is already rising in the heavens but the unruly horses plunge earthwards. On the right, one horse has almost escaped and is retained with difficulty by a young god in the service of Apollo. These high-mettled, rebellious steeds, more divine than earthly, are chafing at the night's inaction and quiver in the life-giving rays of the sun. This is one of the best examples of French decorative sculpture of the eighteenth century.

II. From the Hôtel de Rohan by the "Hôtel de l'Impécuniosité" to "Ma Chère Carnavalette."

On leaving the Hôtel de Rohan, turn **L.** in the rue Vieille du Temple. The first street, **R.**, is the rue de la Perle, named from a popular jeu de paume, which became a gambling den, the pearl of gambling dens according to Piganiol de la Force. In the rue Vieille du Temple, a little beyond the corner of the rue de la Perle and on the site of No. 90, was the Jeu de Paume du Marais, which became, at some time between 1620 and 1635 the Théâtre du Marais. The Troupe du Marais was one of three theatrical companies, which were eventually united to form the Comédie Française of today. The memorable first performance of Corneille's "Le Cid," which marked the foundation of classic tragedy in France, was given here either in December, 1636, or in January, 1637, under none too happy auspices. The tumult began in the first scene. Whistling and hissing filled the house, proceeding from the friends of Cardinal Richelieu, indignant at a drama which exalted the invading Spaniard. In 1673 the players united with the old Molière troupe in the rue Mazarine, where they were joined seven years later by the actors from the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and thus was created the Comédie Française.

Nos. 11 and 9, R., rue de la Perle, formerly one property, are of the eighteenth century. At **No. 14, L.**, lived Tallien, and here he plotted the overthrow of Robespierre and the end of the Reign of Terror, of which he had been the implacable instrument. Sent to Bordeaux to extirpate

anti-Revolutionary heresy, he had come back strangely softened by the Spanish beauty of Teresa Cabarrus, divorced wife of the Marquis de Fontenay. His mistress in prison and his own head in danger of the guillotine, he threw himself whole-heartedly into the reaction of Thermidor, which was to close the death-dealing career of the inexorable lawyer from Arras. **No. 1, R.** belonged to the architect, Libéral Bruant, and was constructed at the end of the seventeenth century. The façade is ornamented with classic busts in niches and a richly carved pediment, representing two genii seated on cornucopias.

Turn **L.** in the **rue de Thorigny.** The widow Béjart, whose minx of a daughter Molière was to marry, lived in this street, and it was at her house on June 30, 1643, that the upholsterer of the king crossed his Rubicon when he signed the articles of association of the Illustre Théâtre. He lived in the rue de Thorigny, probably at the Béjart house, on his return from the southern trip in the suite of Louis XIII. Leaping two centuries, we find in the rue de Thorigny the fifteen-year-old Balzac, whose father dwelt here when he was ordered from Tours in 1814 and was placed in charge of the Commissariat of the First Division of the Army. The boy Honoré went to school in the rue de Thorigny and later in the neighboring rue Saint Louis, now the rue de Turenne.

Mme. de Sévigné was living in the rue de Thorigny in 1671 when the fire occurred which she describes so vividly in one of her letters. The house in which she lived, according to Alcanter de Brahm, was **No. 8**, the middle one of the three houses with great entrance arches on the right hand side of the street. The fire which startled the Marquise was indeed very near in the neighboring rue de Turenne; we shall see the successor of the burned hôtel.

The Hôtel "Salé."

At **No. 5 L.** is an imposing hôtel erected in 1626 by Aubert de Fontenay. Because of the fortune made by Fontenay in collecting the tax on salt, the hôtel was known as the Hôtel "Salé," meaning "salted" or "overcharged," and is so designated on the maps of the period. It was, at one time, the Venetian Embassy. In 1789 the occupant was Monseigneur de Juigné, Archbishop of Paris, who gave his

entire fortune to help the poor in the terrible winter of 1788-1789. During the Revolution the hôtel was confiscated and used for the storage of books. **Enter court.** Pediment with dogs and seated figures. Thanks to the courtesy of the proprietors, a company manufacturing bronzes, one may visit the interior. Enter by the main door, ascend the imposing staircase, pass along the magnificent hallway and apply at the office in the rear.

On **leaving**, take the **passageway** leading from the courtyard, **L.**, to the **rue des Coutures Saint Gervais**, which was laid out in 1620 on the coutures or cultures (cultivated lands) of the Hospital of Saint Gervais and Saint Anastase, as was likewise the next street we shall meet, the rue Sainte Anastase. Turn **L.** and at **No. 1ter**, enter court for view of the west façade of the Hôtel Salé. Note good proportions, ironwork, pediment with baying hounds supporting clock dial and, at extreme **R.** and **L.**, volutes with cupids leading lions.

Return towards the rue de Thorigny. Just before the corner is reached, amusing consoles on the Hôtel Salé, **R.**, fashioned with dogs' heads and paws. Notice, on corner, old inscription, "Rue des Coutures . . . Gervais," the "St." for "Saint" having been effaced by the Revolution.

Below, framed in blue, are the initials, "F. C. S. G." with cross. They mark the ancient boundaries of the Fief of the Cultures Saint Gervais. Same designation on the rue de Thorigny side beneath the old street inscription.

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Turn **L.** in the **rue de Thorigny.** On the rue Sainte Anastase (engraved inscriptions) lived Montyon, the founder of the *prix de vertu,* whose statue we saw in the church of Saint Julien le Pauvre. Continuing on the rue de Thorigny, we pass the rue du Roi Doré (old house with niche on corner) which owes its name to a gilded bust of Louis XIII used as a sign.

At the end of the rue de Thorigny, turn **R.** in the rue Debelleyme and **L.** in the **rue de Turenne,** named in honor of the brilliant field-marshal of the reign of Louis XIV. **No. 76, R.,** a stately building with bas-reliefs, belonged to M. de Launay, the last Governor of the Bastille, who was killed by the Revolutionary mob on the way to the Hôtel de

Ville. Elaborate grotto in court surmounted by a figure of Neptune.

On emerging from the court, turn **L.** The church of **Saint Denis du Saint Sacrament**, with classic portico, **L.**, was constructed in 1835 on the site of the Hôtel de Turenne, belonging to the marshal. It contains a fine **Pièta** by **Delacroix.** (Request sacristan to turn on electric lights.) The painting typifies the master's command of gorgeous color. The prostrate form of the Saviour rests on the lap of the Virgin Mary while the holy women support his drooping limbs. Despite the misleading frame, the picture is a fresco, having been painted directly upon the stone, a fact brought to light when the authorities desired to transport it to the Louvre. When Delacroix was at work on this picture, he is said to have enlisted the services of an organist friend, who played the organ to give him inspiration while he painted.

Cross street and turn **L.** Passing sculptured doorway at **No. 64, R.**, the hôtel of a magistrate, (1789), we come to a hôtel with handsome entrance, now occupied by the Magasins Réunis **(No. 60).** It was the **Hôtel du Grand Veneur,** or the Hôtel of the Master of the Hounds, and belonged in 1742 to Vincent Hennequin d'Ecqueville, Captain General of the Royal Hunt. Note the boars' heads and hunting symbols in the panels between the second and third stories and, in the tympanum of the doorway, the boar's head, assailed by a hound on each side. There is a magnificent **staircase,** which you must not fail to see. Enter and turn **R.** in the corridor, noting delicate woodwork in the panels of the exterior windows. Mount a few steps for view of handsome staircase and railing. Note, in the latter, sword, torch, oak branches and hunting symbols, such as the curved horn and the heads of dogs and wild boars. This is one of the finest staircases in Paris.

The Hôtel du Grand Veneur occupies the site of the Hôtel Guénégaud, the burning of which struck terror to the heart of Mme de Sévigné when she was living in the rue de Thorigny. Awakened at three in the morning by cries of "Fire!" she rushed to the window where she beheld "une clarté qui faisait horreur, c'étaient des cris, c'était une confusion, c'étaient des bruits épouvantables, des poutres et des solives qui tombaient."[1] Having de-

[1] Letter to her daughter, Friday, 20 February, 1671.

spatched her servants to help extinguish the flames, she goes into the street "to gape like the others" and finds the unfortunate owners, the de Guitauts, in great consternation and "quasi nus" and the Venetian ambassador in bathrobe and wig but preserving "fort bien" the gravity of His Most Serene Highness!

Across the street at **No. 65** is a building called the "Hôtel de Pologne" from the fact that its proprietor was Count Ossolinski, a Polish colonel in the service of France. During the Revolution, it was used as a free lodging house for artists employed in the mechanical arts. To the right of this hôtel, above the doorway at **No. 67,** are vestiges of a frieze of gilded cattle heads, which formerly extended across the entire façade over an Empire butcher shop, now a furniture store. Sheep's heads in the balcony over door. **Descend street.** At the corner of the rue Villehardouin, **L.,** named in memory of the Chronicler of the Fourth Crusade, is a Louis XVI niche with Virgin encased in wire netting.

"Hôtel de l'Impécuniosité."

(See Part I, page 242 et sequit.)

On the further corner (17 rue Villehardouin and **56** rue de Turenne) lived that Prince of Invalids, Paul Scarron, at two different periods of his life; first, in bachelor days with his sisters and nephew "à la mode du Marais" (1644-1649) and later with his wife from 1653 until his death in 1660. On the ground floor were the stables and kitchen, on the second story was the apartment of Madame Scarron and on the third were the poet's room and the salon. The crippled Scarron was succeeded, you will recall, by the able-bodied Crébillon and by Le Sage of "Gil Blas" fame. Well-designed seventeenth century ironwork at windows. The hôtel beyond, **No. 54, L.,** with a hotch-potch façade (cartouche, consoles, etc.) belonged to the Count de Montrésor, one of the leaders of the Fronde. It was evidently remodeled in the eighteenth century. The Scarron house was a dependency of this hôtel.

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At **No. 50, L.**, magnificent head over doorway. Portrait medallions on the Louis XV doors. Turbaned mask in court between two busts. Across the street is the Soleil d'Or with wrought iron grille and sign with pilasters of the Empire period. In the rue Saint Gilles, opposite, lived the Countess de la Motte of the Affair of the Necklace in a house which she rented. (It is No. 10, but it is without architectural interest.)

Turn **R.** in the **rue du Parc Royal**, named after the royal park of the Hôtel des Tournelles. The name was changed to Parc National by the revolutionists of 1848 but the old name was restored by Napoleon III. **No. 4, R.**, constructed in 1620 by Jacques Berruyer of the rank of Squire and occupied by a grandson of President Lamoignon, was one of the finest and richest mansions in the city. It still contains a remarkable **stair railing**, beautifully carved in wood with spread eagles, which may be seen at the left of the courtyard. Inspection of the first two eagles from the corridor side will reveal the delicacy of the carving, elsewhere obscured by a heavy coating of paint. Théophile Gautier lived in the rue du Parc Royal at the tender age of three. Disgusted by the change from his sunny South to the rainy Paris winter, he threw his toys out of the window one day and attempted to follow them, but was restrained and reconciled to life by a volume of Robinson Crusoe.

Follow the street opposite, the **rue de Sévigné.** The power plant, at **No. 52, L.**, is a modification of the Hôtel de Flesselles, owned by the last Prévôt des Marchands (1789). A ceiling from this hôtel, called the Plafond des Singes and attributed to Huet, is today at the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, 107 rue de Rivoli.

The large building on the right, **No. 29, R.**, as indicated by the plaque at the left of the door, was constructed by Bullet for Michel Le Pelletier de Souzy, Intendant des Finances. It was afterwards inhabited by Le Pelletier de Saint Fargeau, who was one of that group in the Convention, comprising Lafayette, Séyès and Mirabeau, who, despite the accident of noble birth, represented the Third Estate. The day after the condemnation of Louis XVI, Saint Fargeau was dining at the Restaurant Février near the Palais Royal, when a man named Paris, who had belonged to the King's Body Guard, approached him and

asked him if he had voted for the death of the king. He replied, "Yes, what business is it of yours?" "Rascal, take that!" cried the guard and plunged a sabre into his side. He was carried to the house of his brother at No. 6 Place Vendôme where he expired, with words upon his lips worthy of an ancient Roman, "I die satisfied, I die for the liberty of my country." On the Place Vendôme, opposite his brother's hôtel, his body lay in state for two days on the pedestal from which, five months before, the statue of Louis XIV had been torn down. The remains of Saint Fargeau were then borne in triumph to the Panthéon. His bust, as well as that of Marat, assassinated the following July, was placed at the public squares and crossroads and there remained until the reaction of Thermidor.

The Hôtel Le Pelletier has been mentioned as the home of the Paris Historical Library, which contains some 240,000 volumes and 25,000 manuscripts. As an example of the detailed study which the Parisians have made of their city, one may cite a volume on the library shelves of five hundred and eighty-nine pages, which is concerned with a single street, the rue du Cherche Midi. It would seem that libraries of peace were prone to displace arsenals of war on Parisian sites, for when the city barns for making cannon, ancestors of the Arsenal Library, were "borrowed" by François I, the city established a new cannon foundry, known as the Petit Arsenal de la Ville on ground now occupied by this library.

At **No. 40, L.**, an eighteenth century hôtel, with handsome doorway, converted into a modern apartment house.

The Hôtel Carnavalet

(See Part I, page 249 et sequit.)

At the corner of the rue de Sévigné and the rue des Francs-Bourgeois is the beautiful Hôtel Carnavalet. About the doorway of Jean Goujon, François Mansart has constructed a façade wherein we may recognize his consummate skill in the sparing but effective use of sculptural ornament, which, in his hands, never detracts from but enhances the architectural grandeur. The attribution of the sculpture on the doorway is somewhat uncertain. The

graceful figure of Abundance on the keystone is incontestably the work of Goujon. It stood originally, you will recall, upon a globe, which was fashioned, with punning intent, into a carnival mask by Mme Carnavalet. The sculpture in the tympanum and the lions on either side are ascribed by Cousin to the chisel of Jean Goujon. Reginald Blomfield is most enthusiastic about the lion panels. "They are the finest things of their kind in existence," he writes, and goes on to quote Blondel as saying that it was on account of their surpassing merit that Mansart refrained from altering the doorway.[1]

The upper left-hand window of this façade shows the location of the salon de réception of the Marquise de Sévigné.

Enter **courtyard.** The less satisfactory bas-reliefs opposite the entrance, representing the Four Seasons, though designed and perhaps begun by Goujon, were doubtless completed by his pupils. They are inferior to the best of the nymphs of the Fontaine des Innocents, which we shall see near Les Halles. A fine statue by Coyzevox of Louis XIV in Roman costume occupies the center of the court. It was placed at the foot of the grand staircase in the Hôtel de Ville on the fourteenth of July, 1689, when Louis XIV dined there in state to show that he had forgiven the Parisians for the Fronde. We may suppose that there would have been less forgiveness in the heart of "Le Roi Soleil" could he have looked ahead one hundred years to that other fourteenth of July which was to see the Hôtel de Ville invaded by a delirious mob drunk with the fall of the Bastille and the first blood of the Revolution. The archway under which you have passed is ornamented on the court side by a beautiful figure representing Authority, with yoke and baton, flanked by two figures of Victory, all three the work of Goujon. The group was originally completed by the lions which we saw on the street façade, and the intention was to show moral authority triumphing over brute force, an appropriate theme for a magistrate's doorway. The displacement of the lions spoils this pretty allegory. In the further left-hand corner of the court as you face the statue, a beautiful bas-relief by Goujon portrays recumbent genii upholding lighted torches, symbolic

[1] Reginald Blomfield; A History of French Architecture from the reign of Charles VIII till the death of Mazarin. London. G. Bell & Sons, Ltd. Vol. I, p. 118-119.

of Justice, who watches even when she seems to nod. One may measure the genius of Jean Goujon by comparing this bas-relief with its modern counterpart opposite. The work of the great sculptor possesses a subtle grace, a unity, which the other lacks. The bas-reliefs on the sides of the court are seventeenth century additions, representing, **L.**, the Four Elements, and **R.**, (very inferior) four Goddesses, Juno, Hebe, Diana and Flora. The masks on the southern arcade, **L.**, depicting heads of fawns and satyrs, by Paul Ponce Trebatti, are rich in grotesque fantasy. Those on the northern wing, which was remodeled by Du Cerceau in 1625, are inferior and are probably not the work of Trebatti. The bedchamber of Mme de Sévigné was in the center of the main building in the rear of this court and is indicated by the second and third windows from the right.

The Musée Carnavalet is the spiritual home of lovers of Old Paris. The salon de réception of Mme de Sévigné, which retains its original paneling, contains a pastel portrait of Mme de Sévigné by Nanteuil and a portrait of her less lovable daughter by Mignard. In the alcove is an indifferent copy of a portrait by Mignard of "la belle et fine marquise." In the adjoining rooms are tablets, models of their kind, which charmingly set forth the disposition of the rooms during the tenancy of Mme de Sévigné. Among the many salons with handsome woodwork from old hôtels are two which have been reconstituted from the Hôtel de Villedeuil at No. 14 Place des Vosges. These rooms (numbered 25 and 24 and incorrectly labeled Hôtel Dangeau) include a restored example of the early work of Le Brun, "Hébé conduite par Mercure à Jupiter" and a much damaged "Lever de l'Aurore," by some attributed to Le Brun but more probably the work of François Perrier.

Turn **R.** in the **rue des Francs-Bourgeois.** Near the corner is a bas-relief by Van Obstal, representing "Wisdom and Love bringing back Peace and Abundance" in allegorical reference to the recently completed Treaty of the Pyrenees and the marriage of Louis XIV with Maria Teresa. Further on is an archway, **R.**, opening on a second court of the Musée Carnavalet. It is called the Arc de Nazareth because, in the time of Henri II, it stood in the rear of the Sainte Chapelle courtyard, and bridging the

former rue de Nazareth, connected the Chambre des Comptes (Palais de Justice) with the building which housed its archives. Note the fine consoles and frieze decorated by Jean Goujon with fleurs-de-lis and the "H" and crescents of Henri II. The iron grille, despite the emblems of Henri II, is modern and is, in fact, so dated above the arms of the City of Paris. The pavilion opposite, of the end of the seventeenth century, was a part of the Hôtel de Choiseul, which stood on the rue Saint Augustin and was demolished in 1868 to make way for the rue du Quatre Septembre. From the right hand side of the entrance gate one may catch a glimpse, **L.**, of the restored Louis XIII façade, with fine caryatids, of the Bureau des Drapiers (cloth merchants) erected in 1650 by Bruant on the rue des Déchargeurs and brought here after that building was torn down to make way for the rue des Halles. Its imposing solidity contrasts with the grace and lightness of the façade of the Hôtel de Choiseul, which is a foretaste of the eighteenth century. On a visit to the Musée, one may enter this court.

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Return to the **rue de Sévigné** and turn **R.** Fine view of the church of Saint Paul and Saint Louis. You are on the old rue Sainte Catherine where Olivier de Clisson met with misadventure at the hands of Pierre de Craon and rolled into the baker's shop. At **No. 11, R.**, which retains the original Louis XVI pilasters, was the Théâtre du Marais erected by Beaumarchais with stones taken from the Bastille. (It should not be confounded with the Théâtre du Marais on the rue Vieille du Temple.) Here were played "Métromanie" by Piron and "La Mère Coupable," an unsuccessful third in the series which began with "Le Barbier de Seville" and was continued in "Le Mariage de Figaro." The poster announcing the performance of "La Mère Coupable" stated that it was for the benefit "of the first soldier who will send to citizen Beaumarchais the ear of an Austrian." The glowering wall in the rear of the court belonged to the successor of the Hôtel du Roi de Sicile, the Prison de la Force, where the September massacres lasted over a longer period than at any other prison. Just outside La Force, the Princess de Lamballe, the con-

fidant of Marie Antoinette, was executed and her head subsequently paraded on a pike to the Temple prison with the intention of showing it to the Queen. The Queen did not see the head, though she fainted upon being brutally informed of the murder by deputies from the mob. The tableau in the Musée Grévin, an institution which sets store by accuracy, in this case stretches a point for dramatic effect. The correct version is given in the catalogue. Readers of "Les Misérables" will recall that it was from the Prison de la Force that the resourceful Gavroche rescued his scapegrace father, Thénardier.

The Saint Paul Métro Station is a few rods distant near the end of the rue de Sévigné. One may get tea at a patisserie at No. 23 rue de Rivoli (to the right of the Saint Paul Métro) or luncheon at the Soleil d'Or, which we passed at the corner of the rue du Parc Royal and the rue de Turenne (follow back on the rue de Sévigné).

To go on to Section III, return to the Hôtel Carnavalet and turn **L.** in the rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

III. From the Hôtel de Lamoignon to the Hôtel de Soubise (Archives Nationales) by the rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

Hôtel de Lamoignon.

(See Part I, page 253 et sequit.)

A few rods west of the Musée Carnavalet, on the corner of the rue des Francs-Bourgeois and the rue Pavée is the sentry box tower of the Hôtel de Lamoignon where the servants of the scapegrace Duke d'Angoulême doubtless posted one of their number when it became time to collect wages from the hapless passer-by. Below the tower on each side are the initials "S. C." They mark the boundaries of the fief of Sainte Catherine du Val des Escholiers, the convent on the grounds of which the hôtel was constructed. In the rue Pavée, **L.**, is the entrance gate, which bears the name of Guillaume de Lamoignon, whose acquaintance we have made as the presiding magistrate at the trial of the Marquise de Brinvilliers. The infant figures of the tympanum, holding a mirror and a serpent, represent the judicial virtues, Prudence and Truth.

Enter courtyard and look back at the delicately sculptured floral wreath of entrance gate. Originally built for one Robert de Beauvais in 1555, the hôtel was reconstructed and enlarged in 1584 by Diane de France. The wings, of which only the north remains, were added by Charles de Valois, the Duke d'Angoulême. The south wing was destroyed in 1834 to permit the enlargement of the extensive Prison de La Force. On the north wing, **L.**, which is not quite so high as the main building, the imposing monumental pilasters of the central façade are replaced by light buttresses. Note on this wing the cipher and crescent of Diana and, in the pediments flanking the central façade, her crescents, heads of dogs and stags and hunting emblems. The architect is unknown; possibly Baptiste Androuet du Cerceau. In the north wing is an ingeniously constructed staircase with superimposed arcades. The **east façade** at the back of the hôtel is not without architectural interest but formerly had the same high pilasters and pediments as the façade on the court. It fronted a magnificent formal garden, which extended to the rue de Sévigné, and of which a sorry remnant may be seen by the curious in the courtyard of No. 25 rue des Francs-Bourgeois. The **north façade** on the rue des Francs-Bourgeois is a timid nineteenth century imitation of the façade of the court.

To the Hôtel de Lamoignon were borne the tragic remains of Montmorency and des Chapelles, wrapped in a sheet of black velvet, and here they lay in state until carried secretly for burial to Montmorency (see page 117, et sequit).

From the concierge one may purchase postal cards of the hôtel.

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Turn **L.** in the **rue Pavée**, so named because it was one of the first streets in the Marais to be paved in the reign of Charles V. At the fork in the streets is the rusticated end of a wall, which passes in the quarter for the dividing wall between the Hôtel de Lamoignon and the Prison de la Force. Glance **R.** in the rue Pavée. The stately buildings with arched entrances beyond the turn, **Nos. 13 and 11, R.**, occupy the site of the Hôtel de Savoisy, razed to earth to appease the wrath of the University for the injury done her sons by the pages of the Royal Chamberlain (page 158).

Near the further end of the rue Malher, **L.** (at its junction with the rue du Roi de Sicile) was the *"borne,"* a stone placed by the road side to fend off passing vehicles, on which, according to tradition, the Princess de Lamballe was decapitated at the door of the Prison de la Force.

Return to the **rue des Francs-Bourgeois** and turn **L.** At **No. 20, R.**, grille over doorway, bearing monogram and date, "A. L. C. B. 1792."

The Hôtel d'Albret.

At **No. 31, L.** is the exquisite Louis XV gateway of the Hôtel d'Albret. Graceful balcony with wrought iron railing. Ornamental cartouches and consoles with lions' heads. The handsome knocker depicts a distressed individual between two dragons. The original hôtel on this site was constructed about 1550 for the Connétable Anne de Montmorency. A later tenant was César Phoebus d'Albret, Count de Miossans and Marshal of France. He was a chocolate cream soldier, who owed his high rank less to his military prowess than to his graces as a courtier. Said an abbé, who was obliged to surrender to d'Albret his box at the theatre, "See the fine marshal; this box is all that he has ever captured." To the Hôtel d'Albret came many a time the Widow Scarron, heavy-hearted with poverty and hungering for the "considération" which was her goal, and here, we have seen, she found both fame and fortune in the profitable acquaintance with the royal favorite, Madame de Montespan.

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The **rue Elzévir, R.**, which should have been written, "Elzévier," was named after the famous Dutch family of Renaissance printers. *La vie galante* of seventeenth century Paris owes much to the rue Elzévir, for here the fair Marion Delorme was born in 1613 and the learned Ninon de Lenclos lived in 1642. The corner house, **No. 2, R.**, is the Hôtel de Lusignan where dwelt the poet, Payot de Linière, a gay inconsequent squire of dames, who is said to have swallowed the entire contents of a holy water stoup because he had seen the water "shudder with pleasure" at contact with the gloved fingers of his lady love. "It was the sole pious act of his life," comments Boileau.

No. 26, R., best seen from the courtyard opposite, was the former abode of magistrates. It is a Louis XVI hôtel, with a distinguished façade above the ground story. Doors with urns and garlands. Stairway of the same period. The rear façade, which fronted on a garden, is earlier in date (Louis XIII).

At **No. 35**, opposite, lived Devin de Fontenay in 1780, who was to be the first husband of Teresa Cabarrus, the future Mme Tallien. Amusing masks in courtyard and a staircase of chaste distinction.

Between the rue Vieille du Temple and the rue Culture Sainte Catherine (de Sévigné) this street was called the rue des Poulies from the tenterhooks for stretching cloth used by the weavers who lived here. On the rue des Poulies, one Jehan Roussel and d'Aalis, his wife, established homes where the poor might live on payment of a nominal rent. Destined at the time of their foundation in the fourteenth century for women, these homes became the shelter of the tax-exempt francs bourgeois, so called because, by reason of their poverty, they were free to change their residence at will as contrasted with the petits bourgeois, who were attached to the land and with the grands bourgeois, who could move their dwellings only within the jurisdiction of their overlord. The francs bourgeois sheltered in these homes, Sauval relates, were rascals and "mauvais pauvres," given to disorder and brigandage, so that the street became a sort of "cour des miracles" and the almshouses had to be suppressed.

No. 30, R., stands on the site of the almshouses of Jehan Roussel. When the latter were torn down in 1555, the land was annexed to the garden of the Cardinal Bertrand, which was later divided into four lots, one of which was purchased by Jean de Fourcy, King's Councilor and Treasurer General of France, who constructed this hôtel. The building passed to another King's Councilor, Pierre Alméras, from whom it is known as the **Hôtel Alméras**. Barras, of Directory notoriety, lived here before the Consulate. Barras was one of the leaders of the reaction of Thermidor, which succeeded the Reign of Terror, and it was he who arrested Robespierre at the Hôtel de Ville. His lavish entertainments in the Palais de Luxembourg were the talk of the town. One day, Barras was walking down the rue Honoré (there were no saints in those days) when he accidentally

broke a pane in a shop window. He offered in payment a bill which more than covered the amount, and the shopkeeper, being short of change, was about to start off in search of it but Barras detained him. "Never mind," said Barras, "we'll make up the sum," and smashed another window pane.

The nondescript entrance with griffins in tympanum and rams' heads reflects the awkward period of transition between the Renaissance and the seventeenth century. Enter the impressive **courtyard.** This hôtel, which has been classed as an historic monument, is a fine example of the architecture of the time of Henri IV. The bust of this monarch at the back of the court was enough to create the tradition, which still holds in the quarter, that the hôtel was once occupied by the ubiquitous Gabrielle d'Estrées. The combination of rough stone and brick recalls the Hôtel de Chalons-Luxembourg, which we saw in the rue Geoffroy l'Asnier (page 69), and the high-pitched roof suggests the Place Royale. Curving stairway, **L.**, with bust of Sully.

The courtyard of **No. 34**, **R.** contains two vigorously chiseled masks and Louis XIII porch with cartouche. Pass, **L.**, the **rue des Hospitalières Saint Gervais**, which bisects the former grounds of the Nuns of Saint Gervais and Saint Anastase. We saw the inscriptions marking the northern boundary of their fief on the rue Coutures Saint Gervais near the Hôtel Salé. This charitable order, founded in the twelfth century, was suppressed in the Revolution.

Opposite this street, we meet again the sinister Allée aux Arbalétriers where the Duke d'Orléans was very piteously killed by Jean sans Peur. Continuing, we pass once more the "grant hostel" of Jehan Hérouet with its delightful Gothic tower and gable, best seen from the corner diagonally opposite. On this corner we may decipher the word, "Paradis." The old name of the rue des Francs-Bourgeois between this point and the rue du Chaume (des Archives) was the rue de Paradis, derived from the sign of a house. **No. 51, L.**, is a quaint and ancient jumble.

The **rue des Guillemites** is laid out on the gardens of the Hermits of Saint Guillaume, who replaced the Blancs Manteaux in 1274, but who were known, despite the fact that their cloaks were black, by the name of their predecessors. Down this street one may stroll a few steps. On the street

pavement, **R.**, opposite the clock of the church, are stones showing the site of a tower of the wall of Philip Augustus. Picturesque glimpse of the church tower. To the predecessor of this Eglise des Blancs Manteaux was carried the body of the Duke d'Orléans after his assassination in the Allée aux Arbalétriers. We may picture the royal family grouped about the wounded body of the prince, praying and weeping. Wax torches, bearing the arms of Orléans, cast a reddish, sinister light upon the scene of mourning. The kneeling monks are saying masses for the dead. The door opens and a man advances who, with trembling hand, places the traditional sprig of boxwood upon the body of the royal victim. In a voice shaken by sobs, he exclaims, "Never was a more wicked or more traitorous murder committed in this kingdom." This stricken relative is the assassin himself, the Duke of Burgundy.

The interior of the church scarcely repays a visit. The building behind the two-story structures, opposite, is a remnant of the Couvent des Blancs Manteaux, reconstructed in 1685. Continue in the rue des Francs-Bourgeois. Eighteenth century hôtel with balcony at **No. 56, R.** Enter the **courtyard** of the building opposite, **No. 55, L.** This is the Mont de Piété, the principal government pawn shop, founded by Louis XVI and reorganized by Napoleon. The lines of flagstones in the center of the courtyard trace the city wall of Philip Augustus. Notice indication of tower on the sidewalk, **L.** Turn **R.** and pass under archway, following the course of Philip's wall. At the rear of the inner court is the base of a tower of this wall, repaired with brick and with a modern brick superstructure. Beyond, and to the right, is a façade from the reconstructed Hôtel de Nouvion, originally built for Jean Le Mercier, Sire de Nouvion, a councilor of Charles V. This hôtel, as explained by the diagram on the tablet, occupied a site on the southern side of the present Mont de Piété and thus lay within the wall of Philip Augustus. Sculptural fragments from the Hôtel de Nouvion have been placed in a recess opposite the tower.

On leaving the Mont de Piété, turn **L.** Mask at **No. 58, R.**

The Hôtel de Clisson-Guise-Soubise.

(See Part I, page 254 et sequit.)

On the corner of the rue des Francs-Bourgeois and the rue des Archives is the Hôtel de Soubise, the Archives Nationales, with its great colonnaded, horse-shoe court and finely proportioned façade. Note how the statues of the second story relieve the horizontal lines of the fenestration. The mediaeval remnant of the hôtel, of which we see the towers, **L.**, belonged, you will recall, to Olivier de Clisson, Connétable de France, and later to the great house of Guise. It was then sold to François de Rohan, Prince de Soubise, who entrusted to Delamair its reconstruction and eventually to Boffrand the interior decoration. Delamair placed the main entrance where we now behold it and cleverly incorporated the fourteenth century towers of the old doorway in this splendid façade. There is ground for believing that he embodied in this eighteenth century façade a part of the wall of the old hôtel.

Since the paintings by Natoire in the Oval Salon, representing the myth of Psyche, are not enumerated, either in the standard guides or in the all too summary catalogue, I give them here. Psyche, it should be recalled, was a princess of such surpassing beauty as to arouse the jealousy of Venus, who sent her son, Cupid, to give Psyche a poison which would inspire her with a passion for a monstrous being. But as Cupid bent over her to administer the poison, he was himself wounded by one of his own arrows and fell desperately in love with her. Meanwhile Psyche's father, on consulting the oracle of Apollo, learns that his daughter is to become the bride of a monster and is told to carry the maiden in funeral robes to the summit of a mountain.

At this point the paintings take up the story. Starting at **L.** of entrance door. (1) Psyche, abandoned on the mountain, is rescued by Zephyrus, the South Wind, and borne to the palace of Cupid. (2) Nymphs offering flowers to Psyche on the threshold of the palace of Cupid. (3) Psyche showing the jewels given her by Cupid to her evidently very jealous sisters. Psyche is visited nightly by Cupid who enjoins her to make no attempt to discover his

identity on pain of losing him. But at the instigation of her sisters, who suggest that the mysterious lover may be the predicted monster, she (4) disobeys Cupid's injunction and raises the lamp to gaze upon his features. In her excitement at beholding the beautiful god, she tips the lamp and a drop of oil falls on the sleeper's shoulder, awakening him. Psyche, abandoned by Cupid, seeks death by drowning, but (5) is withdrawn from the stream by nymphs. (Particularly beautiful in composition and color.) (6) Psyche and the shepherds. (7) Psyche swooning from fright in the presence of Venus. (8) Psyche, after many trials, is at last brought to Olympus by Cupid.

Psyche, in this pretty allegory, is the symbol of the soul in its passage through earthly tribulations to celestial bliss.

Continue on the rue des Francs-Bourgeois and turn **R.** in the **rue des Archives**, which brings into view a tower of the fine mediaeval doorway of the old Hôtel de Clisson or Hôtel de Guise.

(We may note in passing, at **No. 45 L.** the former monastery of the Pères de la Merci, reconstructed 1727-1731. Composed of men of noble birth, this order was founded in Spain, in the thirteenth century, with the object of liberating captured Crusaders, either by purchase or by taking their place in slavery. It first gained foothold in Paris in 1515, and the convent was brought to this site in 1613 by Marie de Medici. Suppressed in the Revolution, it became successively a theatre and a prison. Eighteenth century sundial. Staircase.)

We might first take a general view of the towered doorway from somewhere near the corner of the post office, diagonally opposite. When Olivier de Clisson received from Charles V the sum of eight thousand pounds to construct a dwelling, the site he selected was a point just outside the old wall of Philip Augustus (of which we have seen a tower in the courtyard of the Mont de Piété), and on the corner of a narrow alley, which followed a diagonal course across the present entrance court from the rue de Braque to the rue des Francs-Bourgeois. The existence of the alley, which long remained a public thoroughfare, and

the desire to afford space before the entrance explain the oblique angle at which the towers are placed. This doorway (in part restored), is the only surviving example in Paris of an important hôtel of the fourteenth century. The thick walls, the narrow windows with stone partitions, and the machicoulis for pouring boiling oil on the undesired visitor, bespeak the epoch of violence and fear.

Approaching, we may distinguish the machicoulis above the crown of the arch. The sculptured escutcheons and the proud motto of Clisson, "Pour ce qui me plect,"—"For what pleases me," on the banderole between them, are the product of the restoration of 1847. On the right are the arms of Clisson, a lion rampant, and on the left is his seal, a winged helmet. The Gothic "M," inscribed above the motto and spread upon the shields, recurs on all sides in the interior of the hôtel, but to what it may refer remains a mystery. To a love affair, suggests Jules Quicherat, in application of the adage, "Cherchez la femme." The **painted escutcheons**, which belong to the period of the Guise tenancy, owe their preservation to the fact that they were long concealed by the parasitic construction. The escutcheons are spread upon a ducal mantle on a red background and are surmounted by a cardinal's hat. Both contain the double crosses of Lorraine. The left-hand escutcheon is the older. It goes back to Henri le Balafré, the "Scarred One," who was assassinated at Blois, and perhaps even to his father, François de Guise, the great warrior of the family. Projecting above and below this escutcheon, we may decipher an anchor, which was added later in reference to Charles of Lorraine, son of Le Balafré, who was Admiral of the Seas of the Levant under Louis XIII. In the corner, interspersed with the double crosses of Lorraine, appear the H's of Henri le Balafré with the entwined C's, in the form of crescents, of his wife, Catherine de Clèves.

The Hôtel de Guise contributed another tragedy to the annals of the Marais, a tragedy without the far-reaching consequences of that of the Allée aux Arbalétriers,—a drama of love and jealousy. According to the tradition, Saint Mégrin, lover of Catherine de Clèves, was waylaid, one night, as he descended from the balcony of her window, by the henchmen of the "Scarred One" and was strangled with the embroidered handkerchief of his mistress. A less poetic, but no less effective justice was,

HÔTEL DE GUISE

This fourteenth century building is now a part of the Archives Nationales.

in reality, meted out to the favorite of Henri III. He was attacked at eleven o'clock at night in the rue Saint Honoré by twenty men of the Guise faction, who inflicted upon him thirty-four sword thrusts, but, despite the thirty-four sword thrusts, he clung to life until morning.

Bus lines to the Opéra (**R.**) on the rue des Francs-Bourgeois. The rue de Rivoli Métro may be reached in ten minutes by returning on the rue des Archives and continuing to the end. If you are going to the Left Bank, you may get the Métro at Les Halles; turn **R.** on the rue des Francs-Bourgeois. A taxi may generally be picked up on the rue de Rivoli if not before.

If you are disposed to lunch or dine in the neighborhood, you may do either to your heart's content and partake of a bottle of excellent Chinon from the "pays" of François Rabelais at the Restaurant Martial; descend the rue des Archives to the corner of the rue Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie.

IV. The Vicinity of the rue des Archives and "The Convent where God was Boiled."

Opposite the towered doorway of the Hôtel de Clisson-Guise is the rue de Braque, named after one Arnoul Braque, a moneychanger, who founded a hospital and chapel which were later assigned to the Pères de la Merci. At **Nos. 4 and 6 R.**, with imposing balconies, is the so-called Hôtel de Braque, constructed in 1690 for the Marquis de la Grange with a ceiling by Le Brun and occupied in 1827 by the Duchess de Vicence. **Enter No. 4** to inspect, on your right, a fine **staircase**, with elaborately sculptured vestibule and consoles visible on the second story. In the **courtyard** are expressive masks. Above the further door leading to the street is a Diana with crescent, dog, bow and quiver with arrows. One may regain the street by this exit. The consoles of the balcony at **No. 6** are decorated with the heads of fauns. At **No. 8, R.**, is a handsome door. **No. 7**, opposite, with garlanded entrance, is the **Petit Hôtel de Mesmes**, which was inhabited by Charles Gravier, Count de Vergennes, the last great minister of the ancient monarchy. Vergennes secretly aided Beaumarchais in sending

supplies to the American revolutionists and assisted Lafayette's volunteers before France declared war on Great Britain. During his ministry, the Treaty of Versailles of 1783 was signed in which Great Britain recognized American independence.[1]

Return to the **rue des Archives** and turn **L.** At the corner of the rue des Haudriettes, **L.**, is a seventeenth century fountain, reconstructed in 1705 by the Prince de Rohan, with a charming bas-relief depicting a reclining naiad by Mignot. We may continue on the rue des Archives beyond the rue Pastourelle where we shall see in the Hôtel de Tallard, at **No. 78, R.**, one of the finest examples in Paris of an eighteenth century staircase. The architect was Pierre Bullet (1639-1716), who designed the Porte Saint Martin. The staircase is at the end of the court on the right . Returning, we may stop at **No. 70, L.**, which contains an elaborate eighteenth century stair railing in wrought iron at the back of the court. A plaque on the street façade commemorates the death of Lamennais, a noted writer on politico-religious matters of the reign of Louis Philippe. At the hôtel opposite, **No. 63**, we may penetrate the second court for a glimpse of an eighteenth century pediment and of a charming sculptural bit comprising a mask with garland of rosebuds. This hôtel belonged to M. de Voyer d'Argenson, an aide-de-camp of Lafayette. **No. 62, L.**, with mask on doorway surmounted by a bat, was owned by an Inspector of Artillery under Louis XV and later by the Public Prosecutor, Bellard, who figured in the trial of Marshal Ney and in that of the four sergeants of La Rochelle. Handsome eighteenth century pediment in court.

Turn **L.** in the **rue des Quatre Fils**, skirting on your right the modern portion of the Archives Nationales. You are in a fourteenth century street, which owes its name to a sign representing the four sons of Aymon, legendary heroes of a mediaeval romance attributed to Huon de Villeneuve, a trouvère, or wandering minstrel, of the reign of Philip

[1] In a treaty, dated July 16, 1782, and signed by Vergennes and Benjamin Franklin, Article III reads as follows:
"His Majesty wishing to give a new proof of his friendship to the said United States, it has pleased him to make a present of all the arrears of interest up to the present date, and from this time up to the Treaty of Peace to remit the payment of it; which Act of Grace the Minister of Congress of the United States recognizes as flowing from the pure beneficence of the King and which act he accepts with a profound and lively gratitude."

Augustus. The sign showed the four brothers, mounted one behind the other on Bayard, the family horse, fleeing before the wrath of Charlemagne. Another sign which existed in the Paris of olden days was Aux Trois Filles de Damp Simon, heroines of the same ballad singer. Some mediaeval wag celebrated the various signs of the city in a facetious bit of prose entitled, "Le Mariage des Quatre Fils Aymon et des Filles de Damp Simon." How the four Aymons could wed the three Simons the chronicler does not explain.

In the unpretentious house at **No. 22** lived that witty, blind woman, whose name is associated with one of the famous eighteenth century salons, Mme du Deffand. Like other "philosophes" of her time, she was, in Lanson's phrase, "absolutely and peacefully irreligious." When still a child in the convent, she refused to believe that a doll dressed as the infant Jesus was sacred and even a week on bread and water could not dissipate her incredulity. "It does not depend upon me," she said, "to believe or disbelieve." Strictly aristocratic at first, except for Voltaire, her salon later included d'Alembert and the Encyclopedists, who were brought by her reader, Mlle de Lespinasse. A prey to jealous rage on discovering that her attractive young reader was holding a preliminary salon downstairs while the Marquise was still in slumber, she promptly dismissed her reader, but the latter bore off, among others, the highly prized d'Alembert to a salon of her own. The well-proportioned house next door, at **No. 20**, belonged to de Sèze, one of the lawyers who defended Louis XVI at his trial, and for whom the rue de Sèze is named. Stairway, **R.**, in the archway. Notice the huge lock on the entrance door. The sculptured entrance beyond at **No. 16** looks better from a distance, so we may retrace our steps on the Street of the Four Sons to the rue des Archives.

Continue in the same axis on the **rue des Haudriettes.** A fourteenth century resident was Jean Haudri, Chief Baker of Philip the Fair. Haudri set forth on the much-favored mediaeval pligrimage to Saint Jacques de Compostelle (Santiago de Compostela) in Spain, and was gone so long that his wife gave him up for dead, took a vow of chastity and locked herself up in her house with similarly widowed companions. But Haudri came back and, to obtain remission of his wife's vow, offered to support a com-

munity of twelve poor women in his own house. Thus the charitable order of Haudriettes came into being. They owned property in this street and in the rue de la Mortellerie (rue de l'Hôtel de Ville) and were later transferred to the rue Saint Honoré where their domed chapel may be seen at the corner of the rue Cambon.

Turn **L.** in the **rue du Temple**, passing old house at **No. 72 L.** with inscription over door. At the entrance gate, with mask, of the Hôtel de Montmort, **No. 79, R.**, glance at handsome, well-proportioned court (pediment, mask, stairway and medallion on the inside of entrance gate, visible from second court). Passing sculptured Louis XIII façade at **No. 77, R.**, we come to the monumental entrance at **No. 71, R.**, of the

Hôtel Saint Aignan.

Imposing door with four ferocious winged heads. The hôtel was built in 1660 by Le Muet for Claude de Mesmes, the Count d'Avaux, and was purchased in 1700 by the Duke de Saint Aignan. The court, of which the monumental pilasters, extending the full height of the façade, recalls the Hôtel de Lamoignon, has lost much of its impressiveness by reason of the intruding shed and spurious superstructures of commerce, but with a little imagination, we may reinvest it with its former grandeur. The second court is without especial interest.

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On leaving, we can avoid the crowded rue Rambuteau by passing through the opposite archway and following the **Passage Sainte Avoie** on the site of a very splendid Hôtel Montmorency. At the further end, cross the rue Rambuteau and take the so-called **Passage Pecquai**, which seems, to all intents and purposes, a street. The name is derived from a sixteenth century Hôtel de Picquet. In this thirteenth century passage was born Lavoisier (1743-1794), the father of modern chemistry, whose statue is behind the Madeleine. The curious arched entrance at **Nos. 15 and 13, R.** is flanked by two enormous bornes. Bornes have figured, on at least two occasions, on the stage of French history for it was on a borne, as we have seen, that the beautiful head of the Princess de Lamballe was severed

from her body and it was on a borne, as we shall later see, that the red-bearded Ravaillac mounted to thrust his dagger into the best-loved monarch of France.

Turn **L.** in the **rue des Blancs Manteaux.** At **No. 28, L.,** is a bakery with wrought iron grilles of the close of the eighteenth century, showing appropriate sheaves of wheat and monogram "G. L. E." Cross the new, wide rue des Archives, which has swept away in this region a series of narrow forbears. On the further corner, at **No. 25, R,** rue des Blancs Manteaux, is a quaint sign in wrought iron of the same period, "A l'Homme Armé." The miniature figure of a soldier in full armor, with lance and sword, is seated on a cannon flanked by grapevines. Our festive soldier has apparently emptied one bottle of wine and is embarking on another. Frieze with grapevines and heads of Bacchus.

The original Cabaret de l'Homme Armé dates back to the fifteenth century and possibly earlier. Whence came the sign of the Armed Man? In the reign of Saint Louis, recounts Saint Foix, Renaud de Brehon, who had married the daughter of Leolyn, Prince of Wales, came to Paris for some secret negotiations against England. On the night of Good Friday, in the year 1228, five Englishmen entered his abode in this neighborhood and insulted him. He had with him only his chaplain and a servant named Gallesan, but they aided him to such good purpose that, although the chaplain lost his life, three of the Englishmen were killed and the other two were put to flight. Before leaving Paris, Renaud de Brehon rewarded the faithful Gallesan by bequeathing him his hôtel and vineyard. It was conceivably this feat of arms which suggested to the tavern keeper the sign of the Armed Man.

The courtyard of **No. 25** has unusual consoles. Stairway in further corner.

Continue on the **rue des Archives.** The block of houses, **L.,** which form an oblique angle with the street, originally fronted on a mediaeval street called the rue Pernelle Saint Pol in the thirteenth century and re-named two centuries later, the rue de l'Homme Armé. The rue Pernelle Saint Pol, because of the character of its inhabitants, was closed after curfew and the dwellers therein were required to stay inside their houses on pain of a fine of vingt sols parisis, or about twenty francs, if they ventured abroad. Provided

they kept indoors, however, they might make as merry as they chose, so the neighborhood was none too select, and in a curious document preserved in the National Archives, we learn of a pardon granted to one Guiot l'Eguiller, who was involved in a tavern brawl at "l'Homme Armé" between servants of the Duke of Bedford and monks in disguise from the Couvent des Blancs Manteaux, in which one Brother Robert of the monks drew in anger his "entirely naked sword" but succeeded only in cutting the foot of a dog there present. The monks then beat a retreat, throwing stones as they went, and barricaded themselves in a house of the rue de Paradis where retribution, in conformity with the Scriptures, overtook Brother Robert, for he perished by the sword of Guiot, which one of the latter's companions had seized and thrust through the door, delivering "one blow only," but that a mortal one. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries "l'Homme Armé" turned its back on its riotous past and became a bourgeois cabaret of good food and fine wines, frequented by such men of letters as Helvetius and Thomas Corneille. Outside the Armed Man, the strange peasant figure of Ange Pitou, who still lives in the well-known light opera, "La Fille de Mme Angot," sang, with amazing courage, his satirical anti-Revolutionary songs.

It was in the rue de l'Homme Armé (at the former No. 7) that Jean Valjean in "Les Misérables" hid himself and Cosette, not to forget the faithful Toussaint and the "inséparable," after the flight from the house in the rue Plumet, and here his harassed spirit enjoyed a short term of peace. "Obscure street, peaceful inhabitants! Jean Valjean felt indefinably the contagious calm of this street of old Paris, so narrow that it is barred to carriages by a cross-bar attached to two posts, deaf and dumb in the midst of the noisy city, a twilight at high noon and incapable of emotions between its two rows of high houses centuries old and silent, like the old men they are." Alas, of Victor Hugo's "old men" only one row remains. From here Valjean set forth to meet death on the barricades and here he returned in the cab with Javert, having escaped death himself and snatched from its jaws both Marius and the terrible police agent. But the latter's heart of steel for once was melted and when, faint for air, Valjean went to the window, his tormentor was nowhere to be seen.

Eighteenth century doorway and cartouche above window at **No. 42.** Sign recalling the street at **No. 40.**

On the **rue du Plâtre, R.,** formerly the rue de la Plâtrière, Rousseau lived for a time at the house of a certain Mme Venant. Mme Venant had a sister, who conducted a café on the rue de la Verrerie (a street we shall visit forthwith), but it was not doing a thriving business. Aware that whenever her famous guest repaired to the Régence for a game of chess he attracted a crowd of the curious, she besought Rousseau to patronize her sister's café. Rousseau good-naturedly complied and the people flocked to see him, but when some young fellows recited derisively passages from "Emile," he abandoned the sister's café to its fate.

The next street, the **rue Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie,** was known, in the thirteenth century, as the rue Champ aux Bretons or the rue de la Bretonnerie because of a family of Breton farmers who owned fields adjoining the street. The "Sainte Croix" was prefixed to the name some years after the establishment here, by Saint Louis, of the Brothers of the Holy Cross. "There came back [from the Holy Land] another kind of brothers," writes Joinville, "who called themselves 'Brothers of the Holy Cross' and who wore the cross on their chests and requested the king to aid them; the king did it willingly and sheltered them in a street called the Temple Crossroads which is now called Holy Cross." The convent of the brothers prospered and their chapel was filled with paintings and rich funeral monuments. The slender, melancholy Rameau was, at one time, organist in the Church of Sainte Croix.

At this point the indefatigable archeologist may make a detour to discover a fragment of a sixteenth century gravestone from the church of Sainte Croix, unexpectedly tucked away in the entrance hall of **No. 13 Square Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie,** where it is daily tramped upon by unheeding feet. Turn **R.** in the rue Sainte Croix, then **L.** into the Square. **No. 13** is on your right. Ask to see the **inscription tumulaire.**[1]

[1] The complete inscription, of which only the last few lines appear on the fragment, is as follows:

"Les relligieulx de ceans presens et advenir sont tenuz faire dire et cellebrer a tousjours par chascan an, a perpetuité, a l'issue de la grande messe, en tous temps, une messe basse qui se dira du jour, et a la fin, le De Profundis et l'oraison accoustumée, et, a

The inscription, which was placed on the wall of the church beside the main entrance, records that the monks are required to say a mass and sprinkle holy water on the grave of Master Aignan Chenu and recite a prayer that his soul may rest in peace and to do the same for Geoffraine de Vitry, his wife, in return for a certain sum left by the defunct for this purpose, declared before notaries at the Châtelet "on the twentieth day of October in the year 1565. Pray God for them."

The indefatigable may prolong his detour by returning to the rue Sainte Croix and turning **L.** At the corner of the rue du Temple he will see a quaint relic of Old Paris in a seventeenth century turret (1610), and diagonally opposite, on the shavèd-off corner of a house, the prettily carved heads of cherubs flying among clouds. The why and wherefore of them I do not know, but there they are. Return to the corner of the rue des Archives and the rue Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie.

Assuming that you are again (or still) facing south on the corner of the **rue des Archives** and the **rue Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie,** turn **L.** into the latter street. In the rue Sainte Croix was the dwelling of Renaud de Brehon, who defended his hearthstone from English invaders and gave the name to "l'Homme Armé." Follow the right-hand sidewalk, from which you may note, in passing, old hôtels on the opposite side, at **Nos. 26, 24 and 22,** the latter converted into a school house. At **No. 20,** with plaque, is the massive gateway of the Hôtel Le Pelletier de Mortefontaine, dating from 1696. The jurist, Target, who defended the Cardinal de Rohan in the Affair of the Necklace and who was later President of the Constituent Assembly, died in this hôtel in 1808. Fine Louis XIV doors with foliage, shells and heads in profile at upper corners.

A resident of the rue Sainte Croix in 1788 (and of the rue Vieille du Temple in 1786) was Fouquier Tinville, the

la fin, jetter de l'eau beniste sur la fosse de feu maistre Aignan Chenu, en disant Requiescat in Pace, et sur les assistans de ladicte messe, pour l'ame dudict deffunct maistre Aignan Chenu, en son vivant Procureur en la Cour de Parlement, et de Geoffraine de Vitry qui fut sa femme, de tous leurs parens et amis trespassez moyennant certaine rente qui ledict deffunct a delaissée auxdicts Relligieulx pour la cellebration de ladicte messe, ainsy qu'il est plus à plain contenu et declaré ès lettres de fondation de ce faictes et passées par devant Mahieux et Godart, Nottaires au Chastellet de Paris, le jeudi XXe jour d'Octobre, l'An MDLXV—Priez Dieu pour eulx."

merciless public prosecutor of the Reign of Terror, who, drunk or sober, condemned with equal bloodthirstiness. Despite his plea, "I am the axe, does one punish the axe?" the reaction of Thermidor condemned him to take his turn at the guillotine. As the cart bore him slowly through the jeering crowds, a voice called out, "Tu n'a plus la parole aujourd'hui," "It is no longer your turn to speak today," the phrase with which he had so often quashed an appeal for mercy. "And you, guttersnipe, imbecile," was the cynical rejoinder, "go get your three ounces of bread at the section; I at least die with my belly full."

Return and take the street which you have just passed, the **rue de Moussy, L.** On the site of the loft building beyond the schoolhouse, **R.**, stood the hôtel of the Bishops of Beauvais, inhabited by Cauchon, who presided at the trial of Jeanne d'Arc. A later hôtel on this site was rented in 1725 by a certain Poisson, a crapulous and cynical fellow, enriched by speculation in grain and anxious to cut a figure in the fashionable Marais. This "large man, full of life and blood and wine," in the phrase of the de Goncourts, was the father of a precocious child of four, who was to figure twenty years later as the all-powerful Marquise de Pompadour. The rue de Moussy dates back to the thirteenth century and was formerly a narrow lane of ill repute. After curfew, the street was barred by iron gates to lock up the female residents who were "folieuses de leurs corps." The iron gate at the southern end is within the memory of a white-haired concierge, who recounts that the street at that time was merely an alley where no cart could penetrate and where a man with a wheelbarrow could barely pass.

Turn **L.** in the rue de la Verrerie. The **rue des Mauvais Garçons** is another street which once held bad tenants. This thirteenth century thoroughfare received its name from the "bad boys," or hired thugs, who tried to assassinate Olivier de Clisson, and who were concealed in the hôtel of Pierre de Craon, which stood at the end of the street on the site of **Nos. 4, 6 and 8** rue de la Verrerie. When the hôtel was razed to the ground, the site became a cemetery. Old house at **No. 6** rue des Mauvais Garçons. Return to the corner of the rue de Moussy where a café bears the sign, "A Gabrielle d'Estrées." A lovers' tryst between the fair Gabrielle and Henri IV, the tradition of the quarter runs,

took place in the cellar of this building, Gabrielle entering from the street of the "folieuses" and the king from the rue de la Verrerie. Behind the counter of the amiable proprietor, this legendary meeting is commemorated in a painting, wherein a very roguish Henry playfully reproaches for some reason or other—no doubt she was late—a very blue-haired Gabrielle.

The **rue de la Verrerie**, or Street of the Glass Industry, owes its name to the glass makers and painters on glass, who had their headquarters here. There is record of a glass maker on this street as early as 1187. Along the rue de la Verrerie and the rue Saint Antoine, the foreign ambassadors made their ceremonious entrances into the capital. The street was enlarged—it must have been narrow!—in 1672, so that Louis XIV might more conveniently repair to his château at Vincennes. It was ever thus; the inconvenience of the monarch is the beginning of improvement. When the son of Louis the Fat is unhorsed by a stray pig, an edict goes forth to clear the streets of stray pigs. Philip Augustus, standing at his palace window, is nauseated by the smell of the mire; Paris streets receive their first paving. Finally an emperor, who has seen enough of barricades in tortuous lanes, will endow his capital with wide, straight avenues for light and air—and cavalry charges.

The Convent where God was Boiled.

(See Part I, page 259 et sequit.)

Continue on the rue de la Verrerie to the first street, the rue des Archives, cross to the corner occupied by the large department store and glance north on the rue des Archives at the façade and towering belfry of the Eglise des Billettes. Approach the church and enter the door at **No. 24**, which opens on the most delightful and unexpected of little cloisters. You are in the fifteenth century cloister (1427) of the Convent where God was Boiled, the only mediaeval cloister in Paris. The small windows above the northern and southern arcades admitted light to the monks' cells. The northern arcade was restored in 1885, and the west side has been walled in to make a home for the concierge. Continue down the southern corridor to the last bay but one, where

the keystone, without inscription, is supported by two angels. It formerly bore the royal arms but they were effaced in the Revolution. The bits of sculpture on the north side have no connection with Old Paris; they were created as models for the children's school in the rear of this property. You may care to give a glance at the severe Lutheran interior of this eighteenth century church; entrance is by the small door on the south side of the cloister. On leaving, **watch out** for a treacherous flight of steps by the door.

The Hôtel de Ville Métro station is two hundred yards distant; turn **L.** For the hungry, there is the excellent restaurant Martial at the next corner, **R.**

CHAPTER V.

IN THE FAUBOURG SAINT GERMAIN.

Part I. Introductory.

I. The Abbey and Fair of Saint Germain of the Meadows.

On the left bank of the Seine, in the fields southwest of Paris, a basilica church with gleaming, gilded roof was erected in the sixth century in honor of the Holy Cross and Saint Vincent. At the same time an abbey was founded which was to become one of the richest and most powerful in Europe.

The church was built in 543 by Childebert, son of the great Clovis. At the siege of Saragossa, Childebert was amazed at seeing the inhabitants parade in unarmed procession around the walls carrying above their heads a tunic, which he learned upon enquiry was the tunic of Saint Vincent, patron saint of prisoners. The incident made so strong an impression upon his mediaeval mind that he offered to raise the siege in return for the sanctified raiment; the offer was promptly accepted and the tunic of Saint Vincent was borne back in triumph to the banks of the Seine. Childebert possessed likewise a piece of the Holy Cross and to shelter these sacred relics he built, at the instigation of Germain who was later Bishop of Paris, a church and abbey in the meadows southwest of the city. This early basilica was cruciform in shape with a flooring of rich mosaic. Great marble columns supported the roof, which was of gilded copper and earned the church the nickname

of "L'Eglise Dorée." When Germain, Bishop of Paris, died, he was canonized and was buried in the church of the Holy Cross and Saint Vincent. His tomb was much visited and effected many miraculous cures. "And in this place were performed fine miracles," writes Du Breul in his Théâtre des Antiquitez de Paris. Among others, a paralytic was entirely cured there." And Du Breul goes on to relate that Chilperic, having heard of the marvelous cure, came the next day to the said tomb and composed an epigram in honor of the saint. So it came about, in course of time, that the fame of Saint Germain eclipsed the memory of Saint Vincent and the Holy Cross and the church came to be known as Saint Germain des Prés, Saint Germain of the Meadows.

The abbey waxed rich in books, in learning and in land. It possessed ninety thousand acres of land in France, the greater part of which was arable, and ruled over more than ten thousand serfs. Until the foundation of the abbey of Saint Denis by Dagobert, the abbey of Saint Germain was the burial place of the Merovingian kings, most of whom were there interred. The great wealth of the abbey offered a tempting booty to the Norman invaders and the basilica suffered severely at their hands. It was rebuilt about the year 1000 (990-1014) in the reign of Robert the Pious but the choir was not dedicated until 1163. The church is the oldest in Paris.

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One of the most ancient and most important of the Parisian fairs existed as early as 1176 on ground ceded by Louis VII to the Abbey of Saint Germain in return for half the revenues of the fair. As the meeting place of those traditional enemies, the scholars of the University and the henchmen of the Abbey, the Foire Saint Germain grew so riotous that a century later, on the complaint of both parties, Philippe le Bel ordered its

suppression. It was reestablished by Louis XI in 1482 in the gardens of the Hôtel de Navarre, now occupied by the Marché Saint Germain. Closed a second time, while Leaguers and Huguenots were battling beneath the walls of Paris, the fair blossomed out again in the piping times of peace and Henri IV. When the Foire Saint Germain was visited by that monarch he is said to have advised the merchants in advance that his pockets were well lined with the dowry of his recent bride, Marie de Medici. The dealers rubbed their hands in glee but the Gascon made the rounds of the Fair and departed without leaving a sou behind him. Until as late as the Revolution, the Foire Saint Germain was the most fashionable fair of Paris, but it did not long outlive the cataclysm of 1789 and its place was taken by the present market.

The latter-day Fair consisted of rows of booths formed into little streets like a miniature town. Art objects and precious materials were sold here—"All the artizans of the kingdom come with their wares," writes Sterne—and foreign artists, especially the Flemings, sold their pictures. Frequented particularly in the evening as a place of amusement, the Foire Saint Germain witnessed the origins of the Opéra Comique, the Ambigu and the Variétés. An Armenian named Pascal established at the Fair a coffee stall similar to those in Constantinople, which was the forerunner of the Parisian maison de café, or café, as we know it now. His boys peddled throughout the city this new drink which Madame de Sévigné found so distasteful but which caught on, nevertheless, and became the fashion. At the Foire Saint Germain a Sicilian, whose gallicized name was Procope, sold the first ices. An upholsterer's stall was conducted by one Jean Poquelin who was to have a famous grandson in Molière.

Many and varied were the sights to be seen at the fair, ranging from rats, who danced on a rope to the sound of music, to the rhinoceros whose veritable por-

VAUX HALL.
The ballroom of the Foire Saint Germain.

AN ATTRACTION AT THE FAIR.

trait is shown opposite this page. A trained monkey named Fagotin, who used to perform on the Pont Neuf when the fair was not in session, came to an untimely end at the hands of Cyrano de Bergerac. Some valets were making fun of Cyrano's enormous nose, which was no nose to make fun of, and the Parisian (for he was not a Gascon, despite his name, despite his temperament, despite Rostand)—the Parisian (if you will yield the point), drew his sword to chastize his tormentors. Fagotin, who had been trained to fence, followed suit and, in the confusion, Cyrano mistook the red-coated animal for a hostile valet and ran him through. Another attraction was a water drinker who absorbed one hundred pints of water and spurted it forth again in the form of wine and various liquids. The learned doctors of Paris—the Paris of Molière's day—devoted a conference to this phenomenon and decided that the performer must be possessed of several stomachs, but that shrewd English traveler, John Evelyn, was not so easily deceived. Under the date of the 24th February, 1651, he writes, "I went to see a Dromedarie, a very monstrous beaste, much like the Camel but larger. There was also dauncing on the rope; but above all surprising to those who were ignorant of the addresse, was the water-spouter, who drinking only fountaine water, rendred out of his mouth in severall glasses all sorts of wine and sweete waters, &c. For a piece of money he discover'd the secret to me." But the secret was not confided to his diary.

Fake wonders were the rule and Mercier tells of men in Turkish headdress, mounted on stilts, passing themselves off as giants, and a shaven bear, dressed up in men's clothes, exhibited as "un animal unique, extraordinaire"; the Parisians, he finds, are no less pleased with a false marvel than with a real one. An organist from Troyes, named Raisin, was the proprietor of a spinet of complicated appearance, which would start to play when its owner commanded "Play, spinet," and at the command, "Stop, spinet," would immediately cease

playing. It would resume playing when so ordered and would oblige with the tune desired. There was serious talk of trying Raisin as a sorcerer and the matter reached the ears of Louis XIV, who commanded that the magic spinet be brought to Versailles. Having admired its mechanism, the King sent it to the apartment of Maria Teresa but when the command "Play, spinet" was given and the instrument started to play, the Queen gave a cry of fright. The Sun King thereupon decreed that the spinet be opened and out popped a small child "beautiful as an angel, who was caressed by all the court."

A delightful revival of the Foire Saint Germain was inaugurated in 1922 and is now held annually, every May, on the Place Saint Sulpice in conjunction with the Fête Jeanne d'Arc. There are antique shops, book shops and music, mediaeval costumes and mediaeval farces.

II. From Meadows to Faubourg.

When Charles V built his wall on the Right Bank to protect an expanded Paris from English invasion, on the Left Bank, where the city had not grown, he contented himself with strengthening the wall of Philip Augustus but decreed that the Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés, which lay just outside the walls, should be fortified. A high wall, with towers, was erected to enclose the abbey grounds and a moat was dug outside the wall. A canal from the Seine, called the Petite Seine, which followed the course of the present rue Bonaparte, was utilized to bring water to this moat, but the Petite Seine was not constructed for this purpose since it antedated the moat. Our interest in the Petite Seine lies in the fact that it divided the Prés aux Clercs or Students' Meadows from which the abbey took its name, into the Petit Pré and the Grand Pré. East of the Petite Seine, between the monastery and the river, lay the Petit Pré, comprised in the tract of land now bounded by the rue

Bonaparte, the rue Jacob, the rue de Seine and the river. West of the Petite Seine, or west of the present rue Bonaparte, lay the Grand Pré extending almost to the present Champ de Mars.

Possession of the Prés aux Clercs was for centuries bitterly disputed between the University and the Abbey of Saint Germain in a struggle marked by frequent clashes between the students and the henchmen of the abbey. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the Petit Pré was a favorite spot for dueling in the morning and for promenading and love-making in the evening. The isolated country homes of rich nobles and bourgeois, which were constructed in this late mediaeval period, were in the main wiped out by the Hundred Years' War but in the following century, under the Renaissance monarchs, the meadow lost much of its rural aspect through the construction of several houses, which numbered among their owners, the architects, Jean Cousin and Baptiste du Cerceau and the poet, Clément Marot, the long cadences of whose psalms were chanted on the Pré aux Clercs by the Huguenots in the time of Henri II. Though the early part of the seventeenth century witnessed the establishment in the Faubourg Saint Germain of numerous hospitals and religious orders, it was not until the latter part of that century and the beginning of the next that the tide of fashion began to flow into this quarter. From the Marais, the tide swept westward, as we saw in connection with the Place Royale, in two currents, one flowing directly west to the Faubourg Saint Honoré, the other diverging southwest to the Left Bank and the Faubourg Saint Germain. Besides the loss of prestige of the Marais, other influences aided the growth of this region. The establishment of a ferry to transport stone for the construction of the Tuileries, with the consequent cutting through of the rue du Bac (Ferry Street), the erection of the palace of the deposed Queen Marguerite on the rue de Seine near the Quai and of the country palace of the reigning Queen,

the Palais de Luxembourg, the reopening of the Foire Saint Germain, and, finally, the construction in stone in 1684 of the Pont Royal—all contributed to the development of an aristocratic quarter which remains the spiritual, and often the actual home of the old aristocracy.

III. The First "Maison de Café."

Today there are over twelve thousand "maisons de café" in Paris; in the reign of Louis XV there were but six hundred and prior to the last quarter of the seventeenth century, there were none. The first café or maison de café, as they were called, was founded by a Sicilian nobleman from Palermo, whose Italian name of Francesco Procopio dei Coltelli was gallicized to Procope Couteau. Encouraged by the success of the Armenians with whom he was associated at the Foire Saint Germain, Procope opened a "maison de café" in the rue de Tournon in 1675. In 1690, in order to be near the Comédie Française, which had recently opened in the rue des Fossés Saint Germain des Prés (rue de l'Ancienne Comédie), Procope moved to No. 13 of that street where Procope still remains today though in the guise of a restaurant.

The Café Procope immediately sprang into fame as the gathering place of the leading lights of the stage, art, literature and politics, a fame it was to retain down to the Third Republic. Continued by Coltelli's son and by one Zoppy, who opened a reading room, the café was frequented by an illustrious clientele, including Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, Rousseau and Condorcet. Voltaire's special table, where he used to drink the amazing mixture of coffee and chocolate, is still preserved beneath the medallion of its celebrated occupant, though bedecked with less magnificence than the table at the Café de la Régence where Napoleon played chess. Among

other frequenters were Greuze, the artist, and Piron, who composed for himself the famous epitaph,

Ci gît Piron
Qui ne fut rien
Pas même Académicien.[1]

The Café Procope was not only the gathering place of the philosophers and literary men of the day but was frequented as well by the active leaders of the Revolution. Marat, grotesque of stature, and the burly Danton came here from their dwellings, only a stone's throw away, and Mirabeau, Hébert and the implacable Robespierre were among its clients. In 1790, when news was received of the death of the much revered Benjamin Franklin, the habitués wore mourning for three days, the walls of the café were painted black, the chandeliers were hung with crêpe and a bust of the great American statesman, crowned with oak leaves, was placed at the door. Napoleon came here as an obscure soldier and one day, the story runs, he forgot his purse and was obliged to leave his hat as pledge. Another patron was that arch turncoat, Talleyrand.

Frequenters of a later epoch were Alfred de Musset, the trousered George Sand, Alexandre Dumas, Balzac and the chronicler of the Parisian underworld, Eugène Sue. Gambetta, whose garret of student days we shall see in the rue Bonaparte, came to the Café Procope when he was writing for the Journal des Débats and here the lion-headed one gathered about him the opponents of the Second Empire. A playlet by Paul Verlaine was acted at the Café Procope in 1894 and the author was among its habitués until he transferred his allegiance to a cellar café in the rue de Nevers, a street which has the merit, he was wont to explain, of being so narrow that, on leaving the

[1] Here lies Piron
Who was nothing,
Not even a member of the Academy.

café, one can be certain of holding up by placing a hand on each wall. Two English clients were Thackeray and Oscar Wilde and another patron was Anatole France.

For two hundred years this café of European celebrity has harbored the men of letters who have sown the seeds of revolution and the statesmen who have reaped the harvest. Within its spy-haunted walls a monarchy and an empire have crumbled unto dust.

IV. "Little Geneva," Stage Land, a Tippler and a Printing Press.

We have seen that the century of the Renaissance witnessed the beginning of the end of that theatre of love-making and duels, the Petit Pré aux Clercs.

One of the first streets to cross this meadow was laid out in 1540 near the property of Nicolas des Maretz, or des Marays, and was called, in his honor, the rue des Maretz or rue des Marais Saint Germain, the "marais" in this case having nothing to do with a marsh. Buildings quickly followed and the street was soon bordered by inns which served as meeting places for Huguenots. Thus arose the term "Little Geneva," mentioned by d'Aubigné, an expression which was sometimes applied not only to this street but to the whole district, where many Protestants had settled in the hope of greater liberty for the exercise of their cult. The first Protestant synod was held in the rue des Marais in 1559. In 1864, the street was given the name of Visconti to commemorate the architect of Napoleon III, who designed the fountain of the Place Saint Sulpice, the too little known Fontaine Louvois opposite the Bibliothèque Nationale, the Gaillon and Molière fountains, the unfortunate tomb of Napoleon I and the new Louvre.

Undoubtedly the most distinguished resident of the rue des Marais Saint Germain was Racine, who came here in 1692 from the rue des Maçons Sorbonne (rue Champol-

lion) and died here seven years later,—of a broken heart, it is said, over grief at the calumnies of the notorious poisoner, "La Voisin," and his fall from royal favor. The site of his house has been the subject of much controversy. The honor of having harbored the great dramatist was long contested between No. 13, a house owned by the Daughters of the Visitation of Saint Mary, and No. 21, the Hôtel de Rannes. The claim of No. 13 was largely based on a vine on this property traditionally known as the "vigne de Racine" but the vine was finally explained on the supposition that Racine had presented an offshoot from a vine in his garden to the nuns who owned No. 13, which would account for the association of his name with the vine, and the palm of victory was awarded the Hôtel de Rannes. The owner of the Hôtel de Rannes thereupon affixed a tablet to the hôtel, stating that Racine had lived there, but it developed, from further investigation, that neither building had a good claim and that, in reality, Racine lived and died in the sixteenth century Hôtel de Burgensis which stood almost opposite the Hôtel de Rannes and which no longer exists.

A whimsical predecessor of Racine at the Hôtel de Burgensis was the poet, Nicolas Le Vauquelin, Seigneur des Yveteaux, who had been preceptor of the Duke of Vendôme, the son of Henri IV and Gabrielle d'Estrées, and of the Dauphin who became Louis XIII. Disgraced under the Regency, he retired to this house in the rue des Marais which he fitted out in such splendor that the Cardinal de Richelieu thought of buying it. Here he led an eccentric and none too exemplary life. Bizarre in the matter of dress, he used to promenade in his garden, to the great scandal of the neighbors, clad as a satyr, a shepherd or a Greek god, accompanied by the nymph of the hour correspondingly arrayed. He was passionately fond of music, and Ninon de Lenclos, who lived for a time on the rue des Saints Pères, used to go to his house to play the lute.

Another dweller in the rue des Marais was the great tragic actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur. Hers was not a Greek beauty but she had, we are told, "une grande simplicité, une expression de tendresse très touchante." To aid her lover, the Maréchal de Saxe, she sold all her jewelry and was left without a sou. When the ungrateful marshal transferred his attentions to the Duchess de Bouillon, Lecouvreur, in the rôle of Phèdre, advanced down stage and hurled at her rival, who was seated in the audience, the altered line, "Je connais la perfidie." The Duchess in return is supposed to have presented the actress with a poisoned bouquet which caused her death.

"As she hadn't had time to renounce the theatre," writes a contemporary, "it was impossible to obtain a bit of ground in which to bury her." So, one dark night, her body was secretly conveyed along the river bank as far as the present Chambre des Députés and then brought south to a point somewhere near the corner of the rue de Bourgogne and the rue de Grenelle where a ditch was hurriedly dug in the wet ground and the coffin lowered therein. Tradition has it that she lies buried beneath a carriage house of the Hôtel Jouvencel at No. 115 rue de Grenelle. A tablet, inscribed by her eighty-five-year-old admirer, the Count d'Argental, did not purport to mark the exact site of her grave but was attached, somewhat indefinitely, "to a neighboring wall." "Ci-gît l'actrice inimitable" began the epitaph composed in her honor by Voltaire, who berated with withering irony the recalcitrant curé of Saint Sulpice. The epitaph ended,

"L'opinion était si forte
Qu'elle devait toujours durer
On refusa de l'enterrer." [1]

[1] Opinion was so strong
That she should last forever
They refused to bury her.

At the suggestion of the Historical Society of the Seventh Arrondissement, municipal homage has been accorded Adrienne Lecouvreur by naming a street in her honor in the Champ de Mars, a distinction which should doubtless appease her shade for lack of Christian burial.

Yet another light of the stage shone in the rue des Marais. Born at a carnival between two masks, Mlle Hippolyte Clairon was obviously destined for the theatre. Petite and pretty and lacking the intensity of a Lecouvreur, hers was an art of finesse. Van Loo painted her portrait and Louis XV, although he possessed, as he declared, neither the beauty nor the picture, was pleased to offer a frame for the latter, a proceeding which did not fail to excite the jealousy of the Pompadour. Among her admirers was Garrick and, on his visit to Paris in 1763, he was an enthusiastic spectator whenever she played at the Comédie Française. Her advent in the rue des Marais is thus recorded in her "Mémoires." "The house which I occupied [we shall see it at No. 28 rue de Buci] was very noisy because of the proximity of the market [Saint Germain] and the number of tenants who lived there; I had need of more calm for my studies and for my health which was none too good; I was a little less poor and I desired to be better off. They told me of a little house in the rue des Marais for the price of 1200 livres. They told me that Racine had lived there forty years with all his family, that it was there that he had composed his immortal works, there that he had died, that afterwards the touching Lecouvreur had occupied and adorned it and that she had died there too. The very walls of this house ought to suffice, I said to myself, to make me feel the sublimity of the author and to make me achieve the talent of the actress. It is in this sanctuary that I must live and die." She lived there eighteen years, comments Georges Cain, there received the notables of court and town, was there adored but did not die there. She died in misery near the

Church of Saint Thomas d'Aquin in a small room which she swept out herself.[1]

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An inn near the residence of Racine and one to which he often repaired, at least in earlier and less embittered days, was the Little Blackamoor at the eastern end of the rue des Marais, fronting on the rue de Seine. This is the second Little Blackamoor we have encountered, the first being the tavern of the rue de la Huchette associated with the name of Théophile de Viau, the Huguenot poet. Established in the sixteenth century just outside the city walls and near the Porte de Buci in the open country of the Pré aux Clercs, the Little Blackamoor rapidly gained fame through the excellence of its cuisine and its well stocked cellar so that we find Montaigne writing of an Italian inn, "The nobility of the land assembles there as at the Petit More in Paris." Besides that of Racine, the inn enjoyed the patronage of the other three members of the quartet of bosom friends, Molière, Boileau and La Fontaine.

But its most devoted client was undoubtedly the poet-tippler, Saint Amand, who encountered one day at this shrine of Bacchus, Voiture, the accredited wit of the Hôtel de Rambouillet. Voiture was well known as a water drinker, the natural enemy of tipplers, so Saint Amand adjured him, lest he seem ashamed of his father, who kept a tavern in Amiens, to drink a glass of wine. The merry company vociferously applauded the sugges-

[1] It will be seen from the passage quoted from her "Mémoires" that Mlle. Clairon thought that she was moving to the hôtel occupied by Racine, and her name, as well as that of Adrienne Lecouvreur, has been associated with the Hôtel de Rannes. A complaint having been lodged by Mlle. Clairon against a discharged valet for breaking windows in her house, the police report refers to a house "au milieu de la rue." Neither the Hôtel de Rannes nor the Hôtel de Burgensis correspond to that description but No. 13, about which the Racine tradition has clung because of the "vigne de Racine," fulfills it perfectly. It may be that that was the house occupied by Mlle. Clairon who went there in the belief that Racine had preceded her. She was misinformed as to the length of Racine's sojourn in the rue des Marais; it was seven years, not forty.

tion and Voiture finally consented to sip a glass of wine but forthwith turned the tables on Saint Amand by insisting that the latter should drink a glass of water. This our tippler was most loth to do but did finally consent, seeing that public opinion was against him. It took him a good two hours to down "the disgusting liquid" and he was made ill by it, or so it would seem, for, a few days later, he visited the Little Blackamoor and there rendered up his soul after one last bottle.

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It is a far cry from the bibulous, care-free poet of the seventeenth century, bon vivant of the Little Blackamoor, to the hard-working novelist, whose name, two centuries later, is linked with the rue des Marais. On the second story of a building facing the wider section of the street is a printing press which is the lineal descendant of that of Honoré de Balzac. Here Balzac spent the heart-rending years from 1825 to 1828 and here he was visited daily by Mme. de Berny—"La Dilecta"—the good angel who helped sustain him in the up-hill financial struggle and of whom he writes, "She was a mother, a woman friend, a family, a man friend, an adviser; she made the writer, she consoled the young man, she formed his taste, she cried like a sister, she came every day, like a merciful slumber, to send sorrow to sleep. . . . Every day with her was a fête." At this trying epoch of the printing press the encouragement of "La Dilecta" was sorely needed, for it was the first contact of Balzac with the world of business, that ruthless world of Nucingens where he was to learn from painful experience the Dantean bitterness of going up and down other men's stairs in quest of loans, a bitterness so vividly reflected in the pages of "César Birotteau." Finally, the crash came and Balzac had to sell the shop and sign notes to the amount of 40,000 francs which, happily for his literary legacy, it took practically the rest of his life to liquidate.

His office and bedroom, which will be courteously pointed out to the visitor who cares to climb the stairs, were sparsely furnished but what furniture he had was of the best. His bedroom was covered with strips of blue calico nailed up by its occupant with the aid of La Touche, the editor of Figaro, to cover a frightful wall paper. The calico followed him to the rue du Tournon and there brought down upon his head family reproaches on the score of luxury. However low his fortunes, the craving for things beautiful was never to desert him and from the rue de Tournon he begins a letter to his sister, "Ah Laura, if you but knew how passionately I desire (silence!) two screens, blue embroidered in black (silence ever!). In the midst of my torments, my thoughts revert constantly to this subject. Then I said to myself, 'I am going to confide this desire to sister Laura. When I shall have these screens I can never commit a bad action, will I not always have before me the souvenir of this indulgent sister. . . .'" And later on, "The designs of the screens as you like; no matter what they are, I shall always find them pretty since they come from my alma soror." And lest the life-giving sister forget, the tempestuous man-child concludes with the reminder, "Always my screens, I have more need than ever of a little joy in the midst of such torments."

In September, 1828, before the final winding up of affairs, Balzac fled from Paris to spend three weeks with friends at Fougères. He arrived with so ragged a hat that his scandalized hosts hurried him around to a hat shop where, with the greatest difficulty, a hat was finally unearthed sufficiently large to crown that colossal head. At Fougères he was entertained by his host with tales of counter-Revolutionary Brittany and straightway began "Les Chouans," the first novel to which he signed his name. His financial disaster had proved the paving stone to literary success.

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In the same building which saw Balzac toiling over his printing press and anxiously computing accounts is a large studio which has held one very notable and one very strange occupant. The notable occupant was Delacroix, who lived here from 1832 to 1843, and here he painted such masterpieces as the Medea, the Justice of Trajan, the Crusaders at Constantinople and the Wreck of the Don Juan. Paul Delaroche, a pupil of Delacroix—you have seen, perhaps, his young English princes in the Thomy Thierry collection in the Louvre—preceded Delacroix, and another tenant was the artist, Lami. The strange occupant was the armless painter, Ducornet, whose paintings were executed by a brush held between his toes and were invariably signed, "Ducornet, born without arms." A letter of Arthur Pougin, mentioned by Cain, relates that the writer had frequently seen this prodigy in his studio with his right foot minus a shoe. From the description of a dwarfed and deformed figure with an enormous head and a resounding voice we may readily believe that he was "très curieux." His name was César.

V. The Altar of Jacob.

When Marguerite de Valois, the first wife of Henri IV, was imprisoned by her royal husband in a château in Auvergne, she made a vow that if she regained her freedom she would erect an altar to the glory of God, as did the patriarch Jacob, "au lieu le plus commode et le plus proche de sa plus ordinaire demeure." To escape the unhappy memories of the Hôtel de Sens, Marguerite acquired land from the University and erected a new palace in the Petit Pré aux Clercs, with the main façade on the rue de Seine, because she found it "piquant" to live opposite the Louvre where Marie de Medici was reigning. Her gardens extended along the river front to a depth of one hundred metres as far as the rue des Saints Pères. Beyond this street the park extended to

the rue du Bac and the present-day streets of that region are nothing more nor less than the avenues of the park belonging to Marguerite. "The most convenient and nearest place to her habitual dwelling" was thus the garden back of her hôtel and here she erected the promised altar in the form of a vast monastery which extended with gardens and enclosures to the rue des Saints Pères. The first tenants were the Augustins Déchaussés, or Barefoot Friars, but either their singing was not satisfactory or Père François Amet chastised with too great freedom the mode of living of the deposed Queen; at any rate, the capricious Marguerite turned them out and installed in their place the Reformed Augustinians or Petits Augustins.

In Revolutionary days, Alexandre Lenoir pushed a measure through the Constituent Assembly designating the suppressed Couvent des Petits Augustins as a shelter for works of art. A committee was to designate the works of art to be saved and Lenoir was to look them up, which he did with the greatest bravery and devotion, saving twelve hundred pieces of sculpture from destruction and even incurring a bayonet stroke in the somewhat thankless task of defending the tomb of Cardinal Richelieu, by Girardon, in the Chapel of the Sorbonne. The association of the Convent of the Reformed Augustinians with objects of art still continues for the Ecole des Beaux Arts now occupies the premises. In the courtyard are various fragments from demolished buildings, many of them from old hôtels of Paris. Just why these invaluable relics should be exposed to the elements, while the plaster reproductions of classic masterpieces are carefully housed in the museum, is a question which has been often raised but never resolved.

IN THE FAUBOURG SAINT GERMAIN.

Part II. The Visit.

I. From the Fontaine des Quatre Saisons to the Cour du Dragon.

We start where Old Paris meets the New, where the ancient rue du Bac traverses the square formed by the junction of the modern Boulevard Saint Germain and the still newer Boulevard Raspail. (Nord-Sud to rue du Bac. Busses.)

Proceed **S.** on the southern section of the **rue du Bac,** which leaves the square directly behind the statue of Claude Chappe. The rue du Bac, or Street of the Ferry, refers to the ferry created in 1567 to transport stone across the river for the construction of the Tuileries. The rue du Barq (as it was originally spelt) was cut through the Grand Pré aux Clercs to connect the quarries of Notre Dame des Champs and Vaugirard with the new ferry and thus save the long haul by way of the Pont Saint Michel.

Fontaine des Quatre Saisons.

Turn **L.** in the **rue de Grenelle,** which brings into view the Fontaine des Quatre Saisons, or Fontaine de Grenelle, designed by Bouchardon in 1739. In the central group is a figure representing the City of Paris, flanked on either side by the Seine and the Marne. The statues in the niches represent the four seasons, typified likewise by the bas-reliefs below. These charming bas-reliefs are worth examining. We may begin at the left with **Summer.** The Boucher-like cherubs are romping in rose blossoms. Note the delicious childlikeness of these cherubic little beings. In the reclining infant, the hold of the chubby fists on the

birds is of the essence of childhood. Next is **Autumn**; reaping the harvest. Notice the balance obtained by contrasting the three small reapers with the sleeping child and the sense of muscular effort conveyed in the well-modeled back and legs of the youngster on the right. On the other side of the central group is **Spring**; clusters of grapes and romping with a goat. Lastly **Winter**; a fire burning against the cold and four of our cherubs huddled under a tent while a fifth,—quite the most sympathetic single figure in the fountain and of which plaster reproductions abound in the art shops—is toasting his back at the fire outside. Observe the boyish intensity with which the horn blower is piping his little lungs out. These panels, which form so charming an apotheosis of childhood, are frequently reproduced on modern buildings.

"Elle et lui."

Pass through the right-hand doorway of the fountain façade which opens on a peaceful old world court. In the apartment which occupied the second story (1er étage) at the back of the court, lived that most Parisian of poets, Alfred de Musset, from 1824 to 1839. His room is indicated by the window on the extreme right, and he is said to have gained inspiration by looking out at the archway and at the back of the fountain. If you go to the rear of the court to see what de Musset saw, you will perhaps conclude that the source of inspiration was none too festive but, however that may be, it was here that de Musset did some of his best work.

One December evening when the mother of the poet was sitting by the fire with her daughter, a servant announced that a lady was waiting at the door in a hired carriage and urgently requested an interview. Mme de Musset, accompanied by a servant, descended. The visitor introduced herself. It was George Sand. She had come to implore Mme de Musset to allow her to carry off her son to Italy, vowing that she would watch over him with a mother's care and affection. Mme de Musset was loth to consent and the debate, which took place, the story goes, on the stone bench at the base of the fountain, was long drawn out but ended in victory for the lovers. On the

FONTAINE DES QUATRE SAISONS

Or Fontaine de Grenelle, with charming bas-reliefs representing the four seasons.

SEINE
Quai Voltaire
Quai
END
Malaquais
Ecole des Beaux Arts
Rue Bonaparte
Rue de Seine
Rue de Bourgogne
Rue de Varenne
Rue de Lille
Rue de l'Université
Rue Jacob
Rue des Saints Pères
Rue de Rennes
Rue du Bac
START
Boulevard
Saint
Rue Saint Dominique
Rue de Grenelle
Rue du Bac
Rue de Babylone
Rue du Cherche-Midi
Rue Vaugirard
Rue Servandoni
Rue Férou
Rue Garancière
Rue de Condé
Rue de l'Odéon
Rue de Tournon
Rue de Vaugirard
Rue Monsieur le Prince
Rue de Seine
Rue Mazarine
Rue de Nesle
Rue Guénégaud
Rue Dauphine
Rue Christine
Rue Princesse
Rue Bonaparte
Rue Jacob
Rue Visconti
Rue de Seine
Rue de Nevers

day of departure, George Sand turned up at the stage coach in men's clothing with a tight fitting jacket, pearl gray trousers, a tasseled cap, a pâté in one hand and a bottle of champagne in the other. Yet was de Musset undaunted. At the Hotel Danieli in Venice, however, the lady had the bad taste to fall ill and this the youthful poet could not tolerate; one does not go to Venice to fall ill.

Of the Parisian memorials to Alfred de Musset the most conspicuous and the least fortunate is that target of Parisian wit, the sickly statue at the corner of the Comédie Française where Mimi Pinson appears to be adjuring the poet to take leave of his "mal de siècle" and take her to the opera. Happier far, and of the very essence of romanticism, is the little known statue near the Grand Palais, with a bit of ruin in the greenery and the pensive poet with his dear characters languishing gracefully about him, and best of all is the last resting place at Père Lachaise with the pretty weeping willow tree just as de Musset desired, and just as it should be.

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On leaving the courtyard turn **R.** Cross the Boulevard Raspail, of which this section was constructed as late as 1907, and continue on the rue de Grenelle. This was the old road to the farm of Grenelle (diminutive of garenne, meaning warren), which was owned by the Abbey of Saint Genevieve and remained farm land as late as the nineteenth century. At **No. 35, R.**, we pass a house with bas-reliefs suggested by, but how far inferior to, those we have just seen!

The **rue de la Chaise, R.**, was called, in the fourteenth century, the Road leading to the Leper Hospital of Saint Germain. The hospital stood at the further end of the street on the site of the park opposite the Grands Magasins du Bon Marché. A century later this street was called the rue des Teigneux, or Street of the Scurvy Folk, in reference to a children's hospital for that malady. It owes its present name to the sign of a tile factory. A certain Joseph Figaro, citizen of Paris, lived in 1793 on the rue de la Chaise, and the guess has been hazarded that here Beaumarchais found the uncommon name for his most uncom-

mon commoner hero. Beaumarchais lived at one time in the not so far distant rue de Condé.

Cabaret de la Petite Chaise.

Opposite the rue de la Chaise at **No. 36** rue de Grenelle is the Cabaret de la Petite Chaise, which dates back to 1681 and takes its name from the street. During the minority of Louis XV, the notorious Regent, Philippe d'Orléans, used to dine here with his prime minister, the equally notorious Cardinal Dubois, described by Saint Simon as "a mean-looking, thin, little man, with the face of a ferret, in whom every vice fought for mastery." We first encountered him, you will recall, on the rue de Bièvre, as a servant in the Collège de Chanac. Here, no doubt, these two reprobates planned the unsavory revels, which disgraced the Palais Royal, and discussed the day's doings in frenzied finance at John Law's bank in the rue Quincampoix. The patronage of the Regent established La Petite Chaise as the fashionable resort for supper parties and later, under the Empire, Napoleon's secretary, Louis Bourrienne, and Junot, one of the most brilliant of the Emperor's aides-de-camp, were among its guests. In the nineteenth century, poets and writers have gathered at the Little Chair, among them the mystic Gothicist Huysmans and that delightful poet of the things of every day, François Coppée.

Note the excellent Louis XIV ironwork of the grille and the quaint lanterns. The little chair in the left-hand window formerly hung out as the restaurant sign. Over the counter, just inside the right-hand door, a mirror, decorated with clusters of grapes, displays at the top a model of the little chair.

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Continue on the rue de Grenelle. One may note, in passing, at **No. 24 L.**, eighteenth century hôtel with sculptured over-door and windows flanked by ornamental volutes on entresol, and at **No. 15, R.**, the semi-circular façade of a hôtel of the same period by Brogniart.

At No. 11, R., are vestiges of a building swept away in 1866 by the prolongation of the rue des Saints Pères, the Hôtel de Créqui, where the amazing Marquise de Créqui weathered the storms of the Revolution and passed away in 1803 at the ripe old age of ninety-eight, having met, in the course of her long life, every notability you can think of between and including Louis XIV and Napoleon. In her fascinating "Souvenirs" she recounts how she hid the royalist Abbé de Dampierre, through whose imprudence she was arrested, in a wooden hut in the garden of this hôtel, which he entered and left either by a rope ladder thrown over the wall or by a narrow door giving on a passageway, but he took care never to enter and leave by the same way. Benjamin Franklin, whom the Marquise met at a dinner party, incurred the great lady's displeasure by breaking his eggs in a glass, but she charitably adds that she supposes each country has its own peculiar customs. A predecessor of the aristocratic Marquise de Créqui in the occupancy of this hôtel was the second Sébastian Zamet, Bishop of Langres, son of the shoemaker-financier whose dinners in the rue de la Cerisaie were famous and, in one case, fatal. The arms above the door indicate that the hôtel was later a part of a neighboring Hôtel Borghese in the rue de la Chaise.

At the corner of the rue des Saints Pères, named by corruption from a chapel of Saint Pierre, which stood near the northeast corner of this street and the Boulevard Saint Germain, is a Louis XIII wrought iron balcony with monogram. In the Hôtel du Bon Fontaine, a few rods down on the left, lived Whistler when he returned to Paris in 1892. Later in the year he was at 110 rue du Bac, and it was there that he was sued by his landlord on the ground that he had violated a clause in his lease forbidding him to introduce models into the house. A group of children, happily naked, had been found disporting themselves in the courtyard, but Whistler replied that they were not models but children who were bringing their clothes to be washed.

In the old house at **No. 6, L.** rue de Grenelle, the poet-dramatist Lemercier died in 1840. A story is told of Lemercier showing on what a privileged footing stood Talma, the actor, with Napoleon. Because of an indemnity

which was due him and of which Napoleon had continually postponed the payment, Lemercier was in actual want. Talma was present, on one occasion, when Lemercier besought the long withheld payment. Impatient to hear read to him a play in which the actor was to appear, the Emperor abruptly dismissed the plea. "Sire," said Talma, "when one is starving, one cannot wait. Lemercier has been deprived of his entire property, he is suffering. He should be given what is due him." To which Napoleon: "You hear the decision of the arbitrator, Talma. Let it be as he says." When Talma was asked whether it were true that he had taught Napoleon how to play the rôle of Emperor, he replied that it was Napoleon who was the teacher and Talma the pupil.

At the end of the rue de Grenelle is the **rue du Dragon,** known in the sixteenth century as the rue du Sépulcre because of a branch establishment in this street of the Canons of the Holy Sepulchre, a religious and military order. Follow the nearer sidewalk. The old house on the opposite corner at **Nos. 37 and 35** was inhabited in the seventeenth century by a group of Flemish artists. It was called the Maison de la Chasse and furnished in all probability the name of the rue du Cherche Midi, which begins on the further side of the square. The sixteenth century name was rue de Chasse Midi, thought to be a shortened form of "la rue qui va de la Chasse au midi," "the street which goes from la Chasse to the south." It became Cherche Midi by corruption. Or the name may have come from a fifteenth century sign, of which an eighteenth century successor may be seen at No. 19 of that street, and which depicted two worthies unwise enough to "chercher midi à quatorze heures." The next hotel, a large one comprising several street numbers, was owned by one Raveneau, the initial "R" of whose name appears in the ironwork of the balcony above the door. Raveneau was coachmaker to the court but when this industry de luxe was knocked into a cocked hat by the Revolution, he philosophically enrolled in the Republican armies as inspector of wagons. Julian's Art Academy has quarters here.

A Cosmic Force in an Attic.

Cross to the opposite sidewalk. At **No. 30**, with plaque, cast your eyes up to the roof, seen with difficulty in this narrow street, and you will descry a projecting balcony with circular turret, to which was doubtless attached, in olden times, a pulley for hauling up grain. In this attic lived Victor Hugo in 1821 at the age of nineteen. Young Victor had just cut loose from the paternal hearth, having refused to be provided for by his father at the sacrifice of a literary career. And so we find him living here on 800 francs of his own, which he had received for some writing and which not only lasted him a year but enabled him to lend five francs occasionally to the young cousin from Nantes, a law student, who shared his lodging. Alfred de Vigny, he of the aquiline nose and sensitive mouth, used to visit him here, climbing the five flights of stairs to a fellow poet's ivory tower. In this attic room Victor Hugo wrote his "Odes et Poésies Diverses," later republished as the first volume of the "Odes et Ballades." The first copy he sent to his beloved Adèle with this inscription, "Premier exemplaire, à mon Adèle bien aimée, l'ange qui est ma seule gloire comme mon seul bonheur." This copy is preserved at the Musée Victor Hugo in the Place des Vosges. With the proceeds, which amounted to 700 francs, he purchased for his fiancée that indispensable adjunct of a marriage trousseau, a cashmere shawl. The "Odes" found favor with Louis XVIII, especially the one about himself, which he marked "superbe," and won from him a pension of a thousand francs, later increased to two thousand.

The young men's quarters consisted of a salon de réception—oh magnificent name!—whose crowning glory was a marble chimneypiece over which was suspended the gilded lily of the Floral Games of Toulouse, a trophy of the poet's boyhood, and a bedroom with casement window (invisible from the street), which could just contain two small wooden beds and a wardrobe. The Nantes cousin, like a true provincial, was bountifully supplied with linen in contrast with Victor, who had only three shirts, of which, at any given moment, one was in the laundry, one on his back, and the third in the wardrobe. But the cousin, a systematic

youth, wore his shirts in strict rotation, so that before the bottom shirt emerged on the top of the pile it had had time to get yellow, whereas the shirt of Victor, hot from the laundry, was white and fresh, at least on the first day of wearing. Victor was not infrequently invited out to dine and, anxious, on these occasions, not to appear too shabby, he managed to save, with an economy worthy of his Marius, enough money to buy a best suit, a blue one with gold buttons.

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The medallion on the travelers' Hotel de Palissy at **No. 24, L.**, replaces one supposed to have been executed by Bernard Palissy, the ceramist, and marks the site on which popular tradition, without corroborating evidence, places his house. Palissy was one of that brilliant group of architects, sculptors, artists and poets at the Renaissance court of François I. For sixteen years he labored in the direst poverty to discover the method of producing white enamel, even selling his clothes to pay his last remaining workman and burning his furniture to furnish wood for his work stove. He died in the Bastille at the age of ninety, imprisoned as a Huguenot.

Passing façades of some architectural interest at **Nos. 20** and **18**, we turn **R.** into the enchanting court which has given the street its name. (Should the gate be closed, continue to the Boulevard and follow around to the opposite entrance in the rue de Rennes.)

Cour du Dragon.

In this delightful retreat, with its seared gray walls brightened by flower boxes, we have taken leave of taxicabs and busses and slipped back into eighteenth century Paris. Note the gutter, running down the middle of the pavement, as was customary until Napoleon's day. The two imposing towers, framing the archway which you have just entered, make a striking picture. Note how the moldings on the towers follow the lines of the stairways within and how skilfully the architect has linked the towers by carrying the moldings across the intervening building.

The court is alive with the blithe chirping of canaries and with the busy hammering of metal workers. The metal workers are mentioned by Prudhomme in his "Miroir de l'ancien et du nouveau Paris," published in 1804, so we may assume that they held possession of the Cour du Dragon as far back as the eighteenth century. Many of the shops have come down in the same family from generation to generation.

The first building on this site was a riding and fencing academy, constructed in 1652 on land belonging to the Order of the Holy Sepulchre and to the neighboring Hôtel de Taranne. The Tarannes had been silversmiths to the Valois kings since the days of the mad Charles VI. It was to the wealthy Charlot Taranne that Villon left the ironic legacy of "cent solz." The academy, conducted by one Sire de Longpré, was one of six which sprang up in the Faubourg at this time and was particularly patronized by foreigners. The property was acquired by a financier named Antoine Crozat, whose father, it was said, had occupied the humble post of beadle at Saint Eustache. Crozat built the present court. As to who was the architect, there exists no definite proof, but it may well have been Jacques Cartaut, who designed a magnificent hôtel for Crozat in the rue de Richelieu, inhabited by Watteau. There is no indication of the Cour du Dragon on the plan of Roussel in 1730 whereas it appears for the first time on the map of the Abbé Delagrive in 1737, which would indicate that the court was constructed between 1730 and 1737.

On the southern side of the court is a tiny niche with an image of the Virgin Mary. The present statue in plaster has been there some sixty years and replaces a stone predecessor which had long been in a damaged state. It is protected by a wrought iron grille with the interlaced initials, A.M. (Ave Maria). On the top rail are iron spikes to hold candles, and, in accordance with a long-established custom—furthered, I am told, by the endowment of an American woman—the statue is illuminated and decorated with flowers on the evenings of the month of May (the month of Mary) and on August fifteenth, the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin. The sight is most impressive—the flickering candles against the darkness of the court and the image of Our Lady of Sorrows.

The Cour du Dragon figured in the so-called July Revolution of 1830, for the insurgents of the quarter raided the ironworkers in search of pikes and bars. In 1913, the court contained 180 families and 400 inhabitants. Rents are comparatively low and the tenants of some of the upper rooms receive financial aid from the city. A writer in the Bulletin de la Société Historique du VIe Arrondissement tells of a visit to one such top story dweller, an old lady who kept three cats. When he ventured to suggest, in his capacity of official investigator, that the cats might be regarded as an unwarranted luxury, the good lady explained that she received a franc a day from the owner of her feline friends on which she not only managed to keep the cats but had something left over for herself.

When you have drunk your fill of this picturesque court, take a last look at the eighteenth century archway—an effective picture which artists have not neglected—and pass through the further gateway. It was erected by Madame Crozat, whose son was the Duke de Choiseul, one of the ministers of Louis XV. The striking feature is the splendid stone dragon, which serves as support to the balcony of a window and of which the tail curves down in amusing fashion to connect with the tympanum of the doorway. The dragon came into being because of the proximity of the rue Sainte Marguerite (now Gozlin) which begins just across the way. Saint Margaret, you will recall, was a young Christian girl, who repelled the advances of Olibrius, Governor of Antioch, and after manifold tortures was cast into a dungeon. A great light suddenly brightened the dark cell, revealing a fearful dragon, who straightway swallowed poor Margaret. Unperturbed, she made the sign of the cross, whereupon the dragon burst open and Margaret emerged unscathed. Because of the miracle, Saint Margaret became the patron saint of women in childbirth and in olden times, recounts Anatole France, the good housewives used to apply the Life of Saint Margaret as a compress to ease the pain of delivery.

To the left of the gateway is a blind door, originally the entrance to a café, with Empire wrought iron grille displaying grapevine and crossed arrows.

II. To the Cour de Rouen.

From the main entrance of the Cour du Dragon, there is a fine view of Saint Germain des Prés with its austere tower of rugged beauty, recalling the granite churches of Breton villages. To the top of this tower climbed Henri of Navarre, accompanied by a monk from the monastery, to view the Paris which he was besieging in 1589. "An apprehension seized me," he confessed afterwards to the Marshal de Biron, "being alone with a monk and remembering the knife of Brother Clément."

Cross the rue de Rennes, pass the corner grocery of Scapini and continue to the door marked, "**11bis, ancien 31.**" At an oblique angle to the left is the tree-enshrouded statue of Diderot which stands on the site of the former rue Taranne where the Encyclopedist had his dwelling as did Saint Simon of the famous "Mémoires." You are at the beginning of the rue Gozlin, renamed in honor of the warrior bishop who was Abbot of Saint Germain des Prés and who proved his valor against the Normans in the invasion which witnessed the burning of the Petit Châtelet. The street was originally called the rue Sainte Marguerite because of a house which showed, as sign, a statue of that saint. The statue of Sainte Marguerite was thus the starting point of a House-that-Jack-built sequence; this was the statue which named the street, which suggested the dragon, which named the court, which named the rue du Dragon. We shall later see a statue of Saint Margaret with her dragon in the church of Saint Germain des Prés.

On the rue Sainte Marguerite, Victor Hugo and his brother Eugène went to school at the Pension Cordier et Decotte from 1814-1818. Victor and Eugène were the idols of the school, which was divided into two camps, Les Chiens and Les Veaux, Victor being Le Roi des Chiens and Eugène, Le Roi des Veaux. The sovereigns were most popular since nearly everybody was decorated. When Victor was fifteen and it was announced that a poem of his had won a prize, offered by the Académie Française, the news was doubly well received for had not the Chiens, with Victor at their head, just won a glorious victory over the Veaux at Prisoner's Base? The pension, which was first numbered 41 and later 33, stood on ground now

occupied by the rue de Rennes between the grocery of Scapini and the entrance to the Cour du Dragon.

A few steps south in the rue Bonaparte, at **No. 45, L.**, marked by a plaque, lived another attic dweller, a grocer's son from Cahors in the south of France. "Almost no celebrated men who have not begun by living in an attic," Mercier has observed. This lion-headed young law student, Léon Gambetta, was to win his spurs in a celebrated pleading, a terrific indictment of the Second Empire, and was to play an important rôle in the formation of the Third Republic. Familiar to all visitors to Paris is his somewhat fly-away statue in the courtyard of the Louvre. Continue on the **rue Gozlin.** The demolition of the old houses which stood on the north side of the street brought to light a large number of Merovingian sarcophagi. The old rue Sainte Marguerite extended further east and ran past the walls of the Abbey prison. At the antique shop, **R.**, turn down the fifteenth century **rue des Ciseaux,** which derives its name either from a sign, "At the Golden Scissors," or from the iron grille of a wine shop which showed a design of six circles or six o's (seez-o). Sixteenth century houses at **Nos. 2, 4 and 6 R.** At the end of the street, look back at the prettily framed picture of the tree-shaded, classic portal of Saint Germain des Prés with the wall above it and lofty roof.

Jean Baptiste Chardin, who has evoked with so poetic a brush the tranquil existence of the petite bourgeoisie, lived with his parents in the rue du Four in a house which stood at the eastern or further corner of the rue Princesse. Here he was joined by his first wife, Marguerite Sinter, whose fine honest head he has immortalized in the Louvre. After his second marriage in 1744, he lived further down in the rue Princesse (No. 13) until he was offered quarters in the Louvre in 1757.

Turn **R.** in the **rue du Four,** which is referred to in fifteenth century texts as the Grant rue du Four or simply as the Grant (Grande) rue, for this was the main street of the little bourg, or village, which grew up about the Abbey of Saint Germain. The eastern section as far as the rue des Canettes was named from a sign the rue de la Blanche Oie or the Street of the White Goose. Robespierre lived, at one time, on a destroyed portion of the

street. At the corner of the rue des Canettes, which corner I know not, lived Caron, the maker of perfumes, in whom Balzac found the prototype of his sympathetic César Birotteau. Like César, Caron had royalist leanings and was actively engaged in plotting against the Consulate. At his house and shop which bore the sign, "A la Reine des Fleurs," Caron sheltered several royalists in hiding from the police, and it was on his way here that Cadoudal, royalist plotter against Napoleon, was arrested. The wide section of the street beyond the rue des Canettes is not due, as one might suppose, to the pick of the demolisher, but goes back to ancient times and is thought to have served as a market and place of reunion for the inhabitants of the bourg. The common oven or bakery, maintained by the Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés, from which the street derives its name, stood at the corner of the former rue Beurrière. The Street of the Butter Woman was absorbed by the rue de Rennes.

The Street of the Ducklings.

Descend the **rue des Canettes.** The Street of the Ducklings is first mentioned in thirteenth century documents as the Vicus Sancti Sulpicii or the rue Saint Souplice, but by the middle of the seventeenth century, the present name begins to be used. An inscription on **No. 13** marks the house of the soldier-poet, Gabriel Tristan Franconi, who was killed at the front, after winning many awards for bravery, while fighting "to defend against the invader his house, his street and the Place Saint Sulpice." This intense esprit de quartier, which anyone who knows his Paris knows is very real, would seem to justify the words of Alexandre Dumas, the Elder, "Quand on est né dans une grande ville comme Paris, on n'a pas de patrie, on a une rue. . . ." Besides a volume of poems signed "Un tel de l'Armée Française," "Someone in the French Army," Franconi wrote a novel, called "La rue des Canettes," in which he playfully refers to his street as a "gutter" but it was a gutter which inspired affection. "Of all the streets of the old quarter," he declares, "the most full of life is the rue des Canettes. Small, it is true, but so joyous! People who live elsewhere do not know how happy one is

there. On a fête day the rue des Canettes is a delicious intoxication."

Over the doorway of **No. 18, R.** is a handsome eighteenth century bas-relief on which disport, in various attitudes, delightful ducklings, successors to the ducklings of 1628 which gave the street its name. At **No. 17**, across the way, marked by a niche with a statuette of the Virgin, lived the husband of the famous Countess de la Motte from 1829 until his death two years later in the Hôpital Saint Louis. He was commonly known as "Valois Collier."[1]

Commerce in the seventeenth century, according to Lefeuve, was prosperous in the rue des Canettes because of the neighborhood of the Foire Saint Germain. "There were to be found bakers, workers in ebony, vinegar merchants, restaurant keepers and makers of arms as well as noblemen, gallant cavaliers, solicitors, artists and abbés."

"Silence, Benignity and Sweet Humidity."

Huysmans, on the Place Saint Sulpice.

The rue des Canettes debouches on the Place Saint Sulpice, bringing into view the lofty, towered church on the left, the Visconti fountain in the center and beyond, the former Seminary of Saint Sulpice. The Place Saint Sulpice often saw pass on his frequent wanderings through the quarter the religious aesthete Huysmans with his little white beard, his sly eyes and his slender fingers rolling the eternal cigarette. "Cette place est bien laide," he writes in "Là Bas," "mais qu'elle est provinciale et intime." At the Seminary of Saint Sulpice the great Renan studied, and to its predecessor, in the no less real world of romance, came Manon Lescaut "plus aimable et plus brillante que jamais" to woo back with her tears the Chevalier des Grieux.

The statues of the Visconti fountain represent the four great preachers of the seventeenth century: Bossuet, Fenélon, Massillon and Fléchier. Louis XIV has been styled "a Christian Hercules" but the term might be better applied to Bossuet, his great spiritual adviser. Bishop of Meaux, Tutor of the Dauphin and high in the councils

[1] Valois Necklace.

of the Church, Bossuet, with eloquence and untroubled spirit, championed the authority of Church and State in an age when a unified church was considered essential to a unified state. "Une foi, un roi" was the watchword. We have already met Bossuet at No. 17 Place Royale (des Vosges). A mystic rather than a reasoner and lacking the eloquence of Bossuet, Fenélon appeals to us through a mellower charm. Kindliness, simplicity and an aristocratic sweetness are written large upon his features and throughout his works. Surprisingly modern were his theories of education: "Let a child play and mix instruction with his play; let wisdom manifest itself to him only at intervals and with a smiling face."[1] In his tomb at Cambrai—the work of David—is a bas-relief showing the good archbishop leading home a cow which had strayed from a neighbor's fold. Massillon and Fléchier were lesser lights of this period when the eloquence of the pulpit was at its height.

The existing church of Saint Sulpice, replacing a twelfth century edifice, was built under Louis XIV to supply the needs of the newly fashionable quarter of Saint Germain. Lack of funds interrupted the work of construction and it was not completed until a century later. The cold and formal façade, a puzzle box of the orders, presents a Doric colonnade, surmounted by an Ionic, above which are the towers likened by Victor Hugo to clarionets and of which the northernmost has Corinthian pillars. The general bleakness is enhanced by the patched appearance of the unfinished southern tower, the work of a common mason whose offer to build a less costly structure was accepted after the expense of the north tower had been found too great. And yet there are moments—snowstorms and moonlight nights—when Saint Sulpice stands forth in grandeur.

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Entrance to the church is usually gained from the side street on the right, the rue Palatine. The vast but cold interior shows to what degree of chilling formalism Renaissance architecture had declined in the age of Louis XIV. The oasis in this desert is the Chapelle des Saints

[1] Traité de l'Education des Filles (1687).

Anges (the last chapel on your left if you entered from the side street). After the bleakness of the church, the glowing color of Delacroix, at once sensuous and delicate, revives the drooping spirit. The subjects represented are, **L.**, Jacob wrestling with the Angel; **R.**, Heliodorus expelled from the Temple. On the ceiling, far inferior to the other two, is a dwarfed Saint Michael slaying the Dragon. Note the color, the dramatic action, the fervid intensity of this Romanticist.

In **Jacob wrestling with the Angel, L.**, observe the effective contrast between the straining Jacob and the reserve of his divine antagonist. Instinct with vitality and exuberant color, this picture is none the less well composed and free from the extravagances of the romantic school. Note the gorgeous mauve of the drapery on the figure of the angel and the magenta of the cord lying upon the ground.

Cross to the further left hand corner of the chapel to get the best light on the **Heliodorus expelled from the Temple.** The riotous wealth of detail is at first confusing, but presently the picture begins to take shape, unified by that feeling for a transcendent emotion—in this instance, anger—which is of the genius of Delacroix. "Like our Eugène Delacroix, who has lifted his art to the heights of great poetry," writes Baudelaire in the preface to his translation of Poe's tales, "Edgar Poe places his characters against green and purple backgrounds wherein are revealed the phosphorescence of decay and the exhalation of the storm."

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"Have a daughter; I will have a son; and we will marry them to one another. I drink to the health of their household." So spoke Major Léopold Hugo at the wedding banquet of his old friend, Pierre Foucher. On the twelfth of October, 1822, in the Chapel of the Virgin of the Church of Saint Sulpice, where eighteen months before had been held the funeral service for his mother, the Major's son, Victor, was married to Adèle, the daughter of Pierre Foucher. The witnesses were Alfred de Vigny and Victor's old schoolmaster of the Pension Cordier. The young couple

went to live for a time with the bride's parents in the rue du Cherche Midi.

An earlier epoch, that of the Terror, had witnessed the marriage at Saint Sulpice of the young lawyer who fired the pistol shot in the gardens of the Palais Royal which, like another famous shot, was "heard around the world." His bride was "une adorable petite blonde" whom he had met, as Marius met his Cosette, in the Luxembourg gardens. At this union of Camille Desmoulins and Lucile Duplessis, Robespierre was a witness. Of the sixty friends who signed the marriage register there remained, four years later, but one, Sébastien Mercier, author of the admirable "Tableau de Paris." All the others had emigrated or perished on the scaffold.

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Leave the church by the side door at which you entered. Servandoni, architect of the façade of Saint Sulpice, died in a house which stood directly opposite this entrance. The street to the right, formerly called the rue du Fossoyeur because it numbered the parish gravedigger among its inhabitants, was renamed in honor of the Florentine architect. Follow the **rue Servandoni**, noting the house with double dormer at **No. 9, L.** The door panels of the old house at **No. 14, R.** show curious medallions, of which that on the right contains three pigmy figures, representing Servandoni and an assistant showing the plans of Saint Sulpice to the king. What the other medallion represents I do not, and should like to know. The education of Servandoni vouchsafes the ever helpful concierge; a very girlish Servandoni!

At **No. 15** across the street, Condorcet, after the fall of the Girondists, found refuge with the generous-hearted Madame Vernet, who sheltered the outlawed philosopher in two tiny rooms on the court. Here he wrote his last work, which bore the title—O transcendent irony!—"Esquisse des progrès de l'esprit humain" and here his pretty and courageous little wife came to visit him from the lingerie and miniature shop which she conducted on the rue Saint Honoré (No. 352). Learning that the house was to be searched, he fled disguised as a workman, a

woolen cap on his head, a volume of Horace in one pocket and some poisonous pills in another. The promised asylum at Fontenay-aux-Roses was not forthcoming and after a night in the quarries of Clamart he was driven by hunger to a humble sort of inn. A workman reading Horace was itself enough to excite suspicion but when the philosopher was asked how many eggs he wished in his omelette and he replied with the simplicity of genius, "A dozen," he was immediately arrested and thrown into jail at Bourg-la-Reine, re-christened Bourg-Egalité. The next morning, when the jailer visited his cell he found a corpse and the pocket which contained the poison was empty.

D'Artagnan, that dashing hero of our childhood, had his first Paris home in this street. In fact, the whole neighborhood is musketeer country. Athos lived in the parallel rue Férou, Aramis, in the rue Vaugirard just east of the rue de Cassette, and in the rue du Vieux Colombier, leading west from the Place Saint Sulpice, the Gascon Porthos had in fancy his luxurious abode.

Returning to the **rue Palatine**, turn **R.**, and again **R.** in the **rue Garancière**, formerly "La Ruelle par laquelle on va à l'église Sainct Sulpice." At **No. 8, R.** is a façade of monumental pilasters with capitals elaborately fashioned into rams' heads and adorned with garlands. On the site of a fourteenth century hôtel, owned by the Sire of Dormans, and of the fifteenth century Hôtel Garancière, which gave its name to the street, the present building was constructed about 1640 for one René de Rieux, Bishop and Count de Léon in Brittany and was subsequently inhabited by an imposing line of dukes, marshals and magistrates. The oak branch decoration of the entrance is repeated in the capitals of the courtyard.

Directly opposite the door of this hôtel, below the corner of a projecting gable, is a curious relic of by-gone days. It is a sign which reads, "Stationnement Nuit pour 8 Tonneaux de Porteurs d'Eau," "Night Station for 8 Water Carrier Casks." In the pre-Revolutionary Paris of Mercier's day, there were twenty thousand of these water carriers, who peddled water from morning to night, hauling it from the Seine to citizens' houses and climbing the stairs with two full buckets to the seventh story and sometimes beyond, the more robust among them making as many

as thirty trips a day. The water was sold at the rate of a cent a bucket.

Return to the apse of Saint Sulpice and pass behind it to the **rue Saint Sulpice.** The eastern end of this street was known for a time as the rue de la Foire and the western extremity as the rue des Aveugles because it led to a cemetery for the blind. One may still see traces of the seventeenth century inscription, "rue des Aveugles" on the wall of the church. Continue in the same axis on the **rue Mabillon,** commemorating a famous scholar of the learned Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés, and turn immediately **R.** into the **rue Lobineau.**

Enter by the first gate **L.,** the **Marché Saint Germain.** Framed between protecting trees in a tiny court on the west side of the market **L.** is an eighteenth century fountain, which stood originally in the Place Saint Sulpice, with Empire bas-reliefs by d'Espércieux, symbolizing Peace, Agriculture, Commerce and the Arts and Sciences. Beyond the fountain a tablet on the wall relates (somewhat illegibly) that the present-day market is the modern successor of the old Foire Saint Germain. (See Part I, page 305 et sequit.) Buying and selling have been transacted on this spot for over four hundred years.

Return to the rue Lobineau, named after an historian of Paris, and turn **L.** Continue in the same axis on the rue des Quatre Vents, which was formerly the "Rue descendant à la foire" and which adopted its present name from a sign. The third street, **L.,** is one of the old streets of the quarter of which the modern name, **Grégoire de Tours,** recalls the sixth century historian of the Franks. When butchers had their stalls here, the street was known as the rue de l'Escorcherie, or Street of the Flayers, and when in the reign of Charles VI, these butchers and their apprentices, enlisted by the House of Burgundy, got out of hand and invaded the Hôtel Saint Paul, they earned for the street the same name which the band of Pierre de Craon had gained for the street on the Right Bank,—rue des Mauvais Garçons. But according to Tynna, writing in 1812, this Street of the Bad Boys owed its name to the bands of French and Italian adventurers who ravaged Paris and its neighborhood during the captivity of François I.

At the corner of the rue des Quatre Vents and the rue de Condé, Cadoudal, the royalist conspirator against Napoleon, was arrested on his way to the house of Caron, the perfume seller, at the corner of the rue des Canettes. Turn **L.**, cross the Boulevard Saint Germain and make for the passage labeled "**Cour du Commerce Saint André,**" directly opposite the statue of Danton, **R.** The house where Danton lived and where he was arrested stood near the site of his statue in the rue des Cordeliers, the street to which his statue is pointing and which is now the rue de l'Ecole de Médicine. Camille Desmoulins lived in the same house, and over the way lived that unpleasant character, Simon, the shoemaker, jailer of the Dauphin. Marat lived further east in the same street about twenty yards from the present statue of the chemist, Broca. It was here that he was stabbed in his bath by Charlotte Corday. The shoe-shaped tub in which he sat, while compiling the daily lists of the doomed, is at the Musée Grévin where it figures in a realistically gory death scene. Students of the Revolutionary and Napoleonic era, by the way, could do worse than visit the Musée Grévin.

Passage du Commerce Saint André.

In the Cour du Commerce Saint André, or Passage du Commerce Saint André, as it is now officially known, we are on ground which Michelet characterizes, with his usual vividness, as "verminous with memories." At **No. 8, R.**, the first in the row of old houses, was the printing press of Marat's newspaper "L'Ami du Peuple," and here came its editor in a dressing gown lined with imitation panther skin to correct the proofs of his bloodthirsty sheet. The overseer of the printing press, whose name was Brune, was destined to become one of Napoleon's marshals. A printing press still occupies No. 8. In the cellar of the corner house, with grille, Dr. Guillotin, deputy to the National Assembly in 1789, experimented on sheep with his death-dealing instrument which figured so prominently in the Revolution. He designed his "philanthropic beheading machine" as a humanitarian means of killing animals and it is said that he died of a broken heart at the grim business for which it was used. The tradition of the

quarter points to two large stones in the pavement of the branch passage leading to the rue de l'Ancienne Comédie as stones upon which the guillotine was set up. They are nice, flat stones. Continue in the main passage to the locksmith's shop at the end of the row of old buildings, **R.** In the interior of this shop, directly opposite the door which bears the sign, "L. Mingot," is a tower of the wall of Philip Augustus. The wall was nine meters high and three meters thick.

Cour de Rouen.

Beyond the locksmith's shop in the Passage du Commerce turn **R.** into the Cour de Rouen. The terrace, **L.**, beyond the grille, encloses a part of the wall of Philip Augustus. The courtyard is officially named the Cour de Rouen to commemorate the occupancy of the bishops of Rouen who succeeded the bishops of Reims. Thus the wooden sign on the terrace, which refers to the court as the Cour de Rohan, reflects a popular corruption of the correct name. Henri II constructed here a house for Diane de Poitiers which still remains, in part, above the archway.

Pass through the archway and the gate beyond. The old well in the corner belonged to Coictier, the physician of Louis XI, the terrible king of whom Victor Hugo said that he needed only two men about him, a physician to take care of Louis and a hangman to take care of his enemies. The Cour de Rouen was built on ground which formed a part of the Coictier garden just inside the wall of Philip Augustus. The water of the royal physician's well was in high repute with the doctors of the Sorbonne who used to come here to drink it. Before returning through the gateway, glance up at the dignified dormer windows of the house of Diane de Poitiers which reflect, despite the general shabbiness, something of the building's former distinction. Passing through the gateway, notice **L.** the curious iron tripod called a "pas de la mule" which the good doctors utilized in mounting their steeds. In this picturesque corner of Old Paris, full of seared walls and greenery, a group of young painters have formed a society which they have humorously dubbed "La Croûte" ("The Daub").

Regain the Passage du Commerce and continue **R.** to the **rue Saint André des Arts,** which owes its name perhaps to the bow merchants of the vicinity (marchands d'arcs), but more probably, by corruption, to the enclosed vineyard of Laas, which extended from the Petit Pont to the Porte de Nesle. At the corner of the **rue Mazet, R.,** where a niche is bereft of its Virgin, stood the Porte de Buci, the gate which was walled up in 1422 after its betrayal to the Burgundians by Perrinet Leclerc. In the rue Mazet was the Auberge du Cheval Blanc, which under Louis XIV was a lively, bustling inn, being the starting point of the coaches for Orléans and Blois. The inn unfortunately was torn down a few years ago but it will live in the sword-play pages of Dumas as well as in the masterpiece of the Abbé Prévost, for the White Horse served as the first introduction to Paris for d'Artagnan, who arrived from Meung, not on a white horse but on a yellow one, and for the most enchanting of passengers which ever a coach contained, that dainty, inexorable charmer, Manon Lescaut. Another inn near the Porte de Buci hung out the sign, "The Sword of a Brave Knight" in honor of the duelists of the Petit Pré aux Clercs. The hostess of this martial tavern would have preferred a sign displaying a rose tree, with flaming hearts, to attract the lovers who frequented the same meadow, but her husband declared that one fighting man drank more than six lovers.

Turn **L.** in the rue Saint André des Arts which ends in a busy crossroads where five streets meet. The Carrefour de Buci was a center of life of the Left Bank in the eighteenth century. A gallows stood here for a long time and here was erected the first recruiting stand for the republican armies. On the same day that witnessed the erection of the recruiting stand, some carts, laden with priests who had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Revolutionary government, were attacked as they passed the crossroads and the massacre was begun which was continued that night at the Abbey prison. Turn **L.** in the **rue de l'Ancienne Comédie,** formerly called the rue des Fossés Saint Germain des Prés since it followed the course of the moat outside the wall of Philip Augustus. (Plaque recalling the old name.) At **No. 14, R.,** with bas-relief of Minerva, was the Jeu de Paume de l'Etoile where the

Comédie Française was installed in 1689, opening with "Phèdre" and "Le Médecin malgré lui." The troupe remained here nearly a century but in 1770 it was found that the walls of the old jeu de paume were giving way under the increased weight of the galleries, boxes and dressing rooms and the theater was reluctantly abandoned. David, Gros and Horace Vernet had their studios in the building and it was from here that Gros, driven to desperation by the defeat of his school at the hands of the Romanticists, rushed forth to drown himself.

Café Procope.

(See Part I, page 310 et sequit.)

In the year following the installation of the Comédie Française, Francesco Procopio dei Coltelli, a nobleman of Palermo, established the famous Café Procope across the street at **No. 13.** The building is still there but it is now a restaurant. Voltaire's own private and particular table, where he used to drink his mixed coffee and chocolate, was in the room on the extreme left and there it is to be found today beneath the portrait of the patriarch of Ferney. Medallion portraits and scenes depicting former patrons decorate the walls. Wrought iron balcony, obscured by the sign.

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Beyond the Café Procope, at **No. 21, L.**, is the front of the house inhabited by Dr. Guillotin. Return along the rue de l'Ancienne Comédie to the Carrefour de Buci, noting on the way a photographer's shop at **No. 8, L.**, which was formerly the Restaurant Dagneau, patronized in 1839 by Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, George Sand, Henri Murger and Théodore de Banville.

Turn **L.** in the **rue de Buci.** The first street, **L.**, is the rue Grégoire de Tours. The circular pavilion on the Boulevard Saint Germain, which closes the vista, was designed by Charles Garnier, the architect of the Opéra. The modern building at **No. 13, R.** occupies the site of the Maison de la Croix Blanche where tradition places the sojourn of the "Illustre Théâtre" of Molière, 1645-1646. Opposite

is the sign of The Griffon, which served to denote a former cabaret, dating, as inscribed, from 1659. In Revolutionary days, the building was occupied by the Imprimerie de l'Egalité which published the writings of Marat. Next door (façade with mask and star in clouds) was the Jeu de Paume de la Diligence, which became a theatre known as L'Etoile in 1728 when it harbored the Opéra Comique after that organization had left the Foire Saint Germain. At the corner of the **rue de Seine**, picturesque gable. The house belonged to the magistrate, Président Hénault, a friend of Mme du Deffand of the famous salon, whose dwelling we passed on the rue des Quatre Fils. Glance, in passing, down the rue **Bourbon le Château, R.**, with picturesque house at the end of the street. The street was laid out over ground belonging to the Cardinal de Bourbon, abbot of Saint Germain des Prés, whose "château" or abbot's palace, we shall see forthwith. At No. 1 of this street, relates Georges Cain, two women were assassinated. One of them managed to write on a screen with a finger dipped in blood the name of the assassin, who was arrested the next day. At **No. 28, R., rue de Buci**, with Louis XV masks, one of the first cafés was founded by an Armenian named Maliban about 1675, the year which witnessed the establishment of the first Café Procope in the rue du Tournon. A subsequent tenant of No. 28 was Mlle. Clairon, the actress. (See Part I, page 315.)

In **Nos. 42 and 40, R.**, which, despite outward appearances, form a single house, a tailor named Etienne Michelot had his shop in 1803. He had just arrived in Paris with his wife and fourteen-year-old daughter and was none too prosperous. Towards the end of the year he made the acquaintance of a certain Spain, a building contractor, who offered to bring to the Michelot household as lodger one of his friends, named Mounier, whom he introduced as a former émigré and an honest man unhappily beset by creditors. Though duly grateful for this addition to their income, the family were not a little astonished at finding that Mounier brought to the house several unknown persons who never were seen to leave but who disappeared in some mysterious fashion. In February and March, 1804, the police were on the hunt for the conspirator Georges Cadoudal and his accomplices. After the arrest of Cadou-

dal it developed that Spain, attracted by the complicated interior and double means of egress of the house inhabited by the Michelots, had succeeded in constructing there, unknown to the family, a secret chamber for his friends, whose besetting "creditors" were none other than Napoleon's police. When the house was repaired, some years ago, the workmen came upon the secret chamber.

At this corner, where the rue de Buci joins the Boulevard, there stood until 1621 a little tower with a broad base and conical roof. This was the pillory of the Abbey of Saint Germain des Prés, and here, just a few steps from the spot where his statue now stands, Bernard Palissy came within an ace of being flogged as a heretic and was saved only by a last minute reprieve. Turn **R.** in the Boulevard. The narrow **rue de l'Echaudé, R.**, formerly the Chemin sur le fossé de l'Abbaye, the Road on the ditch of the Abbey, marks the eastern boundary of the abbey enclosure. The abbey **prison** stood on ground now occupied by the Boulevard between **Nos. 135-137** and the present-day garden by the church. During the Revolution many notables were here confined, including Philippe Egalité, the Prince de Conti, Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday. In the immediate neighborhood over 318 prisoners were massacred, the majority at a spot further on where the rue Bonaparte joins the Place Saint Germain des Prés.

Enter the **garden.** Just before you reach the pensive Bernard Palissy, note the whitish stone of a restored tower base, of which we shall presently see a replica in a corresponding position on the further side. In the eleventh century, the church had three towers and was popularly known as "l'église aux trois clochers" but the towers at the crossing, of which only the bases remain, were pulled down in 1822 to save the expense of restoration. Alas, and again alas! Near the gate is a pretty fountain with a pastoral scene in which shepherd and shepherdess meet and appraise.

III. Saint Germain des Prés.

Continue to the **west front.** The niche in the presbytery, **R.**, contains a bust of Mabillon, the most distinguished scholar of this learned abbey. The first three stories of

the tower go back to the reconstruction of 1000 or in part perhaps to the original sixth century church; the fourth story dates from the first third of the twelfth century; the belfry is of the seventeenth and the spire was constructed in the nineteenth century restoration. "Is there nothing of all that older than the eleventh century?" asks Hilaire Belloc, in speaking of the church as a whole. "I could wish to believe it, but the proof is uncertain. An antiquarian can put his hand on a piece of grotesque and say with certitude, 'This is of the late eleventh or early twelfth century,' but no one can assure us how much remains in that ugly and wonderful place of the dark vault in which Childebert hid the vestment and swung the great cross of Spanish gold, in which Pepin took the oath on the body of Saint Germanus, in which little Charlemagne, at eight years old, held his candle in the procession and marveled at the magnificence of the ritual, and in which Abbo wrote his naive hexameters, or climbed to watch his visions on the city wall from the high windows of the towers."

A seventeenth century portal has been added but the old twelfth century doorway has been left intact inside. In the tympanum of the doorway is a Romanesque Last Supper (1160-70). Saint John is leaning on the breast of Christ. Above is God the Father. Note the Romanesque capitals of the pillars on the sides.

In the **interior** the first thing that strikes the eye is the polychromatic decoration, product of the nineteenth century restoration. In the capitals of the huge pillars the grotesque shapes of birds and animals are combined in a composite pattern with the greatest skill. Twelve of the original capitals have been taken to the Musée de Cluny and these which we see are, for the most part, copies, but in the aisles some of the old capitals remain. The first pillar on the north wall **L.** (in the chapel with baptismal font) has come down, untouched by paint or restoration, from the eleventh century. The next pillar, representing the birth of Christ with very cubistic portrayals of the ox and the ass who warmed the infant Saviour with their breath, though obviously restored, is one of the original pillars.

Cross to the **right aisle.** Passing the inevitable Saint

Peter with his toe worn shiny by the kisses of the faithful, one comes to a lovely Virgin and Child before which many candles are doubtless burning, and where, at almost any hour of the day, are worshipers devoutly kneeling on the little wooden chairs. This is **Notre Dame la Blanche**, or **Notre Dame de la Consolation**, a fourteenth century statue presented by the Queen Jeanne d'Evreux, wife of Charles IV, to the abbey church of Saint Denis in 1340 and brought here after the Revolution. Notre Dame de la Consolation is instinct with compassion and queenly gentleness. It is small wonder that in this church, where the religious spirit seems to have come down untarnished from the centuries of fervent faith, that she should be the object of intense veneration.

To see the Flandrins a good light is imperative; a morning when the sun is shining is the ideal time. By depicting parallel scenes from the Old Testament and the New, Flandrin has sought to illustrate the text, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and for ever." (Heb. XIII, 8.) The first in the series (looking across at the opposite wall of the nave) is **1 A. The Annunciation.** Note the traditional symbols of early Italian and French art,—the relative positions of the Virgin and the angel, the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, the lily and the arcade. **1 B. Moses and the burning bush.** Observe the pre-Raphaelite quality of these paintings, evinced in the simplicity of the means employed, in the fondness for pastel hues and in their flatness. The artist conforms with the architectural nature of the surface he is decorating, perspective is consciously sacrificed and the spectator is not allowed to forget that he is looking at a wall. Above the subject pictures runs a **frieze of single figures.** The **Adam and Eve** over the Annunciation are particularly fine and may be seen by screening off the light from the opposite windows. **2 A. The Nativity**, and **2 B**, its counterpart, **The Fall.** Notice above the Nativity the Latin legend, "Per hominem mors, per hominem resurrectios." "For since by man came death [The Fall], by man came also the resurrection of the dead" [The Nativity]. (I Cor. XV, 21.) The Nativity is treated in the conventional manner except for the introduction of the three angels. **3 A. Adoraton of the Magi. 3 B. Balaam blessing Israel.** Both depict a

tribute to Israel. The second shows the moment when Balaam, from the top of Mount Pethor, blesses Israel instead of cursing her ("How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!" Numbers XXIV, 5). Notice the tents of Israel in the background and the indignant princes of Moab. A fine sense of anger pervades the picture. It is one of the best of the series.

Notice capital of pillar to the right of side entrance, with fantastic animals and entwined serpents. It is one of the original capitals.

4 A. The Baptism in the Jordan. 4 B. Passage of the Red Sea. The Baptism, like the Nativity, accords with the conventions except for the introduction of Flandrin's three angels. In the Passage of the Red Sea the commanding figure of Moses stands out from the picture. It is beautifully painted. On the left the waters of the Red Sea are closing over the chariots of the Egyptians. To the right of Moses the first standing figure is Miriam leading the Israelites in triumphant song to the sound of the timbrel. ("Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea." Exodus XV, 21). **5 A. The Institution of the Eucharist. 5 B. Melchizedek bringing forth bread and wine to Abraham.** ("And Melchizedek, king of Salem, brought forth bread and wine; and he was the priest of the most high God." Gen. XIV, 18.) In the last Supper, the apostles are grouped at the sides, an interesting departure from the conventional arrangement which serves to throw into relief the principal figure of the Christ.

In the **south transept** is Sainte Marguerite with the dragon at her feet. The belt of Saint Margaret, which was in the possession of this church, was supposed to ease the pains of women in child birth. It was worn by the daughter-in-law of Louis XIV at the birth of the Duke of Burgundy.

In this transept, where the light is good, a word as to the creator of these frescoes which embody perhaps the finest treatment of religious subjects in France. Hippolyte Flandrin (1809-1864) has been termed the French Fra Angelico, and certainly the artist who wrote upon the door of his studio, "Thou Lord, hast made me glad through Thy

work, I will triumph in the works of Thy hands" and who considered religious painting to be "the height of Art and the most worthy employment of genius" could not have been far behind the great Italian in sincerity of religious feeling. Flandrin's early career was an up-hill struggle. The son of an unsuccessful artist in austere Lyons, the New England of France, he was not encouraged to follow his father's footsteps, but despite parental opposition, young Hippolyte and his brother, Paul, early formed the habit of sketching everything in sight with a boyish predilection for soldiers, and finally from the sale of drawings and lithographs saved enough money to travel on foot to Paris to study with the great Ingres. Ingres received them sympathetically and a warm friendship sprang up between master and pupils. Hippolyte recounts in a letter to his brother, Auguste, how much his master was upset when Hippolyte failed to receive the Prix de Rome. He left the jury room in despair, "protesting with all his might against the proceedings of the meeting." Closeted later with several members of the Institute who had come over to console him, he exclaimed when Flandrin entered the room, "Behold the lamb they have slaughtered."

The following year, Flandrin tried again and, though stricken with cholera—it was the plague year of 1832—and obliged for a time to renounce his work altogether, he rallied in the last few days before his picture was due and managed to finish it. It was immediately awarded the Grand Prix. From now on, the road was easy. "Non, je ne sais rien, rien du tout," exclaimed Ary Scheffer, then at the height of his fame, on seeing Flandrin's "Jesus with the Little Children." Commissions followed. In his native Lyons, Flandrin decorated the church of Saint Severinus and in Paris he painted these frescoes of Saint Germain des Prés and those of the modern church of Saint Vincent de Paul. Flandrin died at Rome of smallpox. He is buried at Paris in the cemetery of Père Lachaise. The funeral service was held at Saint Germain des Prés, the church he had done so much to honor.

The twelfth century **choir** exhibits, in the apse and clerestory, the pointed arch of the Gothic, in contrast to the round arch of the earlier Romanesque nave. The

marble shafts of the colonnettes of the triforium gallery are thought to be from the original sixth century basilica of Childebert, but their bases and capitals are of the twelfth century. Curious Romanesque capitals on the ground story columns. Look across the choir at Flandrin's fresco, **The Entry Into Jerusalem.** Again note the simplicity of the means used and how the figures in the background are conventionalized to set off the figure of Christ riding on the ass. The gilt background blends beautifully with the decorative scheme of the church. The light is never too good and if you have neglected my advice to choose a bright day you must come again; otherwise you cannot do justice to this beautiful picture.

The **second chapel** contains (center panel) the tomb of Descartes, the great French philosopher whose faith in rational science in an age of dogma and constituted authority, revolutionized philosophy. "Your nation," wrote Hegel to Victor Cousin, "has done enough for philosophy in giving her Descartes." A century after Descartes we find the Cartesian method employed by d'Alembert who praises him as one of the ancestors of the Encyclopedia. On your next visit to the Louvre, notice the fine portrait of Descartes by Franz Hals. **The chapel next but one,** dedicated to Saint Anne, contains fragments of thirteenth century glass in which are represented (labeled **L.**) Anne and Zoachim, the parents of the Virgin. Passing the sombre Chapel of the Virgin, we may pause at the **third** chapel beyond it, the Chapelle Saint Pierre-Saint Paul, where a marble slab, similar to that marking the grave of Descartes, commemorates the last resting place of Boileau, that ardent champion of the new writers, Racine, Molière and La Fontaine. Opposite the next chapel is a covered well, of which the water, according to Du Breul, was sovereign against the fever and the ills of childhood. "And in order," he relates, "that, according to the desire of the invalids, the result of their hopes flee not, the Sacristan dips in the water the key [of the chapel] of Saint Germain and recites certain prayers." The stained glass windows of the apse were designed by Flandrin; beginning at the right, they represent Saint Genevieve with her taper, Saint John the Baptist, Christ, the Virgin Mary and Saint Denis.

Leave the choir and from the **north transept** look back at the opposite wall of the choir to discern, as best you may, Flandrin's depiction of the **Road to Calvary**, the worst lighted of all. The tomb in this transept, with kneeling figure surrounded by martial equipment, contains the heart of Jean Casimir, King of Poland, who renounced his throne to become abbot of Saint Germain des Prés. He is represented as offering unto God his sceptre and his crown.

Continue down the **N. aisle** of the nave. On the right is a bust of Flandrin. Because of the adjoining Abbot's Palace, this aisle has no windows, so that the sole light by which you may see the frescoes on the opposite side comes from the south windows directly above them. Shield your eyes from the direct rays of this light and gradually the paintings will begin to take shape. (On a dark day the attempt is useless.) **1 A. The betrayal of Christ by Judas. 1 B. Joseph sold by his brethren. 2 A. The Crucifixion. 2 B. The sacrifice of Abraham. 3 A. The Resurrection. 3 B. Jonah and the whale.** (The Old Testament resurrection.) **4 A. Peter receives the keys of Heaven. 4 B. Dispersion of the nations at Babel.** The parallelism is not, at first sight, clear; the nations dispersed in the Old Testament scene are reunited in the New by the Gospel. ("That the Gentiles shall be fellowheirs and of the same body, and partakers of his promise in Christ by the gospel." Ephes. III, 6). From this point, good view, by shading the eyes, of preceding pictures. The last two frescoes, representing **The Ascension** and **The preliminaries of the Last Judgment** were painted by Paul Flandrin after the death of his brother, Hippolyte, from drawings left by the latter.

Before leaving, look down the church towards the choir to retain the general effect. You are in one of the most harmonious and pleasing of the Paris churches. The vigorously wrought capitals, the admirable frescoes, the exquisite Notre Dame de la Consolation and a spirit of religious fervor reflected in the kneeling worshipers of its quiet aisles make of it a church beautiful and a church apart.

IV. To "Little Geneva" (the rue Visconti) and the Altar of Jacob.

On leaving Saint Germain des Prés, turn **R.** The little park at the corner contains architectural fragments from a chapel belonging to the abbey, the Chapelle de la Vierge, which was the work of Pierre de Montereau, architect of the greater part of the abbey church of Saint Denis, of the refectory of Saint Martin des Champs and of the Sainte Chapelle. These fragments, which suggest the beauty of the structure from which they came, were discovered some years ago in private houses of the rue de l'Abbaye. The doorway of the chapel is in the garden of the Musée de Cluny. From the little park, one may descend the rue Bonaparte to see, at the back of the court of **No. 31, R.** a handsome doorway.

In the Domain of the Abbey.

Return to the **rue de l'Abbaye.** Encompassed by their towered wall, the abbey buildings formed a miniature city. We have already skirted the southern limit of the abbey enclosure on the rue Gozlin (formerly Sainte Marguerite). The rue de l'Echaudé, which we passed in coming from the Cour de Rouen, follows the southernmost section of the eastern boundary. At the end of the rue de l'Abbaye, we shall skirt the northernmost section of that eastern boundary by turning **L.** in the rue Cardinale, which will bring us out near the north gate on the rue Jacob. (The western boundary was the rue Saint Benoît.)

At **No. 13, R.**, rue de l'Abbaye, is the Abbot's Palace, erected in 1586 by Cardinal Charles de Bourbon, Abbot of Saint Germain des Prés. This was the Charles de Bourbon, uncle of Henri IV, who was proclaimed king by the Leaguers under the name of Charles X and for whom coins were minted bearing his effigy. The building was entirely reconstructed in 1691 by a later abbot, the Cardinal Egon de Furstenberg, Bishop of Strasbourg. At the tiny park, we pass the base of the northernmost of the destroyed towers. On the site of **Nos. 6 and 8** stood the Chapelle de la Vierge and further down the street in the same axis

was the refectory, likewise the work of Pierre de Montereau and perhaps his masterpiece.

Continue to the end of the rue de l'Abbaye and follow **L.** the narrow, beautifully curving **rue Cardinale** with curious old houses. A nice bit of old ironwork at the last turn in the street. I have brought you this somewhat roundabout way not only to indicate the eastern boundary of the abbey but to give you an idea of what this labyrinthine quarter was like before Haussmann smashed through his boulevards. Turn **L.** a few steps into the tree-shaded square, which, in the eighteenth century, was the courtyard of the abbey stables. The building of red brick, with stone facings, at **Nos. 6 and 8, R.**, occupies the site of the stables and was itself a dependency of the abbey. A tablet in the courtyard of **No. 6** records that Delacroix, whose fiery genius we have seen exemplified at Saint Sulpice, lived and died here. A group of artists, who are particularly concerned with the depiction of religious subjects, now occupy these buildings. Under the leadership of Maurice Denis and Georges Desvallières, they work together on a profit sharing basis, the neophytes undergoing a period of schooling by the masters before being admitted to full membership in the group.

Return in the direction of the rue Cardinale. The pillar enclosed in the house on the right-hand corner of the rue Jacob belonged to the old north gate of the abbey. On the opposite corner was the abbey dovecote which gave the name of rue du Colombier to this eastern section of the present rue Jacob (between the rue Bonaparte and the rue de Seine).

Rue Jacob.

The western section of the rue Jacob (between the rue Bonaparte and the rue des Saints Pères) was a part of the old Chemin aux Clercs, or Chemin du Pré aux Clercs, which was continued in the rue de l'Université. On this western section was an inn, named "A l'Autel Jacob" from the neighboring "Altar of Jacob," which we saw was erected by Queen Marguerite in fulfilment of her vow that she would erect an altar, as did the patriarch Jacob, if she were freed from captivity in Auvergne. (Part I, page 319

et sequit.) L'Autel Jacob was a pun on l'Hôtel Jacob and this hostelry gave the street its name. The present Hôtel Jacob, not unknown to Americans, has a fine eighteenth century staircase up which, flight by flight, toiled the sturdy little Southerner of Daudet's romance, bearing in his arms his precious Sapho, who, in sad parallel to their idyll, became a heavier burden at each flight. In the rue Jacob was the Hôtel de Modène where Laurence Sterne found lodging in 1762 and quickly assuaged the incipient pangs of loneliness. "'Alas poor Yorick!' cried I, 'what art thou doing here On the very first onset of all this glittering clatter, thou art reduced to an atom;—seek—seek some winding alley, with a tourniquet at the end of it, where chariot never rolled, nor flambeau shot its rays;—there thou mayest solace thy soul in converse sweet with some kind grisette of a barber's wife, and get into such coteries!'" And "get into such coteries" he did, since the day's philandering netted both the little maid of Madame R. and the sprightly glove merchant. A contemporary of Sterne's, Horace Walpole, on visits to "his dear old blind woman," Madame du Deffand, stopped at No. 28 rue Jacob, which was then the Hôtel d'Espagne, conducted by a Dame Simonetti.

At **No. 7, L.** rue Jacob, a seventeenth century Hôtel Saint Paul, is a Louis XIII staircase and an interesting ceiling of the same epoch in the loge of the concierge. A little further on in the garden of **No. 20, R.**, inhabited at one time by Adrienne Lecouvreur, is a charming neo-classic structure of the eighteenth century, a Temple de l'Amitié. Apply at ground floor apartment in rear of court. Return to the rue de Furstenberg. Beyond, at **No. 3, R.**, eighteenth century doorway with mask and console. On the further corner of the rue de l'Echaudé, **L.**, facing the rue Jacob, is an old engraved sign, rue du Colombier. (Another such sign is on the corner of the rue Bonaparte.)

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The handsome eighteenth century hôtel at No. 57 rue de Seine is now a travelers' hotel and retains in its rooms some traces of former grandeur.

The name, "échaudé," was originally applied to a kind of unsweetened cake, eaten with tea or coffee, which used

to be made in the shape of a triangle, and was later extended to a triangular tract of land or to a triangular cluster of houses. Thus here at the end of the rue Jacob, **L.**, we have an "échaudé" in the little nest of houses between the rue de Seine and the rue de l'Echaudé, which is named after it. This is the former "Road on the ditch of the Abbey," which we passed on the Boulevard Saint Germain. The abbey grounds did not extend quite to this corner but only to the rue Cardinale.

Follow the rue de l'Echaudé, **L.**, and continue on the rue de Seine, where the artist Chardin was born. Beyond the recently opened rue Jacques Callot, at **No. 41, R.**, is a seventeenth century hôtel with arcaded entresol, frieze and sculptured medallions. Here lived Armande Béjart, widow of Molière, when she was playing at the Théâtre Guénégaud, which lay directly behind this building in the rue Mazarine.

The Théâtre Guénégaud, originally the Jeu de Paume de la Bouteille (and owned at one time by Isaac de Laffemas, the "brigand" whose "cave" we saw opposite Saint Julien le Pauvre) witnessed the first performances of French opera under the direction of the Marquis de Sourdéac and later of Lulli, 1671-1672. In 1673 the theatre was leased by the Troupe du Roi, the old Molière troupe, now conducted by his widow, after the machinations of Lulli had driven them from the Palais Royal. The company was augmented by the greater part of the Troupe du Marais and in 1680 by the players of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, forming the Comédie Française, which played here until 1689 when the actors were ousted by the Jansenists of the neighboring Collège des Quatre Nations, who were disturbed by the clatter of the coach wheels before the theatre. From here the Comédie Française went to what is now the rue de l'Ancienne Comédie.

"Little Geneva" (the rue Visconti).

(See Part I, page 312, et sequit.)

The narrow street, **L.**, is the rue Visconti, nicknamed from its inns, frequented by Huguenots, "Little Geneva." On the nearer corner of the rue de Seine is the red and

green sign of a vivacious blackamoor framed in a wrought iron inscription, "Au Petit More." This is the seventeenth century sign of The Little Blackamoor with memories of Racine and his friends and of the tragic death of Saint Amand through unwonted indulgence in water. The grille has been dismantled as little as possible by the owner of the art shop. The delicately wrought capitals of the iron pilasters show sprigs of grapevine of fine workmanship. On the side of this house in the rue Visconti is an inscription recalling the early name of the street, rue des Marais Saint Germain, when it was laid out in 1540 on the waste land of Nicolas des Maretz or des Marays. The house of one of the first inhabitants, Jean Cousin, who combined the professions of artist, sculptor, architect and gentleman-worker in stained glass, is described as the "maison faisant le coing de la dicte rue Desmarez" and probably occupied the further corner, across the street from the Little Blackamoor. At **No. 3, L.** lodged one Alibaud, a demented fellow who tried to assassinate Louis Philippe by shooting at him with a gun disguised as a cane. Opposite is an old house with handsome ironwork. Continuing along this narrow canyon of old houses, we may note, at **No. 12, R.**, a massive nail-studded doorway of the type of Henri IV, and next door at **No. 14**, a house which passes in the quarter as a Hôtel de la Rochefoucauld (inscription over door). The old houses, at **Nos. 13 and 15, L.**, with curious dormers extending below the cornice, were owned in the eighteenth century by the Daughters of the Visitation of Saint Mary whose conventual chapel, built by Mansart, we visited in the rue Saint Antoine. No. 13 was the house which was long thought to be the residence of Racine because a vine on this property was known as "la vigne de Racine."

On the second story of the building set back from the street, **L.** (numbered **17 and 19**), Balzac had his small apartment and printing press which he described in "Illusions Perdues." The room which served as Balzac's office, still used as an office by the present proprietor, is indicated by the third window from the right (counting the glazed window as the first) on the second story (1er étage), just over the word "Fabrique" in the sign. His bedroom was at the back of the house on the extreme right, overlooking one of the charming tree-shaded gardens of the rue Jacob.

There is really nothing left to recall the great novelist, but his fervent disciples, who find a thrill in viewing the very walls which witnessed his labors, should not hesitate to climb the circular stairway, **R.**, and apply at the printing press where they will be received with charming courtesy. The studio window at the top of the building recalls the tenancy of Delacroix and that of Paul Delaroche, Eugène Lami and the artist, César Ducornet, "born without arms."

Just beyond the printing press, **L.**, is a doorway of quiet distinction which belongs to the Hôtel de Rannes, named from an early eighteenth century owner, Louis d'Argouges, Marquis de Rannes. It was the Hôtel de Rannes, you will recall, which long disputed with No. 13 the honor of having harbored Racine. The sixteenth century Hôtel de Burgensis, where Racine really did live, stood on the opposite side of the street behind the stone wall ornamented with vases. At the corner of the rue des Marais (Visconti) and the rue des Petits Augustins (Bonaparte) lived a member of a distinguished family of architects, Baptiste du Cerceau, whose name is associated with the construction of the Pont Neuf, although the plans of that bridge were probably drawn by Guillaume Marchand. You will recall that other dwellers in the rue des Marais were Adrienne Lecouvreur, mistress of the Maréchal de Saxe, who "hadn't had time to renounce the theatre" and was thus debarred from Christian burial, and the much admired Hippolyte Clairon whose ending was no less tragic.

The Altar of Jacob.

(See Part I, page 319 et sequit.)

In the rue Bonaparte, turn **R.** and stop at the gate of the large courtyard, **L.** The busts on the stone gate-posts represent, **R.**, Poussin, the great landscape painter of the early seventeenth century, and **L.**, Puget, surnamed the grandson of Michael Angelo, a sculptor of the same epoch. You are at the entrance of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, which occupies the site of the "Altar of Jacob," the monastery founded by Queen Marguerite. Immediately to the right is the chapel of which Anne of Austria laid the corner-stone in 1617. The façade is a portal from the Château

d'Anet, built by Henri II for Diane de Poitiers, of historical interest as marking the first use in French civil architecture of the Greek orders. The architect was Philibert Delorme; the sculptor, Jean Goujon. The sole vestige of the Altar of Jacob founded by Queen Marguerite is the domed hexagonal chapel (not visible from the court) which adjoins the chapel of Anne of Austria and is now filled with replicas of the work of Michael Angelo. The arcade in the middle of the court, with Gothic and Renaissance detail, is from the Château de Gaillon, built for the Cardinal Georges d'Amboise, minister of Louis XII, whose tomb, with statue attributed to Goujon, is in the cathedral of Rouen. The other fragments are mainly from Old Paris hôtels and churches.

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Descend the modern **rue des Beaux Arts,** opposite. In the Hotel d'Alsace, at **No. 13, R.,** Oscar Wilde died "beyond his means" in 1900. The oldest English bookseller in Paris remembers seeing him go back and forth daily on the rue Bonaparte to take his aperitif at the Deux Magots, opposite Saint Germain des Prés. Across the street at **No. 10,** lived Prosper Mérimée (1842-1846) and Corot (1849-1855). Thackeray dwelt at one time in the rue des Beaux Arts. Turn **L.** in the **rue de Seine** and glance in passing at the courtyard of **No. 6** where the lofty façade at the rear of the court, rebuilt after a fire, recalls the hôtel of Queen Marguerite. Turn **L.** into the **Quai Malaquais,** a name derived from mal-acquet, or mal-acquis, meaning ill-acquired, in reference to the somewhat unscrupulous means by which Marguerite gained possession of this part of the Petit Pré aux Clercs. Old inscriptions: Quai Malaquais and Rue de Seine. At **No. 5** lived the Maréchal de Saxe, protector of Mlle Lecouvreur and grandfather of George Sand. An ornamental medallion with the marshal's portrait is on the staircase (apply to concierge). On the further corner of the rue Bonaparte stands the Hôtel Transylvanie, which, early in the eighteenth century, was run as a gambling house by the Prince de Transylvanie and was the scene of the exploits of the Chevalier des Grieux, who was here instructed in the art

of cheating so that Manon, that beguiling sinner, might have her coach and the luxury she could not forego.

We are in the quarter of the quay book-stalls and of the antique shops, that enchanted country where Anatole France spent a dreamy childhood engulfed in the tomes of his father's book store and where the two small boys of "Le Livre de mon Ami," of which one was Anatole, browsed among the folios and the beard-plates and the sainted bishops with broken noses. "It doesn't seem to me possible," writes Anatole France in "Le Livre de mon Ami," "that one can have but a mediocre intelligence if one is brought up on the quays of Paris, opposite the Louvre and the Tuileries, near the Palais Mazarin, before the glorious river of the Seine which flows between the towers, the turrets and the spires of Old Paris. There from the rue Guénégaud to the rue du Bac, the book shops, the antique dealers and the print shops abundantly display the finest forms of art and the most curious witnesses of the past. Each shop window, in its bizarre grace and its amusing hotchpotch, is a seduction for the eye and for the spirit. The passer-by who knows how to see always carries off some idea, as a bird flies away with a straw for its nest. Since there are trees and books and women who pass, it is the most beautiful spot in the world."

For lunch or dinner in the neighborhood there is Michaud on the corner of the rue Jacob and the rue des Saints Pères (next street, **L.**); La Petite Chaise, 36 rue de Grenelle, which combines historic associations with an excellent cuisine (rue Bonaparte, turn **R.** in the Boulevard Saint Germain, **L.** in the rue Saint Guillaume and **R.** in the rue de Grenelle); the famous and not inexpensive Lapérouse at 51 Quai des Grands Augustins (beyond the Institut) and the modest Quatrième République, 42 rue Jacob (rue Bonaparte, turn **R.**). For tea, La Dame Blanche at 196 Boulevard Saint Germain; a specialty of cakes of that name. (Rue Bonaparte, turn **R.** Notice the copies of Bouchardon panels on the façade.) For the best coffee in the Quarter and petits fours, try Guerbois at No. 25 rue des Saints Pères (next street, **L.**).

CHAPTER VI.

FROM THE TOUR SAINT JACQUES TO THE MAISON DU GRAND PIGNON.

Part I. The Foreword.

I. In the Shadow of Saint Jacques.

"I went next to view Paris from the top of St. Jacques steeple, esteem'd the highest in the towne, from whence I had a full view of the whole Citty——"
Diary of John Evelyn, 1, April, 1644.

A wealthy Jewess lost her only child. All the science of the wise men of her tribe was powerless to restore the dead. Frantic with grief, she cried out to the god of the Christians, "If it be Thou who art the All-Powerful and only God, Thou wilt bring my child to life again; I will then worship Thee and on this very spot where my child died, I will build, oh God born of woman, a chapel to Thy Mother." The child miraculously came to life; the Jewess turned Christian and fulfilled her vow. Such is the traditional origin of the eighth century chapel which was succeeded some five hundred years later by the church of Saint Jacques la Boucherie. The handsome tower of a later epoch (1508-1522) served as belfry to the church. It still exists and is known as the Tour Saint Jacques. At the time of the Revolution, church and tower were sold to a building contractor who tore down the church but, in accordance with the conditions of sale, spared the tower, utilizing it as a lead foundry. The tower was finally purchased by the city in 1836.

Saint Jacques la Boucherie owes its surname to the proximity of the butcher shops near the Grand Châtelet, placed just across the Seine from the settlement on the Ile de la Cité. In the neighborhood were grouped the closely related trades of the tanners, the furriers, the flayers and the knife-makers, while not far away, in the rue de la Parcheminerie, now the rue des Blancs Manteaux, was the headquarters of the parchment industry. Situated in the midst of one of the most commercial sections of Old Paris, the church was surrounded by a large number of chapels, founded by rich citizens of the quarter, and was the seat of many "confréries," or brotherhoods, such as the wealthy and powerful Confrérie de la Nativité de Notre Seigneur for the master butchers, the Confrérie de Saint Jean l'Evangéliste for the painters and saddlers, the Confrérie de Saint Michel for the hatters, the Confrérie de Saint Georges for the armorers and the Confrérie de Saint Fiacre for the hosiers. In the reign of Saint Louis the surgeons of Paris held reunions and gave public lectures in the church of Saint Jacques. How the mediaeval wits must have reveled in these reunions of surgeons in the sanctuary of the butchers!

Near the Tour Saint Jacques is the rue des Lombards, which recalls the Italian money-lenders, known generically and inaccurately as "Lombards," who first came to Paris in the third quarter of the thirteenth century and who settled in this street in numbers at the beginning of the succeeding century. They were "the forerunners," writes Renan, "of those legions of Italians, past-masters in the art of governing, who in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were the political and administrative agents of France." One of these money-changers, who appears in a mediaeval tax list as Boccaccio di Chellino, may be identified as Boccacino, father of the celebrated Giovanni Boccaccio. The author of the Decameron was born at Paris in 1313 in the shadow of Saint Jacques, two centuries before the existing tower was erected. Boc-

caccio di Chellino, the money-changer, who came from Certaldo, remained in Paris two years and Giovanni was the fruit of his liaison with one Jeanne. Thus Boccaccio inherited from his French mother the name of Giovanni, the masculine equivalent in Italian of Jeanne, and doubtless the *esprit gaulois* which abounds in the Decameron. When Giovanni was one year old, his father abandoned the mother and took the child with him to Florence.

The street where Boccaccio was born was first called the rue Pierre au Lait because of a flat stone on which milk was sold, and later the rue des Escrivains when it was given over to the public letter writers. One of these public letter writers was a wealthy Parisian bourgeois named Nicolas Flamel, who lived opposite the north portal of Saint Jacques, a portal which he had himself presented to the church. Letter writer, bookseller, scholar, alchemist, financier and philanthropist, Nicolas Flamel is one of the most picturesque of the legend enshrouded figures which have come down to us from mediaeval Paris. Born about 1340 in Pontoise, a town just north of Paris where a "pont" spans the "Oise," Flamel came to the capital and laid the basis of his fortune by marrying a woman much older than himself who had been twice a widow, one Dame Pernelle, who, according to her husband, "was not only endowed with reason but was also capable of doing what was reasonable and was more discreet and reserved than the generality of women." This paragon was endowed as well with a tidy fortune of which Flamel, a shrewd man of business, made the most. Childless and pious, the couple placed this fortune "au service de Dieu et de ses pauvres"; they endowed seven churches, rebuilt three chapels, repaired three cemeteries and founded and endowed hospitals in time of plague which endured when the plague was past. Flamel died in 1418, twenty years after the death of Dame Pernelle, and was buried a stone's throw from where he had lived, beside the tomb of his wife in

Saint Jacques la Boucherie. His tombstone, which bore the inscription,

De terre suis venu
Et de terre retourne.

disappeared in the Revolution and was afterwards discovered serving as a display stand for fruit in a store of the rue Saint Jacques. When the authorities came to claim it, it had again disappeared and all trace of it was lost until 1847 when M. Rambuteau, Prefect of the Seine, rediscovered it in an antique shop, obtained possession of it and gave it to the Musée de Cluny.

Because of his dabbling in alchemy, all manner of legends clustered about Flamel and the source of his wealth. He had discovered the philosopher's stone, he was a sorcerer in league with the devil; every explanation of his riches was put forward but the true one,—shrewd speculation in his wife's land. The mystery which surrounded him was not even interred with his bones for, two centuries after his death, the traveler, Paul Lucas, returned from Asia Minor with the announcement that Nicolas Flamel and Dame Pernelle were residing in India and had still some six hundred years to live. Moreover, when the Revolutionists broke open the tomb of Flamel they found it empty and in that of Pernelle they discovered but a stick of wood!

Saint Jacques la Boucherie and the butcher shops are no more but the proud tower remains. The rue Pierre au Lait, where Boccaccio first saw the light of day and where Nicolas Flamel plied his trade when it was the Street of the Writers, has been gobbled up by the rue de Rivoli, but in the rue Montmorency is a house owned by Flamel, known as the Maison du Grand Pignon, with a curious façade of quaint inscriptions and exquisite bas-reliefs.

II. "Messieurs les Voleurs," a Bad Man and a Barricade.

A narrow and dingy street of the Quartier Saint Merri and one whose perfumed air reeks not of Coty nor of Houbigant is the rue de la Reynie. This thirteenth century Street of the Trussed Cow, referred to by Michelet, commemorates Gabriel Nicolas de la Reynie, the first Lieutenant General of Police of Paris who did much for the lighting and good order of the city streets. Before the advent of La Reynie, there had been no effective system of lighting the streets by night and aside from occasional candles which shot their faint gleams from corner images of the Virgin or from the sill of some citizen's window, the streets, at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV, were shrouded in a darkness which was the paradise of evil doers.

> "Le bois le plus funeste et le moins fréquenté
> Est, auprès de Paris, un lieu de sûreté." [1]

wrote Boileau in his Sixth Satire. At sunset the shopkeepers closed their doors and the robbers swarmed forth from their haunts near Les Halles, the inhabitants abandoning the street to them by a sort of tacit consent. The rôtisseurs kept open a little later and their great wood fires gave forth shafts of light but at curfew these were extinguished and the street was pitch black. At every street corner, La Reynie placed a lantern which contained a large candle, weighing a quarter of a pound, and to the long streets he assigned an extra lantern in the middle. The lanterns were ornamented with the image of a rooster, symbol of vigilance. In each of the sixteen quarters of Paris a bell-ringer warned the citizens of the advent of lighting up time and it was the business of a citizen, elected in each quarter, to attend to the lighting. As the lamp lighter was usually a man of substance he

[1] "The most ill boding and least frequented wood
Is, compared with Paris, a place of safety."

relegated the duties of his office to a substitute who was assisted by a small boy. Great was the excitement and numerous were the onlookers when the lantern was lowered by a pulley for the solemn ceremony of lighting. Louis XIV was enchanted with an invention which "faisait briller son règne" and directed that a medal be struck in commemoration of it. "We found it amusing," writes Mme de Sévigné to her daughter, six years later, "to take home Mme Scarron to the very end of the Faubourg Saint Germain, way beyond Mme de la Fayette's, nearly at Vaugirard in the country. . . .[1] And, thanks to the lanterns, we came back gaily in safety from robbers."

In reality the lanterns gave but a mediocre light reflected through small panes of glass and the leaden divisions between the panes cast shadows upon the ground which resembled wooden beams, so that late revelers had considerable difficulty in climbing over them by dint of jumping at each step. Towards the end of La Reynie's tenure of office, robbery in the Paris streets broke out afresh. One day at twilight, La Fontaine was attacked by thieves who stole his cloak. "Eh, Messieurs, vous ouvrez de bonne heure, ce soir," quoth "le bonhomme" smilingly.

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Near the rue de la Reynie is another street, the rue Aubry le Boucher, where "messieurs les voleurs" and "messieurs les assassins" had free rein until the cutting through of the Boulevard de Sébastopol opened up the quarter. The street was long cited by both the Aubrys and the Bouchers in proof of the antiquity of their families but it developed that only the Aubrys had a good claim, for in an agreement between Philip III, the oldest

[1] At No. 25 Boulevard Montparnasse where the Widow Scarron tended the children of Louis XIV and Madame de Montespan (1670-1674).

son of 'Saint Louis, and the Chapter of Saint Merri the street is referred to as Vicus Alberici Carnificis, the Street of Aubry the Butcher.

It was distinguished as early as the thirteenth century by the number and quality of its well-to-do citizens. Until not long ago there was a wine shop in this street which bore the name, rather unusual in a wine shop, "Au Chapeau Cardinal." The cardinal of the sign of the wine shop was the Cardinal Saint Eusèbe, who was crossing the rue Aubry le Boucher one day, in the year 1309, when he met a criminal on the way to the gallows. The chance meeting saved the criminal's life since the cardinals exercised a privilege similar to that of the Vestal Virgins at Rome, who, provided the meeting were not premeditated, might obtain pardon for the condemned. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the street was the center of trade in fine lingerie and lace and here the father of Antoine Lemaître, one of the leading lights of Port Royal, had his shop of Flanders lace. At the end of the century, it was inhabited by magistrates and contained the modest home of our friend Guillaume de Lamoignon, President of Parliament, before he moved to the magnificent hôtel at the corner of the rue Pavée and the rue des Francs-Bourgeois.

During the Revolution the goods of persons presumed to have emigrated were sequestered and sold, as was likewise the Church of Saint Josse, which stood on this street and which supplanted an oratory erected on the site of a dwelling, occupied in the seventh century by Saint Josse, the son of a king of Brittany, and Saint Fiacre on their return from Ireland. The purchaser of the church constructed the house which still exists at No. 18 and which probably contains some stones of the church. The ground floor is occupied by a café which was long the meeting place of apaches whose particular hobby was killing policemen. The bad blood between the rue Aubry le Boucher and the officers of the law dates from the misadventure of one Liabeuf, who was sipping his absinthe one

evening in joyous company, at about seven o'clock, in a neighboring café at No. 12. His friends noticed that he was wearing something bulky under his coat. "Je veux dégringoler deux flics," observed Monsieur Liabeuf, meaning that his heart was set upon "beating up a couple o' cops." The apache, who was "wanted" by the police, was not long in finding his intended victims. The policemen laid hold of him but drew back with cries of pain, their hands bleeding from sharp copper points which were attached to the garment worn beneath his coat. Liabeuf closed with his antagonists and knifed them both. Two other "flics" came upon the scene. Liabeuf retreated into the passage at No. 4 and there, backed up against the cellar door, he abandoned knife play and drew his revolver. One of the policemen boldly stepped in and grabbed his man but not before two shots rang out, and his colleague fell dead, the third victim of the apache. Liabeuf paid for his crimes at the guillotine but his comrades made the rue Aubry le Boucher a butcher's street in deed as well as in name by their bitter war of vengeance against the minions of the law.

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Another tragic butchery figures in the annals of the rue Aubry le Boucher. During the street fighting in the insurrection of 1832, on the day following the funeral of General Lamarque, the Saint Merri quarter swarmed with barricades but the strongest was erected where the rue Aubry le Boucher and the rue Saint Merri debouch into the rue Saint Martin. Workmen had been repairing the sewer of the rue Saint Martin and had left loose paving stones over a considerable distance. For two days one hundred and ten men kept the National Guard at bay. Those who had rifles shot at a distance, while others waited for a charge and threw down paving stones on the heads of the military. Children of the Gavroche type loaded the rifles, using posters torn off the walls as wad-

ding. When the posters gave out, they tore up shirts. The defenders had sworn to die at their posts and when artillery was brought up and the National Guard attacked from all sides at once, they found a mass of blackened corpses. Victor Hugo describes this heroic sacrifice in Part Four of "Les Misérables," headed "L'Idylle rue Plumet et l'Epopée rue Saint Denis." Hugo places his barricade nearer Les Halles but his description is based on the struggle in the rue Saint Martin.

III. "La Rue" and the Murder at "The Wooden Sword."

Just as "l'abbaye" in the Paris of the Middle Ages meant the abbey of Saint Germain des Prés, just as "la place" indicated to a subject of Louis XIII, la place Royale, so, under the Régence, reference to "la rue" is equally unmistakable; "la rue" is the rue Quincampoix. In this old street of the western Marais, the Scotchman, John Law, who has promised the Regent that his financial enterprise will extinguish the national debt, has established his bank. The fever of speculation runs through Paris like wildfire and Paris crams its way into the narrow, mean rue Quincampoix. It is no longer a street; it is a city, the capital of stock jobbing. Every one, from princes of the blood to butchers' boys, is gambling in stocks. Children are lost and women are crushed in this frantic bedlam. Rooms are let for ten louis a day, the dampest cellar and dreariest attic command fantastic rentals and shops are transformed into fabulously high priced restaurants that the feverish proselytes of chance may eat and drink and continue their gambling. The offices of Law's bank, compelled to seek expansion, spread to adjoining houses with which they are connected by openings cut through the walls, which are still to be found today. Women of the nobility conduct offices where shares are sold and the neighboring streets are jammed with coaches and sedan chairs. Paupers wax wealthy overnight. A hunchback nets a fortune in a

few weeks' time by leasing his back for a writing desk. Valets, sent by their masters to sell shares, keep them and remain in hiding for a day or so, then sell with a profit of a million or two for their own pockets. A parvenu footman absent-mindedly climbs up behind his own coach. A noble lord and a "mississipien," as those who have been enriched in Law's Mississippi scheme are called, bid against each other at the shop of a rôtisseur for a partridge, which the nouveau riche wins at two hundred pounds. The shops of the rue Saint Honoré, in ordinary times well stocked with rich fabrics, are nearly emptied and suffer from a shortage of cloth of gold, which is to be seen everywhere on the streets, worn by people of all walks of life. Béranger has epitomized this period in song:

"C'était la régence alors,
Et sans hyperbole,
Grâce aux plus drôles de corps
La France était folle."

The frenzied finance crashed and was succeeded by a wave of insanity and crime. Faces, excited with amassing wealth, grew desperate; the money mad went completely mad. In one haul the net at Saint Cloud fished from the Seine the bodies of twenty-seven persons who had either been murdered or had committed suicide. The taverns of the rue de Venise, just off "The Street," witnessed many a murderous robbery.

The most sensational crime, and one which caused a stir throughout Europe, involved a well-connected young libertine named the Count de Horn, the younger son of a princely German family and a relative of the Regent. His father was Philippe Emmanuel, Prince de Horn, who had served France as a lieutenant-general, and his mother was the daughter of the Prince de Ligne, Duke of Arembourg, a Grandee of Spain and a Knight of the Golden Fleece. Young de Horn, aged twenty-two, had

RUE QUINCAMPOIX.
In the days of the Mississippi Bubble.

lost heavily in the gambling houses and to the gamesters of the Foire Saint Germain, where the stakes were very high because of the great quantities of bank notes put in circulation by Law. With two friends, de Miles, a nobleman from Piedmont, and one Lestang who called himself the Chevalier d'Estampes, he plotted the assassination of the wealthiest of the "mississipiens," a certain Lacroix. On the pretext of buying shares to the extent of 100,000 crowns the conspirators decoyed Lacroix, on Good Friday in March 1720, to the Cabaret of the Wooden Sword on the corner of the rue Quincampoix and the rue de Venise. Leaving Lestang on guard in the street, de Horn and de Miles mounted to an upper room where they found their victim waiting for them. After an exchange of greetings, de Horn approached the unsuspecting Lacroix and wrapped a towel about his head. De Miles stabbed him. A waiter of the cabaret, attracted by the cries of the dying man, opened the door, saw a man bathed in blood and had the presence of mind to hastily close the door and double lock it before giving the alarm. Lestang, in the street below, heard the shouts of the waiter and, realizing that the game was up, sped across Paris to the hotel in the rue du Tournon where the three of them lived, grabbed up what clothes could be most easily carried and fled the country. De Horn and de Miles rushed to the window and by the aid of a scaffolding left by masons, gained the street. De Miles made off and threading his way through the crowd in the rue Quincampoix, reached the Cemetery of the Innocents before he was overtaken. But de Horn, who had sprained his ankle in the descent, was set upon by a "fort des Halles," one of the "strong men" who work at the Central Markets. The young nobleman protested that he had gone to the rescue of the banker but the return under arrest of de Miles and the latter's confession spoiled his story.

De Horn and his accomplice were condemned to be broken on the wheel and although all the nobility of the

realm besought his pardon, the Regent was unmoved and quoted in reply the famous line from Thomas Corneille,

"Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échafaud." [1]

Such was not the viewpoint of the Count's relatives, who bribed their way to his cell and gave the culprit an opportunity to avoid the scaffold, but, hoping to the last for pardon, he refused the proffered poison. On Shrove Tuesday, the 26 March, the assassins were executed on the Place de Grève.

"Grave, très grave évènement," comments Michelet, "qu'on n'eût jamais vu sous Louis XIV. Remarquable victoire de la moralité moderne, de la loi inflexible contre le privilège et l'injustice antique, contre les élus impeccables 'prolongement de la divinité.' Tous responsables et jugés par leurs faits. Pour tous, l'égalité du glaive."

"La rue" still exists, narrow as ever and dingy with the grime of centuries. Law's Bank has gone. The Wooden Sword is no longer a cabaret but still stands on the corner of "la rue" and that narrowest of inhabited Paris streets, the rue de Venise.

IV. The Swiss Soldier of the rue aux Oies.

The Cabaret of the Wooden Sword of the rue Quincampoix may have found its name in the story of the Swiss soldier of the neighboring rue aux Oies, the Street of the Geese, a name which was corrupted in the course of time to rue aux Ours, the Street of the Bears.

The rue aux Oies, like the rue de la Huchette of the Latin Quarter, was inhabited by rôtisseurs who were renowned throughout the city for their succulent geese and the street is referred to in old documents as "la rue ou l'on cuit les oës," "the street where they cook the geese." Mercier is warm in his praise of the rôtisseurs, who, more

[1] "The shame lies in the crime, not in the scaffold."

nutritiously than the makers of canned soup today, resolved the problem of the unexpected guest. "It is always agreeable to have at one's door," he writes, "a nice fat pullet, an excellent capon, which awaits but a signal from you to pass to the spit and thence to your table. By this means, the friend who comes to visit you is never inconvenient; you receive him without embarrassment. There are wretched countries where for your goal you have neither game nor juicy patties, but at Paris twelve hundred cooks are from morn to eve at your command; in the twinkling of an eye you are served, nothing is more convenient, nothing better calculated to knit the sweet bonds of comradeship; the table is no sooner laid than the fare is spread upon it and appetite fosters friendship." Sauval recounts an old expression, "Vous avez le nez tourné à la friandise comme la façade de Saint Jacques l'Hôpital," "Your nose is turned towards good things to eat like the façade of Saint Jacques l'Hôpital." The church of Saint Jacques l'Hôpital stood at the end of the rue aux Oies.

In the middle of the rue aux Oies at the corner of the former rue Salle au Comte was the statue of a Virgin. On the third of July, 1418, the legend runs, a Swiss soldier in the service of the Duke of Burgundy reeled forth from a cabaret where he had gambled away all that he possessed, and, drunk with anger and with wine, thrust his sword at the statue of the Virgin. The statue shed blood. An indignant mob seized the offender who was dragged before Messire Henri de Marle, Chancellor of France, and, in accordance with a decree of Parliament, was tied to a post before the statue where he was whipped from six in the morning until six at night, "in such sort," recited the inscription which was afterwards placed beside the statue, "that the entrails left his body." His tongue was cleft with a red hot iron and he was burned alive on the spot.

To commemorate the miracle and atone for the sacrilege, an annual fête was inaugurated in which a huge, fantastic dummy, dressed to represent the Swiss soldier,

was paraded through the streets, headed by a drum, for three successive days. The effigy, whose head reached the second story windows, was arrayed in the Swiss national costume with flowing sleeves and an immense wig and held in his right hand a wooden sword dyed red. From this wooden sword, I venture to suggest, came the name of the famous inn. The effigy was jerked unceremoniously about by yelling chimney sweeps from Savoie and made to go through numerous genuflections before all the statues of the Virgin, particularly before the Virgin of the rue aux Oies, over which hung a tapestry depicting the sacrilege, and here the dummy suffered the same fate as its human prototype and was delivered to the flames in the midst of illuminations and fireworks.

Because of the danger in a crowded street, the fireworks were forbidden by the Lieutenant of Police in 1743 but the parade of the dummy soldier lasted till the Revolution. The Swiss inhabitants of Paris took umbrage at this unflattering portrayal of one of their fellow countrymen and, out of respect for their feelings, the Swiss costume was replaced by a smock. The effigy of the Swiss was revived by the enemies of Rousseau who paraded the fantastic dummy beneath the windows of the harassed Jean Jacques.

FROM THE TOUR SAINT JACQUES TO THE MAISON DU GRAND PIGNON.

Part II

The Visit

The nearest Métro station to the Tour Saint Jacques is the Châtelet. Leave the Métro by the exit nearest the front of the train, marked "rue des Lavandières Ste. Opportune." Climb the stairs and turn **R.** in the passage. On emerging in the rue de Rivoli, turn **R.** and walk east in the direction of the decreasing numbers.

I. Tour Saint Jacques to Fontaine Maubuée.

Tour Saint Jacques.

On the rue de Rivoli beyond the Boulevard Sébastopol is a little park in which a late Gothic tower is all that is left to remind us of Saint Jacques la Boucherie. The church stood beyond the tower on ground occupied by the northeast corner of the park and the rue de Rivoli. The rue Pierre au Lait (later the rue des Escrivains), where Boccaccio was born, was swept away in 1852 by the extension of the rue de Rivoli. On this same rue des Escrivains was the house of Nicolas Flamel; its site was at the present junction of the rue de Rivoli and the rue Nicolas Flamel. The statue in the porch of the tower represents Pascal, who is said to have conducted his experiments on the weight of air from the top of this tower, but it is more probable that his experiments were conducted, not here but on the tower of another Saint Jacques, Saint Jacques du Haut Pas, which was his parish church and near the Paris branch of the Abbey of Port Royal. During the Revolution the statue of Saint Jacques was hurled to the ground from the top of the tower but the symbols of the apostles were unmolested. The present symbols are copies; three of the originals, which were removed when they gave signs of crumbling,

are squatting sedately in the park. And so we take leave of Saint Jacques la Boucherie, "parish," in Michelet's phrase, "of butchers and Lombards, of money and meat. Worthily surrounded by flayers' yards, tanneries and plague spots, the dirty and rich parish extended from the Street of the Trussed Cow to the Quai of Hides." Beyond the little park, we may glance **R.** down the rue Saint Martin at the southern vista. The large building, **R.** (the Préfecture de Police) is on the Ile de la Cité, beyond which the rue Saint Jacques continues in the same axis and climbs the Montagne Sainte Geneviève, on which we see, **R.**, the tower of the Sorbonne. You will recall that the rue Saint Jacques was the old Roman road from Genabum (Orléans) to Lutetia (Paris). The rue Saint Martin was the continuation of that old Roman road to the provinces of the north. Our promenade leads northward on and about this road to a point just south of the Abbey of Saint Martin des Champs which gave the street its name.

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To avoid an uninteresting, widened section of the rue Saint Martin we may pass it for the moment and take the next street left, the little **rue Saint Bon.** Though not mentioned by Guillot in his rhymed dictionary, "Le Dit des rues de Paris," written in 1280, it is certain that the rue Saint Bon existed before that date. The street was named from the chapel of Saint Bon, which had an eleventh century tower, and which stood on the site of **Nos. 6 and 8.** To reach the entrance one had to descend a flight of steps, showing the constant rise in level of the soil of Paris. In the chapel was a Latin epitaph, bearing no date, which marked the resting place of a couple who had evidently enjoyed on earth no great measure of domestic felicity.

Heus, viator miraculum
Hic vir et uxor non litigant.[1]

The rue Pernelle, **L.**, named at various times the ruelle Saint Bon, the rue de la Lanterne and the rue de la

[1] Behold, passer-by, a miracle
Here husband and wife are not quarreling.

FROM THE TOUR SAINT JACQUES TO THE MAISON DU GRAND PIGNON

1. Tour Saint Jacques
2. Maison du Grand Pignon

Dentelle, commemorates Dame Pernelle, the wife of Nicolas Flamel. At **No. 12, R.** rue Saint Bon is a curious old house with gable, and archway in court.

Turn **R.** in the **rue de la Verrerie**, our old friend the Street of the Glass Industry. In the court of **No. 83, R.** is a picturesque, open-air staircase, lighted by three stories of arches; it dates from the seventeenth century. Retrace your steps. **No. 87**, on the same side of the street, belonged in the seventeenth century to a tax collector named Bossuet, father of the great preacher. A century later it became a travelers' hotel and as the Hôtel de la Ville de Reims, it sheltered in 1781, the Countess de la Motte of the Affair of the Necklace and her husband, when their fortunes were at a low ebb. Their scanty personal effects they were obliged to conceal with a wig-maker to prevent their being seized in payment for debt and the haughty descendant of the Valois kings was driven to pawning her dresses at the neighboring Mont de Piété. At **No. 76, R.**, the presbytery of Saint Merri, eighteenth century door with vases, and cupids above window.

Saint Merri.

Turning **R.** in the rue Saint Martin, we come to the west front of the church of Saint Merri. The richly sculptured façade is a fine example of late Gothic but the apostles in the niches are modern. The sculptured detail is amusing; notice, for instance, at the left of the right-hand door, a small bagpipe player with a head-dress such as is worn in Auvergne. Opposite is another quaint little person with a triangular head-dress and at the top is a dog baying at a frightened rabbit. Sauval relates that originally there was a parvis, or square, before the entrance of the church which was guarded by two stone lions such as we saw at the north portal of Saint Séverin. The lions of Saint Merri must have been larger and more imposing than their cousins of the Latin Quarter for Sauval affirms that they were "an august and terrible sign of the sacred place and gave a certain terror and respect to passers-by."

Enter the church. In the woods to the north of the Seine an oratory was erected in the seventh century, dedicated to Saint Pierre. When Saint Méderic, Abbot of

Saint Martin of Autun, or Saint Merri, as his name came to be written, arrived in Paris in the company of his disciple, Saint Frou, to offer prayers at the tombs of Saint Germain, Saint Denis and Sainte Geneviève, he lived for three years in a cell near this oratory and when he died, about the year 700, he was buried in the oratory. At the end of the ninth century, Count Eudes the Falconer, one of the heroic defenders of Paris against the Norman attack of 885, built a larger church dedicated to Saint Pierre and Saint Merri. When the church was again rebuilt under François I, about 1520, the remains of Count Eudes were discovered in a stone coffin, his legs encased in great boots of gilded leather.

Circle the church, beginning at the right aisle. On the further side of the nave, between the ground story arches and the clerestory, note the string course of foliate design with entwined animals and human figures. In the second bay is Saint Merri, clad in his abbot's robes; in the fourth bay is Moses with horns and the tables of the law. Beyond the sombre Chapelle des Morts, just before the south transept is reached, note a Renaissance holy water stoup, dating from the reign of Louis XII (1498-1515) and decorated with the arms of France and Brittany and the symbols of the Passion. It is the oldest holy water stoup in Paris. In the right transept is a Virgin and Child by Carle Van Loo (1753), known as La Vierge Bleue. The choir has been marred by eighteenth century "embellishments" and at this epoch of irrational rationalists the beautiful stained glass, including some windows by Pinaigrier, was replaced by white glass—to give more light, forsooth! In the chapel at the curve of the apse, distinguished by a statue of Saint Michel slaying the dragon, is a curious painting on wood (assigned to the fifteenth century) representing Sainte Geneviève, with the aureole of Christian sainthood about her head, guarding her sheep at Nanterre in the midst of a circle of rocks of Druidical origin. The picture illustrates the curious persistence of the heathen attributes and their mixture with Christian symbols. Sainte Geneviève in her home at Nanterre (Nannetodorum) may well have prayed to the ancient Gallic gods before her conversion to Christianity; she may even have prophesied as a Druidess. Beyond the Chapelle

de la Vierge, fragments of stained glass; Saint Martin dividing his cloak with a beggar, a Descent from the Cross, and Saint Eloi, the jeweler saint, Prime Minister of Dagobert. In the left transept, corresponding to La Vierge Bleue is a finely painted Van Loo representing Saint Charles Borromée, Archbishop of Milan, at prayer. (The subjects of the neighboring pictures are given here, as elsewhere, in the framed notice on the opposite pillar.) Beyond the transept, in the Chapelle de Sainte Anne where the railed-off steps descend to the crypt, a Preaching of Saint Peter by Coypel. In the string course across the nave, in the first bay from the choir, is King David with sceptre and, in the third bay, Saint Peter with keys.

The **crypt** is worth a visit. (Apply to sacristan.) Straight ahead from the stairway, and on your left, is a curious corbel, or cul-de-lampe, representing a contorted figure in a mediaeval dress with sprawling arms and legs. To the right of the stairway is another interesting corbel, portraying a lamenting monk. Beyond is the beautiful and well-preserved gravestone of Guillaume Le Sueur, Conseiller du Roi, Général de ses Monnaies et Seigneur de Brégy (†1530) and Radegonde Budé, his wife (†1522).

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On leaving Saint Merri, turn **R.** in the **rue Saint Martin.** View **R.** on the rue du Cloître Saint Merri of some fine gargoyles. Beyond the wine shop, at **No. 79,** is a narrow alley, flanked by high-walled houses with the traditional mediaeval gutter running down the middle. The inscription at the entrance reads, "Cul de Sac . . . Fiacre," the St. for Saint having gone the way of all saints who were pitched from towers or otherwise effaced in the Revolution. In the seventeenth century a certain Fiacre, who lived in the rue Saint Thomas du Louvre and had for a sign an image of his patron saint, conceived the idea of renting coaches, a revolutionary departure because the right to "rouler carrosse" had been the exclusive privilege of nobles, magistrates and financiers. His first rival was in the rue Saint Antoine and his second, one Nicolas Sauvage, was in the rue Saint Martin at the corner of this alley. The competitors adopted the sign of Saint Fiacre and the cabmen wore little images of the saint in their hat bands.

Thus was this alley baptized Saint Fiacre and the word *fiacre* coined to designate a cab.

The gabled house on the further corner of the Cul de Sac Saint Fiacre with curious dormer, was inhabited by the wealthy and miserly poet, Chapelain, who, without the excuse of necessity, wrote "wicked, bad verses twelve times twelve hundred" and who was the author, after thirty years of labor, of "La Pucelle." His opinion was highly valued by Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV, who consulted him concerning the distribution of pensions to men of letters. Chapelain was extremely avaricious and it is said that his death was due to a cold which he had contracted through ill-advised economy. On his way to the Academy, one wet day, he had to cross the gutter of the rue Saint Honoré which, in rainy weather, was a formidable affair running down the middle of the street like a good-sized brook. By paying two sous toll to the Savoyard, Chapelain might have crossed on the plank which belonged to that worthy but he preferred to wade through, although the water came to his knees. Once arrived at the Academy, he found a good fire burning but instead of approaching it he sat at a desk where no one could see the condition of his soaked legs. As a result of this exposure he caught cold in the chest and died. He was buried in Saint Merri.

At **No. 89, L.** is a seventeenth century bas-relief, depicting the Annunciation. It came from a convent, which was said to be connected by an underground passage with Saint Merri. Beyond the Maison de l'Annonciation is a slit between houses, called the **rue de la Reynie** after the Lieutenant of Police whose lanterns shed lustre on the reign of Louis XIV. This was the old rue Trousse Vache, or Street of the Trussed Cow, mentioned by Michelet as the northern boundary of the "dirty and rich" parish of Saint Jacques la Boucherie. Gabled house on the nearer corner of the rue Saint Merri, **R.** The house on the further corner was the headquarters of the insurgents of 1832. **No. 103, L.**, beyond the rue Aubry le Boucher, decorated with an eighteenth century bas-relief representing a winged helmet, anchor, etc., and with wrought iron railings at the third story, is the Maison des Monnoyes, so called because a royal treasurer lived there. It has been occupied by Jean Bart, the celebrated privateer of the reign of Louis XIV.

The rue Aubry le Boucher.

We may stroll down the rue Aubry le Boucher to note at **No. 18, R.**, on the further corner of the rue Quincampoix, a house of Louis XVI severity, which replaced the church of Saint Josse when the latter was sold during the Revolution. On the ground floor is the drinking resort renowned for its habitués whose pastime was felling policemen. At the bar of **No. 12,** Liabeuf, of spiked vest and gory memory, consumed his absinthe prior to his last encounter with the law. We may follow this worthy to the doorway at the right of **No. 4,** where he was brought to bay, backed up against the cellar door.

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Turn **R.**, walk a few steps in the rue Saint Martin and take the **rue Saint Merri,** noting at **No. 43, R.**, eighteenth century wrought iron grille over door and at the windows, the initial "M." At **No. 42, L.**, are remnants of a handsome hôtel with wrought iron window railings in courtyard. It belonged to Evrard Jabach who is styled in an almanach of the year 1691, "premier banquier pour le Hongrie, la Turquie et la Pologne." Originally a Cologne banker, Jabach established himself at Paris during the youth of Louis XIV, became a French citizen and built a hôtel on this site, which had been previously occupied, under Henri III, by the hôtel of Jean Gobelin the Younger. A director in the Compagnie des Indes Orientales, Jabach has been called the first uncrowned potentate to reunite art collections (with quasi-royal exceptions, such as Buckingham, Richelieu and Mazarin). In London he purchased pictures from the collection of Charles I which was particularly rich in Holbeins and Van Dycks. Jabach took pride in being a friend of Van Dyck and in ordering a portrait from him. Faced with financial ruin in 1671, he was obliged to sell his collection of one hundred paintings and five thousand drawings to Colbert who bought it at an advantageous price for the collection of Louis XIV, which forms so important a part of the Louvre treasures today. "The Entombment" by Titian, the "Saint John" of Leonardo da Vinci, the "Concert" of Giorgione and the "Erasmus"

THE BARRICADE.

of Holbein all came from this hôtel. Jabach died in 1695, having made a new collection of paintings. The hôtel subsequently harbored many magistrates and an admiral of France. In the middle of the eighteenth century, the hôtel was the scene of nocturnal fêtes, combining dancing and gambling, which were given as a speculative enterprise and were most successful, competing even with the Opera balls. The hôtel constructed by Bullet for Jabach was small and badly lighted; it was subsequently enlarged and is today given over to industrial establishments. The **Passage Jabach,** which beyond this courtyard leads **L.** to the rue Saint Martin, served in 1832 as an insurgent stronghold.

The old house on the corner of the rue Brisemiche, **L.,** shows the number "36" inscribed in white on a red background, a relic of the Napoleonic numbering wherein is reflected the orderly genius of the great organizer. Napoleon placed even numbers on the right hand side of the street and odd numbers on the left, starting at the upstream end on streets running parallel to the Seine, and at the end nearest the river on streets running perpendicular to the Seine. The system still obtains, except that Napoleon went a step further and made the background red for streets considered as parallel to the Seine and black for those considered as perpendicular.

Break Loaf Street.

Sauval relates that the name of the rue Brisemiche comes from an ancestor of Etienne Brisemiche, curate of Bezons, who died in 1515. But it is much more likely that Break Loaf Street, like its vanished brother, Cut Bread Street (the rue Taillepain), refers to the practice of distributing bread to the canons of the collegiate church of Saint Merri from the chapter bakery which stood at the intersection of the above-named streets. The southern end of the rue Brisemiche (**R.**), known in the thirteenth century as the rue Baillehoc or Baillehoë, was among those assigned by Saint Louis to the "femmes folieuses de leurs corps." In the fourteenth century the parishioners of Saint Merri objected to these neighbors and by a decree of the 24 January, 1387, the Prévôt of Paris ordered that

they should leave the rue Baillehoc. The decree met with violent opposition from the proprietors of the rue Baillehoc whose threefold protest was ingeniously designed to placate Church, State and Deity,—first, the church of Saint Merri, which had the right to levy taxes on this property, could reap a larger harvest if conditions remained as they were; second, there was no disorder,—"Dieu mercy oncque mal ne fut fait en Baillehoc"—and third, "it is expedient that the brothels be near the church for however much such women sin, they are by no means damned and it is well that they should often see the church, which they do more often when they live near it than when they are far away." This solicitude for souls and taxes was heeded and the class of inhabitants in question remained undisturbed until 1425 when Henry VI, King of France and England, despatched them to the Cour Robert de Paris, now the rue du Renard. Pascal, as a child, lived on the rue Brisemiche.

On the corner of the house with the Napoleonic numerals is a well-preserved inscription, Rue du Poirier, Street of the Pear Tree, a sixteenth century name for the northern end of the street. Follow this curious lane, one of the most mediaeval-looking streets of Paris, and you will perhaps agree with Lefeuve "that the street has grown in wisdom but not in width." If it has grown in the odor of sanctity its perfumes are yet not of Araby and one must have the olfactory courage of one's antiquarian convictions; it were useless to seek mediaeval Paris on the Champs Elysées. A group of signs of irregular shape picturesquely span this narrow defile. The wall of the last house on the left holds a staple, into which was hooked the chain which closed the street.

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Turn **L.** in the populous **rue Simon le Franc** of which the name is a corruption of Simon Franque, an important citizen of this quarter in the thirteenth century. In the succeeding century the inhabitants were far from select but in the eighteenth, the street was occupied by a certain number of magistrates. In the days of Louis XV, one could obtain a meal at the Auberge du Dauphin in the rue Simon le Franc for fifteen sols, or seventy-five centimes. Another

inn of this street was the Cygne de la Croix which doubtless displayed a punning sign like that on the rue Saint Séverin.

Fontaine Maubuée.

At the end of the street, **R.**, is a fountain with bas-relief representing the arms of Paris, a three masted galleon with all sails set. On the rue Saint Martin side is a bas-relief with base, surrounded by reeds and sea shells, and surmounted by a cartouche from which the fleurs-de-lis were removed in 1793 and the somewhat questionable date "1320" substituted. The original fountain existed, however, in 1391. It was rebuilt in 1734. As to the origin of the name, explanations abound. Some think it refers to the unpalatable water which was never in great favor, the "eau mauvaise à boire," others,—and this seems more probable—believe that it comes from mal-buée, meaning badly alkalized, for the water was ill-adapted to washing clothes because of the carbonate of lime which it contained. A picturesque explanation attributes it to the "mauvaise fumée" or the bad smoke resulting from roasting Jews with green fagots, while a fourth hypothesis is content to seek the origin of the name in the Maubué family which was known to exist in the thirteenth century. The house to which the fountain is attached belonged in 1342 to the magistrate, Joan de la Marche. It was rebuilt and at the time of the Revolution was inhabited by the coachman of the Duchess de Bouillon.

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On the other corner of the rue Simon le Franc, at **No. 120 rue Saint Martin**, is a house, dating from 1745, with Empire wroughtiron sign representing a stag on his haunches in a grapevine. Opposite, at **No. 119**, an inscription records the site where the powerful corporation of mercers-jewelers had their headquarters. The mediaeval usage restricted each trade to the sale of its own specialty and the mercers were founded to take care of those articles which were left unsupplied by the local industry. Forerunners of the modern department store, the mercers sold a large variety of objects, particularly jewels, but they were

not allowed to engage in manufacture. At **No. 116,** factitious, pseudo-Gothic structure with frieze representing the history of the Goths.

II. Rue de Venise and "La Rue."

Proceed north beyond the fountain on the rue Saint Martin, passing house with curious dormers at **No. 128, R.**

Rue de Venise.

Now we come to a very old street, and one endeared to all lovers of Old Paris, the picturesque and smelly rue de Venise. It is worth while to walk down the **eastern** or **right-hand section,** a narrow defile over which the houses, nearly touching at the top, lean at crazy cubist angles. We will meet few wayfarers in this canyon of fourteenth and fifteenth century houses unless it be, perchance, some seamy-faced old woman with a push-cart full of fresh flowers with their bright note of color against the grime. Half way down, at the little Impasse de la Baudroirie, the parking space of push-carts, straggly-haired girls are perhaps engaged in sorting oranges. On your way back to the rue Saint Martin, give a glance at **No. 22, R.,** with a typical fifteenth century shop front and double gable. At the corner of the rue Saint Martin is a sixteenth century inscription, party effaced, rue de la Corroierie, Street of the Curriers. The "baudroyeurs," or curriers of the thicker sorts of leather, have given their name to the Impasse de la Baudroirie. This section of the street remained the rue de la Corroierie down to 1851 when it was united with the rue de Venise on the western side of the rue Saint Martin.

We may follow the **western section** of the rue de Venise which continues on the further side of the rue Saint Martin. The street took its name in 1512 from a sign, "A l'Ecu de Venise." It was inhabited, in the Middle Ages, by the "Lombards," the Italian money changers, many of whom were Venetians, and it is very probably one of these who named his house "The Venetian Crown."

"La Rue."

The rue Quincampoix, one of the oldest streets of Paris, is referred to as the rue Quiquempoit by Guillot in his

"Dit des rues de Paris" and it is mentioned as early as 1203 under the name of Quiquenpoist. A Sire Nicolas de Kiquenpoist is named in a cartulary of the Sorbonne in 1253. The southern end was known from the sixteenth century until 1851 as the rue des Cinq Diamants from a jeweler's sign, the jewelers having invaded the street. It was here that Popinot of Balzac's "César Birotteau" had his shop. The rue Quincampoix has borne, at various times, the unflattering epithets of the rue des Mauvaises Paroles, due to the shrewish tongues of some of its dwellers and the rue des Cocus, Street of the Deceived Husbands, because of go-betweens engaged in furthering conjugal infidelity.

The famous Cabaret of the Wooden Sword, where the Count de Horn and his accomplices murdered the wealthy speculator, was at **No. 54** rue Quincampoix on the southern corner of the rue de Venise. It is now a café. The Wooden Sword was frequented by Marivaux and by Louis Racine, son of the great dramatist. A society of musicians and dancing masters, whose leader styled himself "The King of the Violin," held reunions at L'Epée du Bois. Mazarin accorded the society letters-patent in 1658 and here, doubtless, was the origin of the Royal Academy of Music and Dancing, which later held sessions in the Tuileries and at the house of the Maître des Ballets du Roi.

Proceed north on the rue Quincampoix (turn **L.** if you are facing the Wooden Sword). Beyond the modern, traffic-swept rue Rambuteau, on the site of **No. 65, L.** stood John Law's bank, a solid structure protected by huge iron bars. Three heads in medallions were sculptured on the string course of the second story; one, crowned with rushes, represented a river, the second was that of a woman, while a third depicted a satyr with a wreath of vine branches and grapes. The bank was guarded night and day by the Watch but iron bars and armed men were of slight avail against that smooth-mannered robber of the eighteenth century, Cartouche, whose accomplices were to be found among the police and even inside the bank itself.

The rue Rambuteau, named after the Prefect of the Seine under whose direction it was laid out, has absorbed the thirteenth century rue des Jongleurs, Street of the

Jugglers, which became the rue des Ménestriers, or Street of the Minstrels. The minstrels, or actor-poets, who in feudal days wandered from town to town and from château to château reciting to music the exploits of Charlemagne and Roland, became less nomadic in the course of time and established headquarters in the street which took their name. The Guild of Minstrels and Jugglers was governed by a king as late as 1773. The Street of the Actor-Poets was the birthplace of a great actor, François Joseph Talma (1763-1826), and was the residence for a time of a poet who was not so great, our penurious friend, Jean Chapelain. Where the Passage des Trois Piliers des Halles crossed the present rue Rambuteau that joyous epicurean, Regnard, second comic dramatist after Molière, first saw the light of day.

Continuing on the rue Quincampoix, note, in passing, **No. 79, L.**, old house with Louis XVI ironwork at the fourth story, and further on, at **No. 91, L.**, door with lions' heads. At **No. 90, R.**, in the days of Law, the Watch used to ring the bell which warned the crowd to evacuate the street. The rue Quincampoix ends in the widened rue aux Ours which has nothing to suggest that it existed in 1300. In connection with "The Street where Geese are Cooked," now "The Street of the Bears," you will recall the story of the Swiss soldier which gave rise to one of the most popular of Parisian fêtes.

Return along the rue Quincampoix (magnificent vista of the Tour Saint Jacques) to **No. 82, L.**, the Passage Molière, where the Théâtre des Sans Culottes, later the Théâtre Molière, was founded in 1791. It was succeeded by a dramatic school where the great Rachel received her first conceptions of dramatic art. The galleries of the old theatre still exist. One may take a peep into the *corderie* at No. 82, where you will be most welcome if you explain your errand (pour voir l'ancien théâtre, s. v. p.). The stage was near the door by which you entered. The galleries at the back and sides are now stacked with twine. The dressing rooms were above the stage, to which the actors descended by a stairway on each side, one of which is still to be seen.

Follow the passage. Half-way down on the left, where

the sign reads "Ex-Salle Molière," was the entrance to the theatre. Quaint little house at the rue Saint Martin end.

III. "Strangled Street" by the Cour de Rome to the Maison du Grand Pignon.

Leading east from the rue Saint Martin, opposite the Passage Molière, is the arched entrance of the rue du Maure. The arch is sanctioned by a property right dating back over three hundred years. Robert Rouelle, Councilor of Parliament, purchased in 1568 from the Confrérie des Joueurs de Violon, directors of the Hospice of the Minstrels, the right to add to his dwelling by a wing spanning the alley which separated him from the hospice and church, and ever since that time there has been a bridge across the rue du Maure. The origin of the hospice lies in a pretty story. One day, in the Year of Grace 1328, two minstrels were discussing their affairs in the rue Saint Martin when they noticed a poor woman called Fleurie de Chartres, "who was in a little cart," recounts Du Breuil, "and budged not, night or day, being crippled in a part of her limbs, and there lived by the alms of good people." Moved to pity by this unfortunate, the minstrels combined with their friends and built a hospice where passing brethren of "the profession" were given free shelter and whose first occupant, doubt not, was poor Fleurie. The adjoining church of Saint Julien des Ménestriers was decorated with a frieze of remarkable delicacy, depicting cherubims playing musical instruments and with statues of Saint Julien and of the martyr, Saint Genest, who was represented with a violin in his hand. Saint Julien des Ménestriers, long the favorite church of musicians, was torn down at the time of the Revolution.

"Strangled Street."

The push cart tenanted rue du Maure, which takes its name from a sign, contains one of the most curious spots in Old Paris—there are so many of them!—which the Marquis de Rochegude calls the "strangled" section. If you proceed to the twisted, narrow neck of the street you will doubtless agree that it has been well wrung. The

courts leading out of the rue du Maure were the haunt of thieves and so numerous were the complaints of the sound bourgeois of the neighborhood that the Prévôt of Paris authorized in 1559 the closing at night of both ends of the street. One of these courts, haunted by evil-doers, was later absorbed by the adjoining Passage de la Réunion, which we may reach by passing through the grille, **L.**, in the middle of the strangled portion.

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The **Passage de la Réunion** was laid out in 1790 under the auspices of one of the Revolutionary sections, the Section de la Réunion. The opposite archway, tenanted at the moment of writing by a pair of lovers in fond embrace, leads into the **Impasse Beaubourg**, formerly the Impasse des Anglais, where there is some old ironwork and a nice arched doorway. Hallé, who shared with Corvisart the title of First Doctor to Napoleon I, lived in this alley. At the further end of the Impasse we pass some florid examples of brand new Paris, which form strange contrast with the sober dignity of the old buildings.

The widened **rue Beaubourg** is at present in a transition stage which makes but a sorry sight for lovers of Old Paris, with the scarred walls of its all but demolished past jostled by blatant, white sandstone structures, shooting up in the name of progress on both sides of the street. The rue Beaubourg was originally the main street of a village called Beau Bourg of which the origin, dating back to the eleventh century, lay in a collection of peasants' huts outside the city. In the reigns of Louis VI and Louis VII, the Beau Bourg was the Parisian pleasure resort and received its name of Beautiful, either from the verdure and beauty of its site or from the special class of its inhabitants in whom the beautiful was not always allied with the good and the true. A later epoch witnessed the construction of many hôtels of magistrates, for whom this neighborhood was conveniently near the law courts of the Palais de Justice and the Châtelet.

The first street, **L.**, is the **rue Grenier Saint Lazare** of which the name affords a curious example of gradual distortion, for in the thirteenth century it was known from

one of its inhabitants as the rue Garnier de Saint Ladre. The dramatist Piron, whom we met at the Café Procope, and who declared in the epitaph which he wrote for himself that he was "nothing, not even a member of the Academy," lived on the rue Grenier Saint Lazare. From the further corner, look back at **No. 5**, which retains the Napoleonic street number. An eighteenth century balcony extends beneath two handsome windows with masks. The house is known in the quarter as the Maison de Buffon but whether the great naturalist lived here is uncertain. In the courtyard is a pediment with the Masonic insignia of clasped hands. A glance at the seventeenth century house next door with odd dormers and sloping façade and we may cross the rue Beaubourg to the rue Michel le Comte.

"Ça fait la rue Michel."

The rue Michel le Comte owes its name to a thirteenth century resident named the Count Michel. In the Revolutionary era, to eliminate the offensive title of Count, the name was aptly altered to rue Michel le Pelletier, in honor of the martyred patriot, Michel le Pelletier de Saint Fargeau, the member of the Convention who was assassinated by the guardsman, Paris, for having voted the death of Louis XVI. You will recall his hôtel in the rue de Sévigné, now the home of the Bibliothèque Historique de la Ville de Paris. The name of the street has given rise to a popular phrase. All who have purchased so much as a tooth brush in the Paris shops are familiar with the formula accompanying delivery of the last sou in change, "Ça fait le compte" meaning literally, "That makes the count" or "That makes the right amount." Some wag varied the standard phrase by saying "Ça fait la rue Michel" (Michel le Comte—compte). The pleasantry found favor with the Parisian fancy and the phrase is in use today. When the Marais was the fashionable residence district in the seventeenth century the street was inhabited by wealthy financiers and magistrates. Mondory's theatrical troupe stayed here for a time in the Jeu de Paume de la Fontaine before moving to the jeu de paume in the rue Vieille du Temple, which became the Théâtre du Marais.

In the rue Michel le Comte grew up a foundling, who became an illustrious mathematician and who was co-founder with Diderot of the Encyclopedia, that compendium of the rational philosophy of the eighteenth century which exerted so profound an influence on the Revolution. At six o'clock, on a cold foggy morning in November, 1717, Jean Lebas, Police Commissioner of the Châtelet, was passing before Saint Jean le Rond, the church which was attached to the north side of Notre Dame, when he noticed a crowd of laborers and women gathered about something on the steps. As he approached he was greeted by the cries of a pale infant, swaddled in expensive garments. He took charge of the baby and started to carry him off to the Hôpital des Enfants Trouvés. "Don't carry him away," cried a kindly-faced matron. "The poor little creature will die in your hospital. I have no child; he will take the place of one." Having thus rescued a genius at an early age from the hands of the police, Madame Rousseau, the glazier's wife, bore off her human salvage to the rue Michel le Comte where her husband had his shop. Shortly afterwards an unknown person visited the shop and left a large sum for the boy's education. So well did he profit by it and so exclusively was he absorbed in his studies that the glazier's good wife was moved to pity. "You will never be anything but a philosopher," was her doleful prophecy, "and what is a philosopher but a fool who torments himself during his life that people may talk about him when he is dead?" Years afterwards, the witty and notorious Mme. de Tencin, mistress of the Regent and of the Cardinal Dubois, and ring mistress of a "menagerie" which included Montesquieu, Marivaux and our friend, Piron, wished to see her son, whose writings under the name of d'Alembert had won him a European reputation, but the latter stipulated that he should be allowed to bring his foster-mother. When the great lady advanced with open arms, d'Alembert, his eyes filled with tears, cried out, "You are not my mother; I know but one mother, the glazier's wife."

Handsome doorway at **No. 30, L.**, a Hôtel de Lambert which was given to the city hospital. The composer, Halévy (1799-1862) lived at **No. 27, R.** In an expense account of Cherubini, then Director of the Conservatoire, is

an entry recording the present of a waistcoat of the value of ten francs to Halévy who was living here at the time.

At **No. 28, L.** is the pillared entrance of the Hôtel d'Hallwyl (1725-1787) surmounted by figures of Fame with vase. In the archway are bas-reliefs with martial equipment, and though the fine woodwork which the hôtel possessed has been sold, the court and stairway are not without distinction. The predecessor of the Hôtel d'Hallwyl was occupied in 1292 by one Guillaume Villain, goldsmith, whose heirs lived on the property for nearly two hundred years. It was reconstructed in the eighteenth century by Ledoux for the d'Hallwyl family, one of whom was a marshal of Austria and another colonel of a Swiss regiment in the service of France. The house was rented to Necker, the Swiss banker who became Minister of Finance under Louis XVI, and this was the birthplace, according to Rochegude and Dumolin, of Germaine Necker, who, as Madame de Stael, was a forerunner of the romanticist movement. A later occupant of the Hôtel d'Hallwyl was Prince Esterhazy who represented Hungary at the coronation of the Emperor Francis II in 1792 and who, under the Empire, was Austrian ambassador to Naples.

In the further left-hand corner of the court, at **No. 19, R.**, formerly inhabited by a magistrate named Le Maistre, is a Louis XVI stair railing of the design known as running dog. The modest house, opposite, **No. 22,** was occupied by Dubois Crancé (1784-1799), Commander of the National Guard, an ardent Revolutionist and a supporter of Danton in the Convention. He voted for the death of Louis XVI but, more fortunate than his colleague, Le Pelletier de Saint Fargeau, he escaped assassination and lived to become Minister of War under the Directory. Following the advent of Napoleon in the coup d'état of the eighteenth of Brumaire, he returned to his estates in Champagne. At **No. 16** was a celebrated fifteenth century inn, "L'Ours et le Lyon." It was to "The Bear and Lion" that the mediaeval ballad writer sent the strange bridal party in which the principals were the four sons of Aymon and the three daughters of Damp Simon. In the pharmacy, at the corner of the rue du Temple, is a panel with a list of pharmacists who have occupied this building since 1740. Portraits. Empire pilasters in the front shop. Record

has been found of a barber-surgeon-pharmacist—these three occupations being combined in those days—who practiced on this site as early as 1627.

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The **rue du Temple** was called in its northern section the Grand'rue du Temple or rue de la Chevalerie du Temple, because it led to the domain of the powerful order of Knights Templars, now the Square du Temple. The Temple pillory and gallows, which were used for criminals who came under the jurisdiction of the Grand Prior, stood at this corner. Some young bloods of the neighborhood having crowned an ambrosial evening by destroying the gallows, Mazarin replied with a notice that the next tamperer with the gallows would pay for its reconstruction and become its first victim, an announcement which effectively diverted into other channels the youthful high spirits. The rue du Temple was united in 1851 with several other streets, among them the rue Sainte Avoie, where Madame de Sévigné was living in 1669 at the time of her daughter's marriage.

At the further left-hand corner of the rue du Temple and of our old acquaintance, the Street of the Haudriettes, is a clean little gabled house with masks over two of the oddly disposed windows. Turn **L.** in the rue du Temple, passing a narrow house with gable at **No. 86, R.**, which bore the sign, A l'Image de la Croix Blanche, and became a cabaret in the reign of Louis XII.

Turn **L.** in the **rue Montmorency**, which is referred to in the tax list of 1313 as the rue au Seigneur de Monmoranci, and derives its name from the hôtel of one of the oldest families of France. Mathieu II de Montmorency, surnamed the "Grand Connétable," the "Great Commander in Chief," distinguished himself in the wars of Philip Augustus, especially at the battle of Bouvines in 1214. Readers of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" will remember the scheming Becky Sharp's insistence on her descent from this illustrious house. The hôtel occupied by the Montmorencys until 1627 was on the site of **No. 5, L.** Nicolas Fouquet lived there in 1652 before he became Minister of Finance. He was at that time Attorney General and one of his official acts, inspired by Louis XIV who had just reached

his majority, was stopping the sale, decreed by a hostile Parliament, of the Mazarin library and the repurchase of the sixteen thousand volumes already sold. The Bibliothèque Nationale narrowly escaped irreparable loss. Théophile de Viau, the Huguenot poet who wrote his "Parnasse Satirique" at the Petit More of the rue de la Huchette, was harbored here as well as at Chantilly by the Maréchal Henri II de Montmorency. Théophile came within an ace of being burned as a heretic but died in his bed at the age of thirty-six while his protector, the last of his house, paid on the scaffold, at the age of thirty-eight, for rebelling against Richelieu.

In the spacious courtyard is a handsome pediment, with a Louis XV cartouche bordered by cupids astride a lion and a griffon. Below is a balcony with consoles and cartouche with masks on each side. Stairway at back of court.

The Marquise de Sévigné, who had in reality almost as many dwellings as the popular imagination has assigned to Gabrielle d'Estrées, had her "pretty little home in this ugly rue Courtauvillain," as the street was called, from 1672-1677. The house, with its monumental doorway through which passed daily the coach of Mme de Sévigné, was pulled down in 1873. Its site is now occupied by the schoolhouse at **No. 8.**

Return to the **rue du Temple.** At **No. 100,** opposite, is an old house of which the fenestration bespeaks the fifteenth century. Continue **L.** in the rue du Temple. Louis XVI doorway at **No. 114, R.** Across the street, at **No. 115,** with wand of Hermes over entrance, is another residence of Jean Bart.

Take the thirteenth century **rue Chapon** opposite. The name is derived either from a Lombard money-lender of the Company of Ciapponi or from a nickname given to the Jews in the reign of Philippe le Bel (societas caponum). At **No. 13, L.,** is the Hôtel of the Archbishops of Reims, with distinguished Louis XV entrance showing amusing mask and unusual consoles. Enter **court.** Over the entrance archway is a handsome balcony in wrought iron. Stairways with wrought iron railings symmetrically disposed on each side. This is a dignified and well preserved hôtel, worthily presided over by the most affable of concierges, himself an "amateur des vieilles choses."

The Archbishops of Reims ceded this property to the Bishops of Châlons by whom it was sold in 1619 to a neighboring convent belonging to the Carmelites. The conventual chapel was used during the Revolution as a dance hall and later as a theatre. One April day in 1834, when a musical farce was in rehearsal in the theatre a grim tragedy was being enacted in a street adjoining the convent grounds, the rue Transnonnain, now a part of the rue Beaubourg. It was the second insurrection in the wake of 1830, in brave but futile protest against the usurpation of Louis Philippe. When the last barricade was taken, the owner of the theatre rushed breathlessly in, the soldiers in hot pursuit, and took refuge in the prompter's box. They fired down at him, but he was safe in the nether regions below the stage. A fearful crime marked this rebellion. A house in the rue Transnonnain was invaded by the troops on the assumption, true or false, that a shot had been fired from a window, and all the occupants were slaughtered—men, women and children. It was thereafter known as the "Maison du Massacre."

No. 16, R., a little further on, was the home of Mme de Mandeville, a noted courtesan of the reign of Louis XV. She was a piquant brunette with a good figure and beautiful eyes and resembled Louis XV, so it was only natural, comments Lefeuve, that she should have her little court. The offspring of a ruined Protestant nobleman who had married the daughter of his gardener, she was placed in a convent at Provins where she fell ill and was seduced by the attendant doctor, by whom she had a child. With a marriage portion left her by the father of one of her convent friends, she married a young lieutenant who called himself the Marquis de Mandeville. Having arranged for the latter to be made a captain and to be sent to India, she installed herself luxuriously in the rue Chapon where, waited upon by lackeys in magnificent livery, she embarked on the career of a "fille du monde," to the chagrin of her doctor lover of Provins who hanged himself in his bedchamber.

Retracing your steps to **No. 10, L.**, follow the passage leading to the rue des Gravilliers. Under the name of "rue aux Gravilliers" the street is mentioned as early as 1250 and in 1292, although situated outside the wall of

Philip Augustus, it seems to have been well populated and is to be found in the tax list. The name has been attributed to a butcher, named Gilibert Gravelier, who lived here in the middle of the thirteenth century, but since there existed in the fifteenth century another street called the rue des Gravelières the name was probably derived, either from the workers in gravel or sand pits or from the makers of *cendre gravelée*, or pearl ash, made from calcined wine dregs and used in the preparation of leather and woolens.

Turn **R.** in the **rue des Gravilliers.** Virgin and Child in niche at **No. 13, R.** On the further corner of the rue des Vertus, **L.**, is the seventeenth century Cabaret of the Silver Lion. From this point, we may glimpse at the end of the street a children's toy store, painted blue, which, though numbered 124, appears to be a part of **No. 122** rue du Temple, where the youthful Balzac resided after he had completed his law studies and before his apprenticeship of horror stories in the attic of the rue de Lesdiguières. Turn **L.** in the **rue des Vertus,** ironically named from the easy virtue of its quondam dwellers. Old houses, **L.**

Cour de Rome.

The doorway of **No. 9, L.** rue des Vertus opens on a curious court, recalling the Cour du Dragon. In the fourteenth century it was open at both ends and was known as the rue aux Cordiers or the Street of the Rope-Makers. When it became an alley it was named, from a sign, the Cul de Sac du Puits de Rome and finally the Cour de Rome. After turning **L.** at the elbow, you will see an archway which leads **L.** to a branch passage with an intriguing glimpse of an old hôtel. Closer view reveals a colonnade surmounted by a frieze with scroll decoration, busts between windows, a balcony with wrought-iron railing of interesting design and sculptured support. I have been able to dig up nothing, I regret to say, concerning the history of this building which suggests the French Renaissance of the sixteenth century. The wrought-iron railing appears to be a later addition of the reign of Louis XIII.

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Regain the main passageway of the Cour de Rome and turn **R.** towards the **elbow of the court** where the sign reads, "G. Crevier." In this corner are two doorways. Take the right-hand doorway which brings you out opposite the **rue Volta.** At **No. 3** rue Volta is one of the curiosities of Old Paris, a house of timber and plaster construction dating from the thirteenth or fourteenth century. Note the solid wall, raised to one-half the height of the human body, which protected the mediaeval shopkeeper from the tumultuous jostlings of the crowded street.

Return to **No. 9 rue au Maire,** the doorway adjoining the passage by which you left the Cour de Rome. Enter the doorway underneath the sign, "Fonderie E. Boivin" and follow the passage, which brings you back to the rue des Gravilliers. Turn **R.** Curious dormers at **No. 31, L. No. 44, R.,** with Louis XIII stair railing, is said to have been the headquarters under Napoleon III of the secret society, "L'Internationale," which furnished the leaders of the communist government of 1871. From the further corner of the rue Beaubourg, view of Notre Dame. A lop-sided dormer at **No. 57, L.** Handsome façade at **No. 70, R.,** of the Petit Hôtel d'Estrées. At **No. 69, L.,** is the massive, nail-studded door of the Hôtel d'Estrées, constructed by Jean d'Estrées, Grand Maître de l'Artillerie (1550-1571), the grandfather of Gabrielle. The building to the right of the court, with vaulted stairway and niche, is of the sixteenth century. Beyond, at **No. 71, L.,** an eighteenth century hôtel marred by a superimposed story. At **No. 88, R.,** on the fourth of Germinal, in the year twelve (March, 1804), Joyaux, Burban and d'Arry, accomplices of Cadoudal, were arrested. The rue des Gravilliers was a patriot center during the Revolution.

The rue des Gravilliers debouches on a busy crossroads where a painting of Jean Bart serves as sign for a department store. Turn **L.** in the **rue Saint Martin,** passing shops of brightly colored knitted goods, an important industry of this quarter. Curious old houses at **Nos. 234 and 232, L.** At **No. 215, R.,** seventeenth century sign in wrought iron. A café was installed here, in Second Empire days, which was conducted by a certain Permiseux, who treated gratuitously the wounds of workmen, injured in the course of their trade, and was so successful that he was granted

authorization to practice medicine. He first bandaged his clients, then drank to their health. On the corner, at **No. 207, R.**, one may see, at the risk of one's life from passing traffic, an old commercial sign between the windows of the second story. It represents a lion on the prow of a ship. Beyond, at **No. 214, L.**, old house with quaint dormers. On the site of **No. 203 bis, R.** at the further corner of the rue Bourg L'Abbé, was the home of Guillaume Budé, the great Renaissance scholar whom Erasmus termed "le prodige de la France," and who, as magistrate, was beloved of the Parisians who spoke of him as "le saint homme." He was the founder of the Collège de France. (Inscription.) The building became the Hôtel de Vic and was probably inhabited by the Vice Admiral Dominique de Vic, the devoted friend of Henri IV, who died, three months after the monarch's assassination in the rue de la Ferronnerie, from the shock occasioned by traversing that street of sinister memory.

Maison du Grand Pignon.

A few rods down the rue Montmorency, at **No. 51, R.**, is the curious façade of the most interesting house in the quarter, if not in all Paris. This is the Maison du Grand Pignon, now the Taverne Nicolas Flamel and, more prosaicly, the Hôtel Helvétia. The large gable, which gave rise to the name, disappeared in the eighteenth century but the façade with its quaint inscriptions and beautiful bas-reliefs still remains.

Notice the topmost inscription which reads, "Nous hômes et fêmes laboureurs demourans au porche de ceste maison qui fut fte en l'an de grace mil quatre cens et sept, somes tenus chasen en droit soy dire tous les jours une patenostre et un ave maria en priant Dieu que la grâce face pardon aux povres pêcheurs trespassés. Amen."[1] The house was erected, as the inscription testifies, in 1407 on land purchased from the Priory of Saint Martin and received the name of Grand Pignon because of the contrast it presented

[1] "We, laboring men and women, dwelling in the porch of this house which was built in the Year of Grace, 1407, are each, in duty bound, to say every day a Paternoster and an Ave Maria, praying God that he may pardon, in his mercy, poor departed sinners. Amen."

with the lowly huts which were its neighbors. It was designed to supplement a number of houses owned by Flamel "where," writes Guillebert de Metz, "men of trades dwelt below and from the rent they paid were supported poor laborers up above." Despite this charitable intention and the inscription enjoining the beneficiaries to pay their rent of two prayers a day, the scheme, as regards this particular house, was never carried out. The plaque is misleading, for neither Flamel nor his wife ever occupied the house; in fact the latter's tenancy would have been something of a spiritualistic feat since Dame Pernelle died before the house was built. The house which they did occupy, and where Flamel harbored and instructed sons of the nobility, was on the rue des Escrivains, near Saint Jacques la Boucherie. The house before us had originally only two stories, with high-pitched gable flanked by tall chimneys. On the second story, just above the inscription, was a curious frieze representing Christ and Nicolas Flamel, surrounded by laborers on their knees. The doors and windows were protected by vertical bars and the holes into which they fitted are still visible.

Let us examine the details of the fascinating façade. On the jambs on either side of the central door are the half-length figures of four angel musicians, playing musical instruments: **upper L.**, the psaltery, **lower L.**, the spinet; **upper R.**, the harp, **lower R.**, the viol. The lower borders of the upper medallions are ornamented with crenelations, which were often used, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, to represent the walls of the New Jerusalem. The composition is harmonious and the execution, in general, finely wrought, with great regard for exactitude in the musical instruments. The two upper medallions are particularly gracious and pleasing, recalling the pretty angels of the Book of Hours of the Duke de Berri.

At the extreme left of the façade, at the top, a hand emerging from a richly embroidered sleeve is extended towards the inscription and undoubtedly represents the hand of Flamel adjuring his tenants to observe its precepts. Below the hand are two half-length figures with cloaks and pointed caps holding banderoles, or streamers, on which fragments of psalms were doubtless engraved. These figures, six in number, who perhaps represent prophets, ex-

tend the length of the façade and are continued on the right jamb and on the jambs of the door to the extreme **R.** The sixth is concealed by the adjacent shop front. Particularly interesting, as well as the best executed and best preserved, is the figure to the left of the door nearest the rue Saint Martin. It is beardless and wears a sort of turban such as was worn at the end of the fourteenth century. This is thought to be Nicolas Flamel himself, as he was thus represented at Saint Jacques la Boucherie and at Sainte Geneviève des Ardents. Immediately below is the initial "F" of his name in handsome Gothic lettering. The "N" of his given name appears in a corresponding position beyond the angels on the second jamb from the left.

Return to the left-hand end of the façade. Below the prophets you will notice two figures, one almost obliterated, seated in gardens amid trees of delicate foliage. Together with their counterparts on the same level at the extreme right, they are engaged in reading and prayer and it has been suggested that they represent the guests of the house paying their daily rent. Above in the inscription, the exhortation; here, the fulfilment. The figure on the extreme right is concealed by the adjoining shop front. The visible right-hand figure shows a bearded man, with drapery of fine, flowing lines, seated near trees and a wall made of woven branches.

Below the prayerful tenants are two rows of letters which, read horizontally across the façade, form phrases. Thus in the upper row, reading from left to right across the entire façade, we have, D || E || O || Gra Ti || As (the final "s" obscured by shop front). The lower row in smaller letters, reads: Sit nomen domini || benedictum || ex hoc nunc et || Usque in seculum || Gloria patri et filio || Et spirito sancto Amen (the Amen obscured by shop front).

You may lunch at the common table of the Gothic Maison du Grand Pignon if you arrive there by noon but late-comers go hungry, or you may obtain light refreshment, including omelettes, at an excellent bakery at No. 71 Boulevard Sébastopol. A bus for the Left Bank passes along the Boulevard de Sébastopol (return to the rue Saint Martin and continue in the same axis on the rue Bourg L'Abbé). The nearest Métro is Etienne Marcel (turn **L.**

in the Boulevard de Sébastopol and **R.** in the rue Etienne Marcel). For **rue de Rivoli**, change at Châtelet, direction Porte Maillot.

The starting point of the next ramble, the Auberge du Compas d'Or, is ten minutes distant and may be easily reached by a series of passages. Regain the rue Saint Martin and turn **R.**; at **No. 223, L.**, follow the **Passage de l'Ancre**, named from a sign the Passage de l'Ancre Royale and altered in the Revolution to "l'Ancre Nationale," **cross the Boulevard de Sébastopol**, "le Sébasto," as it is called by the apaches, and, to the right, at **No. 3** rue de Palestro follow the **Passage Bourg l'Abbé**, now deserted, but before the piercing of the great boulevards one of the most frequented passages, and full of life, and the next passage in the same axis, the **Passage du Grand Cerf**, named from one of the many inns of the rue Saint Denis which served as starting point for coach lines. The passage comes out opposite the **rue Marie Stuart** which leads into the rue Montorgueil. The Auberge du Compas d'Or is at **No. 64 rue Montorgueil**, just around the corner to your right.

CHAPTER VII.

AROUND LES HALLES.

Part I. Foreword.

I. The Inn of the Golden Compass.

On the Street of the Proud Mountain, a short distance from Les Halles, the great central market of Paris, is one of the quaintest and quietest spots in Old Paris. At No. 64 rue Montorgueil an arched alley leads to a tranquil court of which the most conspicuous feature is the gable roof of a great shed, supported by massive beams. The withered walls of the surrounding buildings are brightened by green plants at the windows. Not a sound is heard. But it was not always as quiet here "as waters stilled at even," for this was the courtyard of the Inn of the Golden Compass, one of the principal points of departure for coaches to the north. Tuesdays and Thursdays at eight in the morning, the mail coach left for Creil, passing by Saint Denis, Ecouen and Chantilly. When the King was at Compiègne private coaches could be hired here by those who wished to go rapidly to court. On Friday mornings the coaches left for Normandy and every day a procession of bulky carts, transporting merchandise, started on their journey for Calais and Boulogne. So calm is the courtyard now it is difficult to picture it as the scene of bustling life, of shouting, high-hatted postilions, of cracking whips, of mine host commanding, of servants calling to one another and of travelers fussing about for their seats or for their dinner. Nor were travelers the only clients

of the Inn of the Golden Compass for its cuisine and cellar were highly esteemed and in the reign of Louis XIV, when the inn was at its apogee, members of the nobility came here to wine and dine and the carousing often lasted into the early hours of the morning.

Roystering lords and querulous travelers have gone, the coaches have gone, the inn has gone and with it, the heart of the inn, the great kitchen with its huge fireplace and the glowing coals before which meat and fowl roasted on the spit. Only the huge hangar remains, and if direful rumor be true the day is not far distant when the pick of the demolisher, suspended like the sword of Damocles over Old Paris, will have done its foul worst. So haste thee, gentle reader, would'st thou view the ancient courtyard of the Inn of the Compass of Gold.

II. Tales of Two Towers.

Concerning the Fearless One, Les Comédiens du Roi, Rose de Mai, Church versus Stage, Market and Pillory, Catherine and the Stars.

A lone mediaeval tower rises in gloomy grandeur in the courtyard of a spick and span schoolhouse in the modern rue Etienne Marcel, awakening in the most casual passer-by a curiosity to know its history. Shortly after the assassination by his orders of the Duke d'Orléans in the Allée aux Arbalétriers, Jean sans Peur, Monstrelet recounts, "built with a great number of workmen a strong chamber in stone, well-shaped, in the form of a tower in which he slept by night." The hôtel to which this tower was added was originally the Hôtel d'Artois, owned by Robert II, Count d'Artois, a nephew of Saint Louis. By the marriage of Robert's great-granddaughter to Eudes IV, Duke of Burgundy, the hôtel passed to the house of Burgundy. About the year 1410, Jean sans Peur added "the strong chamber in the form of a tower"

THE TOWER OF THE FEARLESS.

as a place of refuge against the counter-assassination which was to strike him down twelve years later on the bridge at Montereau. Of the Hôtel de Bourgogne the stalwart mediaeval tower alone remains. It is a pity that this precious relic of the fifteenth century should have fallen into such ill repair as to necessitate its being closed to visitors, all the more so, because of the remarkable vaulting of the upper chamber, in which an oak tree is represented as springing from a stone bucket surmounting the drum of the spiral stairway, the branches of the tree forming the ribs of the vault. The vaulting is as beautiful as it is unique.

The Hôtel de Bourgogne goes down in history not only for the "strong chamber in stone" of the so-called fearless John, but as the home of a famous theatrical troupe. The first fixed playhouse in Paris dates back to 1402 when a society of amateurs, artisans by trade, called the Confrérie de la Passion, rented a hall in the Hôpital de la Trinité, near the Porte Saint Denis, where they gave those naïve religious representations known as "mysteries." [1] Dispossessed in 1539, the players went to the Hôtel de Flandre and, again homeless through the destruction of that hôtel, they acquired in 1548 a part of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Forbidden by Parliament to play "mysteries," they rented the theatre to "Les Enfants sans Souci" and from these Care-Free Children it passed to professional actors known under Louis XIII as "La Troupe Royale" or "Les Comédiens de l'Hôtel de Bourgogne," one of the three troupes which united to form the Comédie Française. To the Hôtel de Bourgogne came the swashbuckling Queen Christine of Sweden, bizarre of dress and angular of visage, to see acted the plays of Corneille and incidentally to shock Anne of Austria by sitting with her feet higher than her head, and here, to learn if rumor had not exaggerated the talent of the new dramatist, Racine, came Mme

[1] From the Latin "ministerium," meaning "representation," but early confounded with "misterium," since the dramas so designated showed the "mysteries" of the faith.

de Sévigné who, after witnessing "Andromache" and "Bajazet," decided that rumor had, in fact, exaggerated and that Racine was writing comedies for "that most miraculously good comedienne," La Champmeslé, and not for the centuries to come. "Vive donc," cries the warm-hearted lady, "notre vieil ami, Corneille."

* * *

Near the Hôtel de Bourgogne and leading west in the direction of the Colonne de Médicis is the Passage de la Reine de Hongrie. What is the connection, one well may wonder, between this long, dark, narrow passage and the Queen of Hungary?

The market women of Les Halles, which lie very near the Passage de la Reine de Hongrie, used to elect one of their number as "queen" to act as their official representative. Now in the reign of Louis XVI, the women of Les Halles had some grievances which they wished redressed and, to this end, sent a deputation to Marie Antoinette composed of the prettiest young girls to be found in their ranks and headed by the Queen of the Market, a youthful flower seller, named Julie Bécheur, whose freshness and beauty had earned her the sobriquet of Rose de Mai. Marie Antoinette listened attentively while pretty Rose de Mai pleaded the cause of Les Halles and then called the attention of her ladies-in-waiting to the striking resemblance between the speaker and the mother of Marie Antoinette, Maria Teresa, Queen of Hungary, whose portrait hung above her head. The accidental resemblance proved a boon to the delegation, who not only won their cause but were invited to dine at the King's table, and Louis XVI, in bidding them good-by, kissed Rose de Mai. In celebration of this triumph, the passage where the flower seller had her home was named, in her honor, the Passage de la Reine de Hongrie.

But ill fortune was in store for royalty. In 1792 Rose

de Mai suffered the common lot of queens and was relegated to the prison of the Madelonettes where her name was inscribed on the register, "Julie Bécheur, dite Rose de Mai, demeurant Passage Egalité, cy-devant de la Reine de Hongrie, accusée d'affection pour le cy-devant roi et la femme Capet." Such was the crime,—"affection for the former king and the Capet woman." The atonement was the guillotine. To make a thorough job of it, the owner of the "Passage Equality, formerly of the Queen of Hungary" was likewise sent to the guillotine.

But somebody, as Mr. Briggs, the cartoonist, has justly observed, is always taking the joy out of life. M. Adrien Blanchet of the French Academy has discovered that the name of "Reine de Hongrie" has been given from time immemorial to the elected representative of the market women and did not originate with Julie Bécheur. Brantôme refers to a song about a bibulous Queen of Hungary so it is possible that the title, as applied to the market queen, may have originated with some doughty royal toper. Rochegude and Dumolin incline to the opinion that the name comes from a sign advertising Hungary Water, and cite the popularity in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of the perfume and medicine known as "Queen of Hungary Water," so called because a hermit was said to have given the receipt to the Queen of Hungary.

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At the western end of the Passage de la Reine de Hongrie rises the imposing church of the market women, Saint Eustache. The curates of Saint Eustache were not always on the best of terms with their actor neighbors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and once, at least, the antagonism between Church and Stage broke out into open warfare. Jean du Pontalais, principal actor, author, prompter, machinist and publicity agent of the Comé-

diens du Roi, was wont to come in the latter capacity to the crossroads of Saint Eustache, beating his drum to announce that the play was about to begin. On one occasion the curé was preaching at vespers when the sound of Pontalais' drumming arose from the street. The curé raised his voice but Pontalais drummed the louder. The curé fairly shouted but faster and more furious waxed the drumming. The congregation began to be highly amused by this contest but not so the curé, who blazing with indignation, descended from the pulpit, rushed out to the disturber and demanded, "How dare you drum while I am preaching?" "How dare you preach while I am drumming?" was the retort. Seizing the cutlass of the beadle who was with him, the curé slashed the offending instrument whereupon the actor pursued him and smashed down upon his head and shoulders the broken drum. Still wearing this peculiar head dress, the curé reappeared in the pulpit expecting that the sight of such an outrage to their shepherd would stir his flock to indignation but he was promptly undeceived, for the congregation burst out laughing. The curé had the last word, however, when the comedians of the Hôtel de Bourgogne were forbidden to open the doors of their theatre before the conclusion of vespers.

* * *

Below the massive pile of Saint Eustache lies the great central market of Paris, Les Halles Centrales. It is a wonderfully picturesque sight late at night and in the early hours of the morning when the colorful, heavy-laden, vegetable wagons lumber in from the country. The first Parisian market was in the Ile de la Cité, the second, on the Place de Grève and the third was founded on this site, in the twelfth century, when Louis the Fat established a market for mercers and money changers in what were then known as the "champeaux," or "little fields," outside the city. Philip Augustus transferred to

this market the Foire Saint Lazare, added two large covered buildings, termed "halles," and surrounded it with walls. The market was not restricted, as now, to alimentary products but was a sort of permanent fair of merchandise of all sorts.[1]

Les Halles was one of the centers of Parisian life throughout the Middle Ages. A few steps from Saint Eustache was the gibbet where offenders were hanged and the pillory where they were made ridiculous. This last was an octagonal tower, supporting an open-air platform with a cone-shaped roof like a candle snuffer. On the platform was a horizontal wheel with holes for the heads and hands of the victims. The wheel was turned at intervals so that its occupants might be viewed from all directions and each luckless wight was exhibited for two hours daily, on three successive market days, to the joy of the gibing crowd. The rue Pirouette which recalls the pirouetting pillory is today all but demolished.

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A contrast to the great tower of the Fearless is the slender Renaissance column which projects above the Bourse de Commerce on the other side of Les Halles. This tower-column, a hybrid of the Doric and Tuscan orders, is all that is left of the Palais de la Reine, constructed about 1575 by Marie de Medici. At the beginning of the thirteenth century, this site was occupied by a small hôtel, flanked by towers, in the midst of meadowland and vineyards. It belonged to Jean II, Seigneur de Nesle, from whom it passed to Saint Louis. The royal saint there installed his mother, Blanche de Castille, by whose side the lovelorn Thibaut, Count de Champagne, spun his lays until she packed him off

[1] Each corporation had headquarters in the neighborhood; the goldsmiths in the rue des Orfèvres, the merchant tailors on the Quai de la Mégisserie, the mercers (as we have seen) in the rue Quincampoix, the furriers in the rue Bertin Poirée, the hosiers in the Cloître Saint Jacques la Boucherie, the arquebus makers in the rue Cocatrix, the cobblers in the rue de la Pelletrie, the pork butchers in the rue de la Cossonnerie and the drapers (whose façade we saw at the Musée Carnavalet) in the rue des Déchargeurs.

crusading. Here the good queen died, and to set an example of repentance and humility, she breathed her last on a bed of straw covered with a cloth of rough serge. At the close of the fourteenth century, possession passed to Louis, Duke d'Orléans, and from here he set forth on that epoch-making visit to the Hôtel Barbette from which he was never to return.

When Ruggieri, her pet astrologer, predicted to Catherine de Medici that she would meet her death "near Saint Germain," the superstitious queen determined to cheat the stars. She straightway abandoned work on the Tuileries because it was comprised in the parish of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, left unfinished her palace of the Abbey de Saint Maur des Fossés, which was too near Saint Germain des Prés and never again set foot in her château of Saint Germain en Laye. Obliged by this wholesale renunciation to seek pastures new, the imperious sovereign cast covetous eyes on the Hôtel de Nesle which had been given, in part, by Louis XII to the Couvent des Filles Repenties, a convent founded in 1496 from prostitutes of the neighborhood of Les Halles who had been converted by the street preaching of the Dominican monk, Jean Tisseran. The Filles Repenties were given other quarters in the rue Saint Denis and the Queen turned loose on their former abode an army of masons, carpenters, sculptors and decorators who fashioned for the royal pleasure, under the direction of Delorme and Bullant, the splendid Palais de la Reine. Catherine lived there seventeen years and died at Blois in 1589. She enquired the name of the priest who attended her deathbed and was told that it was Julien de Saint Germain. The stars had won.

The new owner of the hôtel was Olympia Mancini, Countess de Soissons, "that sombre Italian black of body and soul," who gave brilliant fêtes in the Hôtel de Soissons, as Catherine's palace was now known. The festivities came to an abrupt halt when the investigations resulting from the Brinvilliers scandal put fear into

many a black soul, and the hostess was obliged to flee the country to escape trial for the poisoning of her husband. The hôtel passed to the Princes de Carignan under whose tenancy the gardens were covered with little barracks which were rented for the sale of stock of John Law's bank. When the last Prince de Carignan died insolvent the building was put up for sale but found no buyer, so, to satisfy the creditors, it was torn down and the material sold for their benefit. The column escaped, thanks to an architect named Laurent Destouches who bought it and resold it to the city.

Catherine used to climb this tower with her astronomer Ruggieri to consult the stars, those stars whose decree she vainly essayed to thwart, and the passers-by, seeing Catherine in consultation, regarded it as an ill omen, knowing full well that some foul deed portended. Catherine's cipher, with C's framed in the H of Henri II, appears below the projecting bars of the column, which was formerly ornamented with broken fans and feathers, broken quivers, pearls and precious stones represented as scattered on the ground, splintered oaks and broken mirrors. These symbols of mourning and of renunciation of worldly pomp as well as crowned "F's" and a motto of François II, "Non unus sufficit orbis," have led to the supposition that the column was erected by Catherine as a memorial to her husband and son. The astrological tradition is further assailed on the ground that the interior staircase is too narrow and the tower too high for the comfortable ascension of the corpulent Queen, but are not these considerations of minor importance compared with the felicitous poisoning of one's enemies?

III. La Croix du Trahoir.

Treating of Baths, Fallen Monarchs, Molière, Justice, a Literary Cake Shop and a Ghost Story.

A short street leads from the Colonne de Médicis to the Croix du Trahoir. Named the rue Sauval in honor of

the seventeenth century chronicler of Paris, it was formerly the rue Estuves aux Femmes, the Street of the Women's Baths, and later the rue des Vieilles Etuves Saint Honoré, a name it bore until 1865. The baths introduced by the Romans were razed to earth in the barbarian invasions and bathing remained a neglected art until the Crusades and contact with the Orient brought it again into fashion. In the Middle Ages the baths in the large cities were numerous and flourishing. Men and women bathed naked and frequented the same baths, though at different hours, until a thirteenth century ordinance forbade the bath proprietors to receive persons of different sex. The patrons made a sojourn of several hours and the baths became, in the sixteenth century, places of feasting and banqueting. A night's lodging could be there obtained and, despite the restrictions as to sex, the baths were not infrequently the scene of gallant rendezvous. Because of the attendant immorality they were inveighed against by the Church and at the end of the seventeenth century they had fallen into such ill repute that the expression "a pillar of the baths" was a term of reproach and the baths were no longer patronized by honest folk. Moreover they were combated by the doctors who considered that they propagated skin diseases and so, at this period, they went out of business altogether.

Morning and evening, the bath owners sent their criers through the streets to drum up trade. "Li bains sont chaut, c'est sanz mentir" ran a frequent cry, "The baths are hot and that's no lie." And another set forth the attractions of the Saint James Baths:

C'est à l'image Saint James
Où vont ces femmes se baigner,
Baigneux, aux étuves allez!
Vous y serez bien servis
De valets et de chambrières

De la dame Bonne Chère
Allez tous! Les bains sont prèts.[1]

The rue Estuves aux Femmes runs into the rue Saint Honoré a few feet west of the rue de l'Arbre Sec. At the junction of these last-named streets, hard by a gallows, was a cross mounted on three stone steps. It was called the Croix du Trahoir, or Croix du Tiroir, for at the foot of this cross, amidst great commotion in the quarter, took place the weekly "tiroir," or "sorting out" of the animals brought to Les Halles for slaughter. The Croix du Trahoir, surrounded by butchers' stalls and the vendors of herbs and vegetables, was one of the most animated corners of mediaeval Paris. The earliest souvenir of this crossroads goes back to the barbarous squabbles of the Merovingian princes, for here Queen Brunehaut is reputed to have met her death at the savage hands of Clotaire II. The eighty-year-old Queen was subjected for three days to acute physical torture, was then placed upon a camel and exposed to the insults of the soldiers of Clotaire's army and was finally tied naked by the hair, an arm and a leg to the tail of a wild horse which was whipped into a fury. Her body was burned and the ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven. After the victory of Philip Augustus at Bouvines, his prisoner, Ferrant of Portugal, Count of Flanders, was carried, fettered with heavy chains, past the Croix du Trahoir in a chariot drawn by two gray horses and, amidst the hootings of the populace, was taken to the great tower of the Louvre, twenty-three feet thick at its base and eleven feet thick at its top, the tower of which the loss was to be deplored by the "Bourgeois de Paris," "car elle estoit très belle, haulte et forte et estoit appropriée à mettre

[1] It is at the Image of Saint James
Where the women go to bathe,
Bathers, go to the baths!
You will be well served
By the valets and maids
Of Lady Good Cheer
Go, all of you! The baths are ready.

prisonniers, gens de grand renom." The captivity of this "prisoner, person of great renown" was thus celebrated in punning verse,

> Lors fut Ferrant tout enferré
> Dans la tour du Louvre enserré.[1]

Perhaps the most interesting house of the Croix du Trahoir, a house to be rendered still more interesting by its associations, was a curious, irregular, Gothic structure which stood at the corner of the rue Saint Honoré and the rue des Vieilles Etuves. Its roof was pitched at an acute angle, like two playing cards stood on end and leaned against each other. Between its open timbers was a brick design called Point of Hungary. But its peculiar feature was the corner post which was carved, above the ground floor, to resemble a tree with spreading branches laden with fruit, in which monkeys disported themselves. One monkey, older and wiser than his mates, sat at the foot of the tree, consuming with a grimace of satisfaction the fruit which the others let fall in their scrambling. On the ground floor of the Pavillon des Singes, as the house was known, a seventeenth century occupant, one Jean Poquelin, had his upholsterer's shop. Behind the shop was the kitchen and probably the dining room. A spiral staircase led to the entresol, containing bedroom and office; above was the storehouse. We may picture Madame Poquelin ensconced behind the counter, near the cash box, and see the "upholsterer to the king" as he hurries forward, with shopman's smile and affable rubbing of hands, to serve the titled clientele which throng his shop. Meanwhile the wide-awake little apprentice takes note with seeing eye of nouveau-riche bourgeois, of mincing marquis and simpering précieuse. For the apprentice came red-letter days when the paternal grandfather, who was very fond of the theatre and of his grandson, took young Jean Baptiste to see the players

[1] "Thus was the Iron One, all in irons,
In the tower of the Louvre imprisoned."

of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where the eager boy first came into contact with the world of the theatre to which he was to devote his life and for which he was to write brilliant comedies under the name of Molière.

In September, 1633, the year following the death of Mme Poquelin, when Jean Baptiste was eleven years old, his father moved a little further east to No. 3 rue de la Tonnellerie, a street which has been absorbed by the rue du Pont Neuf. From here, at the age of fourteen, he attended the Jesuit Collège de Clermont, now the Lycée Louis le Grand, which numbered among its pupils the sons of distinguished families. Young Poquelin took an active part in the school plays and read the poets with zeal, particularly Terence. The house in the rue de la Tonnellerie was the home of the future dramatist until 1642, when his movements cannot be precisely determined, but there is reason to believe that he accompanied Louis XIII to the Midi, traveling as the agent of his father, "upholsterer to the king." Shortly after his return, he lived, as we have seen, in the rue de Thorigny, probably at the home of his future bride, where he joined the Illustre Théâtre.

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Opposite the birthplace of Molière is the Fontaine de la Croix du Trahoir, an eighteenth century reconstruction by Soufflot, the architect of the Panthéon. The original fountain of the reign of François I stood in the center of the crossroads and was one of the earliest examples of Renaissance art in Paris. With its somewhat finical sculpture by Goujon, it must have formed curious contrast with its Gothic neighbor, the Pavillon des Singes. When the Croix du Trahoir was the scene of the first collision between the populace and the royal troops at the beginning of the Fronde, the fountain was covered by the children of the quarter with scrawls unflattering to Mazarin, and nearby, as well as on the Pont Neuf, the

Italian was hung in effigy, with a placard enumerating his offenses.

"Ce fut une étrange rumeur
Lorsque Paris, tout en fureur,
S'émeut et se barricada
Alléluia!

"Sur les deux heures après dîné,
Dans la rue Saint Honoré,
Toutes les vitres on cassa
Alléluia!"

Many Huguenots were burned here under François I, and Pierre de l'Estoile, who kept a journal in the time of Henri IV, records the hanging of two woolen teaselers for having flung four people from the Pont Neuf and the execution of three others, at the instance of the king's surgeon, for having tried, on the Pont Neuf, to steal his purse. "The punishments are exactly proportioned to the crimes," remarks the bailiff in "Les Opinions de Jérôme Coignard," by Anatole France, "and thieves are hung, murderers broken on the wheel, those guilty of lèse-majesté drawn and quartered, atheists, sorcerers and sodomites burned and counterfeiters boiled, in which criminal justice shows extreme moderation and every possible lenience." "Sir," replies the public letter-writer of the Cemetery of the Innocents, "from time immemorial the judges have regarded themselves as well-disposed, equitable and lenient. In the Gothic period of Saint Louis and even of Charlemagne they admired their own benignity which seems harshness to us today; I suspect that our sons will regard us as harsh in their turn and that they will again find something to curtail in the tortures and punishments of which we make use." The writer was recently present at the Palais de Justice when a woman who had eaten cheese at a restaurant to the

value of one franc and ninety-five centimes without having the money to pay for it, was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment.

* * *

The origin of the rue Saint Honoré, named in the sixteenth century from a thirteenth century church, which stood on the north side of the street opposite the present Magasin du Louvre, is lost in the mists of antiquity. It is possible that at the beginning of the Christian era it was used by the carts of the woodcutters of the forest of Rouvre, of which the Bois de Boulogne is the last remaining vestige. During the reigns of Louis XV and Louis XVI it was the principal street of the town. The patisserie of Cyprien Ragueneau, immortalized by Rostand in "Cyrano de Bergerac," was in the rue Saint Honoré, midway between the rue de l'Arbre Sec and the Palais Royal. The literary Bohemians who frequented the "foster-father of the Muses" paid for their cakes with odes, sonnets and tickets to the playhouse and borrowed money to be consumed in the taverns of the Croix du Trahoir. Needless to relate, this patron of the arts ran into debt and, one day, the literary cake shop was invaded by the officers of the Châtelet who carried off its proprietor to the Bastille. On his release, a year later, he took leave of Paris and set forth, with his wife and children and a little ass laden with epigrams, to seek his fortune in Languedoc where he ran into a traveling troupe of comedians—it was the troupe of Molière—with whom he was given the rôle of a porter, with only a few speaking lines, but before the end of the tour he had achieved the reputation of being the worst actor in the world. He was tendered the position of candle snuffer but this he haughtily disdained. Later, apparently, he pocketed his pride for d'Assoucy writes, "I saw him since with another troupe, where he was snuffing the candles very nicely." "Such," adds that author, "is the destiny of

fools when they become poets, and of poets when they become fools."

The rue de l'Arbre Sec, which runs south from the Croix du Trahoir, received its name from the sign of an inn which, in the fourteenth century, sheltered pilgrims on their way to the Holy Land. The name was taken from the famous Dry Tree of Hebron, which had been green and blossoming since the beginning of the world but lost its foliage on the day Christ died on the cross. It would send forth green shoots once more, ran the current belief, when a Western prince should regain the Holy Land and chant a mass beneath its boughs. On the rue de l'Arbre Sec was the Hôtel des Mousquetaires where d'Artagnan lived for a time. The rue Baillet, which runs into this street below the rue de Rivoli, was named from the treasurer of the Dauphin, the future Charles V, whose murder by Perrin Marc before the church of Saint Merri was one of the events leading up to the assault on the palace organized by Etienne Marcel. It was haunted in 1523 by a most horrendous ghost. Clad in classic white, the ghost would rush screeching up and down the street o' nights, sending the scared inhabitants a-flying to the river. After this street-stalking, it would vanish through the wall of a house. Every house in the street was presently to let. One night the ghost varied the program by gliding around the corner into the rue de l'Arbre Sec where, after a particularly blood curdling shriek, it vanished and never more was seen, exorcized no doubt by the Sign of the Dry Tree. On the street of the ghost lived Chenaud, the last Chief of Police of the Châtelet, who used the loge of the concierge as a temporary prison for disorderly characters picked up by the Watch. It was occupied one night by the Count d'Artois, the brother of Louis XVI who was to be King of France as Charles X, and who, with roystering companions, had insulted the Watch on the Pont Neuf.

IV. A Parisian Campo Santo.

Introducing a Cemetery-Promenade, the "Cursed Corner," "Monsieur Saint Denis," Henri IV and Mlle Jeanne.

At the southeast corner of Les Halles is a little park containing a Renaissance fountain with charming basreliefs by Jean Goujon, the great sculptor of the French Renaissance. The fountain, which is known as the Fontaine des Innocents, stands on ground once covered by the most important cemetery of mediaeval Paris, the Cimetière des Innocents.

A young boy, named Richard, was said to have been killed by the Jews. Miracles having taken place on the scene of his martyrdom, a church was erected in 1156 which was first dedicated to Saint Richard and later to the child martyrs of Jerusalem, the Holy Innocents. Adjoining the church was a cemetery which was older than the church, for as far back as the Carolingian epoch (the eighth or ninth century) the dead had been buried in the "champeaux," or "little fields," outside the town in the present quarter of Les Halles. The Cimetière des Innocents was the burial ground for twenty parishes, of which the local cemeteries were already filled, and into a great ditch in the middle, known as the Ditch of the Poor Wretches, were thrown the remains of those who were unfortunate enough to die in the city hospital. Towards the end of the fourteenth century, the cemetery became so congested that, to make room for newcomers, the bones of those long dead were dug up and stacked under the roofs of vaulted galleries, or charnel houses, which enclosed the cemetery on all sides like a cloister and which contained the tombstones of the well-to-do. The gallery bordering the rue de la Ferronnerie, known as the Charnier des Lingères, the Charnel House of the Linen Drapers, was ornamented in the fifteenth century, recounts Guillebert de Metz, by "notable paintings of the Dance of Death with inscriptions to move

people to devotion." These strange frescoes, probably the first examples of their kind, were said to have been undertaken by the Duke de Berri under the sad weight of the assassination of his nephew, the Duke d'Orléans, by Jean sans Peur, and, until their disappearance at the beginning of the seventeenth century, caused by the humidity of the galleries, they formed one of the most curious features of mediaeval Paris. In each arcade were depicted two persons; one, a living being; the other, a skeleton. Below were inscriptions setting forth imaginary conversations between the living and the dead, contrasting man in the pride of life with man crumbling unto dust. Pope, emperor, king, bishop, monk, noble lord, scholar, magistrate, lawyer, doctor, serf and beggar filed in silent parade on these walls of death. If the frescoes brought home the transiency of worldly glory the rows of stacked up bones were equally eloquent and made a vivid impression on the men of that time. Thus Villon, in verses of haunting melody:

Quant je considere ces testes
Entassées en ces charniers,
Tous furent maistres des requestes,
Au moins de la Chambre aux Deniers,
Ou tous furent portepanniers,[1]
Autant puis l'ung que l'autre dire,
Car d'evesques ou lanterniers[2]
Je n'y congnois rien a redire.

Et icelles qui s'enclinoient
Unes contre autres en leurs vies,
Desquelles les unes regnoient
Des autres craintes et servies,
La les voy toutes assouvies,
Ensemble en ung tas peslemesle.
Seigneuries leur sont ravies;
Clerc ne maistre ne s'y appelle.

[1] Peddlers.
[2] Lantern makers, a poor trade.

Or sont ilz mors, Dieu ait leurs ames!
Quant est des corps, ilz sont pourris.
Aient esté seigneurs ou dames,
Souef et tendrement nourris
De cresme, fromentee [1] ou riz,
Leurs os sont declinez en pouldre
Auxquelz ne chault d'esbatz ne ris.
Plaise au doulx JHESUS les absouldre!

One might suppose the neighborhood to have been hushed and lonely, grim and dismal. It was a favorite promenade, the liveliest spot in all Paris and perhaps the noisiest, what with the busy hammering of the iron-workers of the rue de la Ferronnerie and the cries of the merchants of the adjoining Marché des Champeaux. The charnel houses were invaded by charlatans who ran games of chance and by raucous-voiced hawkers of women's finery. In the shadow of the danse macabre public letter writers utilized gravestones on which to write amorous appeals for lovelorn swains, and young girls tried on new hats. One tomb of white marble, ornamented with figures of angels and saints, served for the display of children's toys. The occasional arrival of a funeral procession, preceded by the criers in white robes embroidered to represent bones, caused buyers and sellers to suspend their trafficking, but once the burial accomplished, the scene regained its busy aspect. We are now more respectful of death; we live with it less easily. Because of the neighborhood of the market the cemetery was frequented by a very mixed population which included not only the honest bourgeois and his good wife who came to hear the outdoor preacher, Brother Richard, inveighing against the wearing of low-neck dresses, but criminals and outcasts of all sorts. Rabelais speaks of "the ragged ones of 'Sainct Innocent' who warm their bottoms with the bones of the dead." The cemetery was suppressed in 1786 and the bones

[1] Made of boiled milk, eggs and spices.

transferred to the exhausted stone quarries of the Left Bank which form the Parisian catacombs.

* * *

Besides the open air pulpit, from which Brother Richard hurled his diatribes, a conspicuous feature of the cemetery was a large stone pyramid, surmounted by a crucifix, which was known as the Croix de Gastine and which involves the story of the Cursed Corner. Two years after the issuance of the edict of 1567 which compelled the Huguenots to hold religious meetings in secret, a rich draper, named Philippe Gastine, and his brother Richard, who lived on the corner of the rue Saint Denis and the rue de la Aiguillerie (des Lombards), invited some friends, including their brother-in-law, Nicolas Croquet, to celebrate the Holy Communion at their house. The news of this illegal procedure leaked out and the brothers were denounced and arrested. In an effort to stem the rising tide of heresy, which was considered a menace to the throne as well as to the altar, it was decided to make a horrible example of the offenders and Philippe Gastine, his brother and brother-in-law were hanged and strangled. The house was razed to the ground and in the center of what had been the court was erected a stone pyramid, surmounted by a gilded crucifix and bearing a copper plate on which was inscribed the sentence passed upon the guilty. The ground on which the house had stood was declared accursed and was known as "la place maudite," "the cursed spot." No building was ever to be erected there, "lest the curse of Gastine fall thereon." The injunction has been faithfully obeyed, for the spot remains bare to this day.

Philip's goods were confiscated and the proceeds used for the expenses of the monument and the inauguration of a service in the church of Sainte Opportune in honor of the Holy Sacrament, a service which was celebrated every Thursday down to the Revolution. The Croix de Gastine, as the stone pyramid was known, was decorated

with a bas-relief representing the Triumph of the Holy Sacrament, the work of Paul Ponce, according to Sauval, and by others attributed to Jean Goujon. It was covered with Latin verses in gilded letters, inscribed in so confused a fashion as to give rise to the suspicion that the composer, Estienne Jodelle, "a man without religion and with no other god than his belly," was making mock of both Catholics and Huguenots. Two years later the Croix de Gastine was transferred to the neighboring Cimetière des Innocents, whereat religious fury broke out afresh in renewed attacks on Huguenots, culminating in the awful climax of Saint Bartholomew. At the time of this massacre, a hawthorne bush in the Cimetière des Innocents burst forth in second bloom. The circumstance was hailed by the clergy as a miracle and a divine endorsement of the massacre; the king and queen mother, accompanied by the clergy, visited the cemetery with cross and banner amidst cries of "Vive le roi," "Vive la messe" and "Mort aux Huguenots." On the way the procession met a group of men who were dragging the corpse of Coligny to hang by the feet at Montfaucon. What became of the Croix de Gastine nobody knows, though many have tried to find trace of it.

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The rue Saint Denis, which marked the eastern boundary of the Cimetière des Innocents, dates back to the eighth or ninth century and perhaps even to Roman times. In mediaeval days it was the most important street in Paris and it was by the rue Saint Denis that the royal processions, following the coronation at Reims, filed through the city on the way to Notre Dame. On these occasions the street was draped with silken cloth, and perfume, spiced wine and milk flowed from the fountains. Deputies from the six corporations of merchants carried the royal daïs and the various trades followed, with costumes representing the seven deadly sins, the seven virtues, death, purgatory, hell and paradise. Stands

were erected at intervals on which were enacted scenes from the Old and New Testament, and the Fontaine de la Reine, as well as the Fontaine des Innocents, held nude groups of beautiful girls who were supposed to represent nymphs.

The fourteenth century name of the street was La Grant Chaussée (highway) de Monsieur Saint Denis for it was said to have been laid out on the route followed by the martyred Saint Denis, the first apostle of Christianity in Paris, when he walked from the place of his execution in the Ile de la Cité to Montmartre, carrying his head in hands. This may account, suggests Nathaniel Hawthorne, for the crookedness of the street "for it could not reasonably be asked of a headless man that he should walk straight." But then there is the conflicting and more generally accepted tradition that he was beheaded on Montmartre (mons martyrum), and that he walked, head in hand, for two miles across the northern plain to be buried where his church now stands, the abbey church of the royal tombs. Take your choice.

* * *

The Charnier des Lingères, or Charnel House of the Linen Drapers, which is still to be seen incorporated in a row of houses, runs parallel to a street which is of first importance in the annals of France for it witnessed the death of her best beloved monarch. In the old rue de la Charronnerie, or Street of the Wheelwrights, Saint Louis established the ironmongers in the thirteenth century but it was not until two centuries later that the street took its name of rue de la Ferronnerie. The primitive sheds of the ironworkers were succeeded by large houses which so obstructed the street that Henri II sought to widen it by an edict of the 14 May, 1554, but, as ill luck would have it, on another fourteenth of May, fifty-six years later, the widening had not been carried out.

To visit his friend, Sully, who was ill at the Arsenal, Henri IV was obliged to take a roundabout route from the Louvre, for there was no rue de Rivoli and no continuous road by the river bank. The way led by the Croix du Trahoir, the rue Saint Honoré and the narrow rue de la Ferronnerie. In the Street of the Ironmongers the king's passage was barred by the interlocking of a hay wagon and a dray carrying wine. The royal coach came to a stop and the valets du pied, with two exceptions, ran ahead to the rue Saint Denis, passing by the southern gallery of the Cimetière des Innocents, the Charnier des Lingères. Of the two valets who remained behind, one tried to disentangle the blockading carts and the other took advantage of the halt to fix his garter. Thus no one noticed the large square-shouldered man with red beard and deep-set eyes, a veritable Judas, who had been running after the coach and who, thanks to the blockade, had now arrived abreast of it. The coach was on the extreme left-hand side of the street and was tilted towards the center, the right-hand wheels resting in the gutter which ran down the middle of the roadway. The king was in the back seat on the left, next to an ironmonger's shop, which bore the sign curiously prophetic, "Au Cœur Couronné percé d'une Flèche." He was leaning over towards the Duke d'Epernon, to whom he was reading a letter, when unperceived the brawny Judas, resting one foot on a stone *borne* in front of the shop and the other on the axle of the rear wheel of the coach, plunged his knife twice into the body of the monarch.

The king gave a cry.

"Qu'est-ce, Sire?" asked the Duke de Montbazon.

"Ce n'est rien," replied Henry, "Ce n'est rien," but the second time so faintly that he could scarcely be heard.

The street was instantly in an uproar. Had he so chosen, Ravaillac might easily have escaped, so unperceived was the attack, but, proud of his madman's work, the murderer stood defiantly by, the blood-dripping knife

in his hand. The Squire Saint Michel was for finishing him off on the spot but the Duke d'Epernon stayed his hand. Someone cried, "The king is dead," and, in fear of an uprising, the tradesmen began to close their shutters. The curtains of the coach were lowered and the heavy vehicle bowled away along the rue Saint Honoré, containing the inert and blood-stained body of the king.

After fiendish torture, Ravaillac was drawn and quartered on the Place de Grève. At first an object of horror, his name degenerated into a bugbear for frightening children and the drapers of the rue Saint Honoré sold to the dandies of the reign of Henry's son doublets and cloaks of a yellowish-red shade, "à la Ravaillac."

* * *

Her first acquaintance with history, Mme du Barry was wont to say, dated from the time when she was shown the spot where Henri IV was assassinated. On the same street which witnessed the murderous thrust of Ravaillac was the hat shop of Mme Labille where the twelve-year-old Jeanne Bécu, the future Mme du Barry, served her apprenticeship of running errands and learning to make hats. From here she went to another modiste at 280 rue Saint Honoré, where she was a salesgirl, but her career began when the Count du Barry met her in the disreputable establishment of Mme de la Verrière in the rue Basse du Rempart, near the Madeleine, and, struck by her great beauty, launched her at an Opera ball. We shall see her charming house in the rue de la Jussienne where she lived for a time after the death of Louis XV.

Like Madame Roland, who passed her girlhood home on the way to the scaffold, Jeanne du Barry could see from the cart, after it passed the Châtelet, the shop of Mme Labille of childhood memories, and further on, that of the other modiste of the rue Saint Honoré and the church of Saint Roch, where her pious employer had often taken her to services and of which the steps now

seethed with a crowd of women, reviling and cursing her. As different as their lives was the manner in which the two women met their fate; Mme Roland very bravely, if a little theatrically, the du Barry with squalls and sprawling and frantic appeals to the executioner for "just one minute more." Oddly enough, another apprentice of the Maison Labille was a less famous whim of Louis XV, a girl of Irish extraction, Louise Murphy, known as "la belle Morphise," whose transcendent, dark beauty was the cynosure of artists and who is said to have posed for the Virgin in a painting of the Holy Family, which hung in the oratory of that pious, if fatiguing queen, Marie Leczinska.

AROUND LES HALLES.

Part II.

On the Spot.

I. From the Compas d'Or to the Tour de Jean sans Peur and the Colonne de Médicis.

We start in the courtyard of **No. 64 rue Montorgueil.** (Les Halles Métro station. The apse of the adjoining church, Saint Eustache, ends at the rue Montmartre and the next street beyond is the rue Montorgueil.)

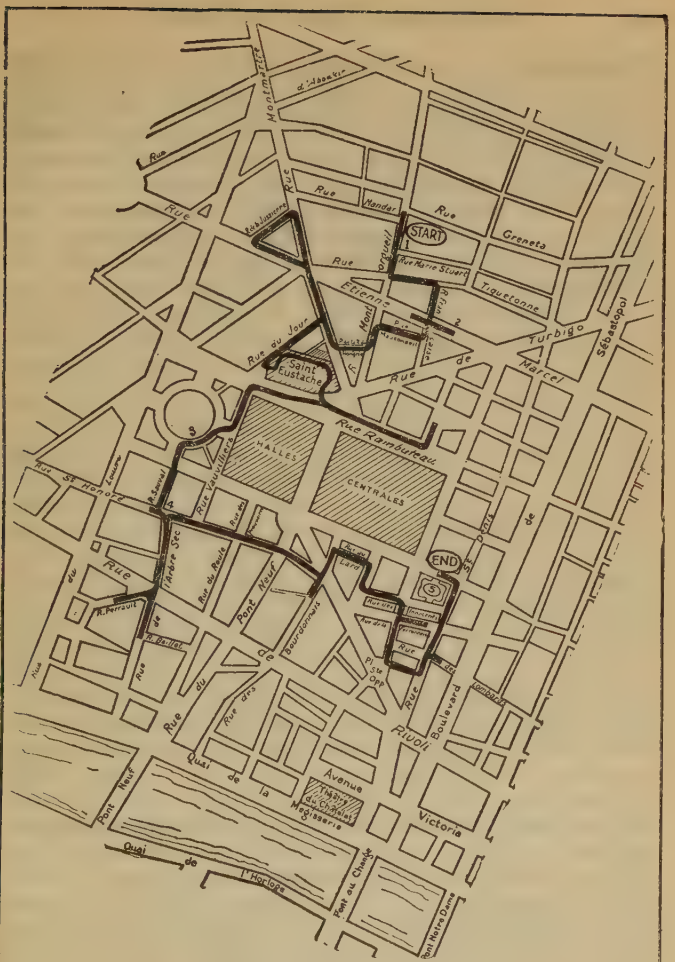
The Inn of the Golden Compass.

(See Part I, page 403 et sequit.)

We are in the sixteenth century courtyard of the Auberge du Compas d'Or, the Paris terminal of the Normandy coach line. Note the blunted corner on the building at your right, thus constructed to allow space for the lumbering coaches to roll by. On this building, which contained the common hall for the postillions and ostlers, is the dial of an ancient clock.

"Si, quelquefois, pendant la nuit
Vous entendez un peu de bruit
N'ayez aucune inquiétude
Au Compas d'Or c'est l'habitude."

The reassurance contained in this song of the period is no longer needed, for neither by night nor by day is noise the habit of the Compas d'Or. All is hushed about the great timbered hangar where once was clattering of wheels, shouting of oaths, cracking of whips, chatter and sobbing and laughter.



AROUND LES HALLES

1. Cour du Compas d'Or
2. Tour de Jean sans Peur
3. Colonne de Médicis
4. Croix du Trahoir
5. Fontaine des Innocents

Emerging on the rue Montorgueil, we may note, across the street at **No. 51,** a doorway with sculptured ornament, including a compass in reference perhaps to the Compas d'Or. The patisserie Stohrer, at the right of this doorway, contains panels of no great merit signed by Paul Baudry, who decorated the Grand Foyer of the Opéra. Above the Compas d'Or, **Nos. 68, 70 and 72, R.,** the last-named with panels depicting game, were occupied by the fashionable restaurant, Philippe, evocative of the brilliant night life of the meteoric Second Empire. Philippe was frequented by the celebrated courtesans of the period such as Lola Montes, Céleste Mogador and the auburn-haired Englishwoman, Cora Pearl, whose jewels, toilettes and equipages were the talk of the Boulevards. Here came the officers of the Emperor's household, the artists, journalists, bankers and nouveaux riches of that spectacular period. Indefatigables may penetrate the passage at **No. 70** to find traces of former grandeur in the much battered, paneled stairway.

At the corner of the rue Greneta is the sign of another restaurant, at present a café, Au Rocher de Cancale, which stood originally across the street where the "Beau Noir" is now. It is named after a famous oyster bed on the north coast of Brittany and was founded, towards the end of the eighteenth century, in the neighborhood of the oyster market of the rue Montorgueil, when it was the fashion to feast at the restaurants of Les Halles. Le Rocher was famous for the monthly song dinners of Le Caveau, a society which was the forerunner of the present "cabaret artistique." Founded in 1729, with a membership of poets, song-writers and singers, Le Caveau was broken up by the Revolution but under the first Empire it was reestablished at Le Rocher de Cancale and here Béranger, who was born on the rue Montorgueil, sang his witty and seditious songs. The resurrected Caveau was to include among its members Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, Balzac, Dumas the Elder, Eugène Sue, Paul de Kock and the artist, Gavarni, to whom are attributed some decorative panels in a room of the present Rocher, now used as a bedroom. When the Rocher de Cancale was the rendezvous of the bloods of the town, the restaurant of Philippe was but a lowly eating house, but Philippe gradually eclipsed his big neighbor, owing his first victory, I am reliably

informed, to an excellent turbot which surpassed his rival's sole normande.

Return to the Compas d'Or and continue to the **rue Marie Stuart, L.** Saint Foix records that Marie Stuart, Queen of Scotland and France, passed this way and asked the name of the street. Now the name, like the street, was somewhat lacking in delicacy, so, to spare the royal blushes, the Queen was told that it was the rue Tire Boudin. In 1809 the inhabitants wanted the name changed to the rue du Grand Cerf after an old inn, but Fouché, recalling the anecdote of Saint Foix, renamed it Marie Stuart. Five peasants, laden with provisions for Les Halles, froze to death in this street on the bitterly cold night of January 20, 1608. The next morning, records Lefeuve, Henri IV confided to Pierre Mathieu, who was present at his "petit lever," that he had awakened with his beard frozen in the bed which he shared with the Queen,—"circonstance aggravante," comments Lefeuve, "pour la rigueur de la température!"

Take the next street, **L.**, the **rue Tiquetonne**, with gabled house on the further corner. Originally known in 1372 as the rue Denys le Coffrier from one Denys who made exceeding fine chests, the street derives its present name from Rogier de Quinquentonne, a rich baker who lived here in 1400. Quinquentonne was shortened to Quiquetonne which finally became Tiquetonne. At **No. 31, R.**, Louis XVI wrought iron railing with rosettes and beading. Turn **R.** in the **rue Française**, which was laid out in the reign of François I and was originally named the rue Françoise in his honor.

The Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Tower of the Fearless.

(See Part I, page 404 et sequit.)

Cross the **rue Etienne Marcel**, a modern street named in honor of the famous Prévôt des Marchands, and walk a few steps, **R.**, to **No. 29.** You will see, on the second story, a plaque commemorating the theatrical associations of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, where Corneille and Racine were represented. The grounds extended from the rue Montorgueil (next street beyond) to the rue Saint Denis

(third street east) and from the rue Mauconseil (which lies back of this building) to the present rue Tiquetonne.

Across the street, and on the other side of the **rue Française**, is the gaunt, mediaeval tower added to the Hôtel de Bourgogne by Jean sans Peur. Near the top of this thick-walled tower the fearless one had his chamber, and if the guard of archers, watching Paris from the crenellated roof, were to give the alarm, there were underground passages by which to flee. The present roof is of the eighteenth century. In the tympanum of the second story is a bas-relief showing a mason's level with a plumb-line and, on each side of Gothic foliate ornament, a carpenter's plane. On January 1, 1410, the Duke of Burgundy presented to each of his followers a New Year's present in the shape of a mason's level from which was hung a jewel on the end of a plumb-line. The level was called a "règle," meaning "rule," and the suggestion was that the Duke would fashion the government of the realm to his liking and that all would proceed according to his rule. The origin of the carpenters' planes dates back to 1406, the year preceding the tragedy of the Allée aux Arbalétriers, when the Duke d'Orléans adopted, as his device, a knotted stick and Jean sans Peur adopted the planes to plane away the knots. To the Orléans motto, "Je l'ennuie," "I annoy him," Jean sans Peur opposed the Flemish "Ich houde," "I hold him."

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Return to the **rue Française** and turn **L.**

Not far from here was a famous well called the Puits d'Amour. The Well of Love derived its name from the misadventure of one Agnès Hellébie who lived in the reign —not of Saint Louis, this time, but of Philip Augustus. Because her lover deceived her, she plunged into the well and drowned herself in despair. Three centuries later a lovelorn youth sought to end his life in the well, but the lady in the case repented of her cruelty and fished him out with a rope. In gratitude he repaired the well and set up the inscription, "L'amour m'a refait en 1525 tout-à-fait." The Puits d'Amour disappeared at the end of the reign of Louis XIV.

Turn **R.** in the **rue Mauconseil.** The name is said to be derived from the mauvais conseil, or bad counsel, given to

Jean sans Peur inciting him to the assassination of the Duke d'Orléans. The Revolution found bankers, leather merchants and cutlers established in the street. At this epoch of reversal the rue Mauconseil (it is bad counsel to suggest the killing of a prince) became the rue Bonconseil. When the players of the adjoining Hôtel de Bourgogne filed in procession through the neighborhood to the rat-tat-tat of a drum, one of their fascinated spectators was the little son of a dentist of the rue Mauconseil, whose ambition must have been kindled at an early age towards the boards where he was to be so shining a light. The dentist's little boy was named François Joseph Talma.

We are back at the **rue Montorgueil** or Mont Orgueil, as it used to be written. This part of the street was called, in the fourteenth century, the rue Porte à la Comtesse d'Artois, because for the benefit of Robert II, Count d'Artois, nephew of the king, a postern gate was here established in the city wall which was to account for the northern extension of the rue Montorgeuil in the rue des Petits Carreaux and the rue Poissonnière. The Proud Mountain, or Mons Superbus of the old documents, refers to the high ground north of this street, which may be recognized on its further slope by the cutting of the Boulevard de Bonne Nouvelle below the level of its southern sidewalk.

On the corner, at **No. 38**, is a restaurant famous for its snails. Those who dwell on Mons Superbus may enter but it is not for the light of purse. In this building lived the unfortunate Lesurque who paid on the scaffold for his resemblance to the real assassin of the Lyons Mail. Turn **L.** in the rue Montorgueil (as you emerge from the rue Mauconseil). At **No. 19, R.**, Louis XVI hôtel of pronounced verticality with simple but handsome railing on lower balcony. In striking contrast is its Louis XV neighbor at **No. 17**, with charming decoration over the third story windows. The buildings epitomize the monarchs and their reigns: here in **No. 17**, grace, delicacy, caprice, "after us the deluge"; next door, sobriety—severity—in the face of the rising tide. At **No. 15**, an amusing cupid dancing in clouds. **Nos. 17 and 15** were, prior to the Revolution, a single property, owned and inhabited by the Count de Crillon. **No. 32**, opposite, is supposed to have

been a dwelling of Jean Goujon whom we met at Carnavalet and whose nymphs of the Fontaine des Innocents we shall see anon. It was later the Cabaret de la Cave, rendezvous of the "truands," or vagabonds, after 1760. The courtyard is now a rendezvous of push-carts.

Follow the **Passage de la Reine de Hongrie** which begins at **No. 17.** Old staircase in passage, **R.** We emerge on the **rue Montmartre,** the old road leading from the Grand Pont and the Châtelet to the Mount of Martyrs, and, before the Revolution, a fashionable street. Over the passage at this end is a sign which reads, "Passage de la Reine de . . . ," the "Hongrie" having perished in the war. The opposite alley affords a picturesque view of Saint Eustache.

Turn **R.** in the rue Montmartre and passing, for the time being, the rue du Jour **L.,** turn **L.** in the wide rue Etienne Marcel. The first street **R.** is the **rue de la Jussienne. No. 2, R.,** with delightful Louis XV façade, was the residence of Mme du Barry after the death of her royal lover and before she was sent by Louis XVI to a convent near Meaux. Here Mme du Barry lodged her protégé, the financier Perruchot, Receiver General of the Armies and principal organizer of the speculation in grain known as the Famine Pact. Another resident was Dupleix, who, had he received support, might have saved India for France. The building is now occupied by a school of jewelry making. Follow the rue de la Jussienne to the rue Montmartre. On the northern corner, **L.,** stood the fourteenth century chapel of Sainte Marie l'Egyptienne from which the street, by corruption, is named. Saint Mary the Egyptian, penniless and as yet imperfectly imbued with the odor of sanctity, achieved a pilgrimage to Jerusalem through a transaction which was suggested by a stained glass window, bearing the legend, "Comment la sainte offrit son corps au batelier pour payer son passage." The window was removed by the curé of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois in 1660. Saint Mary was the patron saint of girls who were afraid of becoming pregnant. They used to come to this chapel to pray, generally after dark or heavily veiled. The chapel was demolished in 1791.

Turn **R.** in the rue Montmartre,—view over the roofs of Les Halles of the Tour Saint Jacques—return towards Saint Eustache and take the **rue du Jour, R.** Near the

chapel of Sainte Agnès, the predecessor of Saint Eustache, Charles V constructed a hôtel with stables, storehouses and gardens. The street was called the rue du Séjour le Roi which was shortened to rue du Séjour and finally to rue du Jour. Thus did the Street of the Royal Residence become Day Street.

Crowning the façade at **No. 25, R.** is a pediment with escutcheon, surmounted by a helmet, and garlands. To the right is an ornamented doorway and windows with wrought iron bars, that above door with monogram, "P.A.D." Interesting entablature over door, with birds, tortoises, etc., suggesting the Renaissance. This impression is confirmed by the second entablature at the foot of the staircase with floral design, cupids, and medallion, extending **R.** into an improvised butcher shop. Below is a narrow frieze with heads and shells. In the butcher shop is a delicately sculptured mask, which a facetious house painter has converted into a blackamoor. It marks the top of the former cellar stairs, which was lighted by an orifice in the extreme left-hand corner of the shop. One may climb the stairs with stone railing to see, on the second floor, cupids with garlands supporting vase over door, and frieze at top of stair well. This interesting Renaissance hôtel was the rectory of Saint Eustache and is thought to be on the site of the ancient séjour du roi. A curé of Saint Eustache who lived on this street, if not in this hôtel, in Revolutionary days, was frequently waited upon in a body by members of the committee of the local section and conducted to a neighboring restaurant. The party dined to their hearts' content and the man of cloth was allowed to foot the bill, a privilege of which he availed himself as the alternative was the guillotine. Note, on leaving the courtyard, fine mask with garlands at keystone of arch, **L.**

Continue on the rue du Jour to **No. 4, L.**, with handsome, if somewhat defaced, gateway and intriguing view of Saint Eustache over the gabled roof with pointed dormers. This is the Hôtel des Abbés de Royaumont, built in 1612 by Philippe Huraut de Cheverny, Bishop of Chartres and Abbot of Royaumont. From this episcopal tenancy the hôtel passed to that inveterate duelist, François de Montmorency, Count de Bouteville, whose duel on the Place Royale under the windows of the Cardinal had its tragic

sequel on the Place de Grève. His Huguenot widow, relates Lefeuve, bore her loss without grieving overmuch and took for her second husband another Catholic, named Croixmart. She slept, according to this well-informed writer, between sheets of unbleached linen to make her skin appear the whiter. We have seen that Marguerite de Valois preferred black sheets for the enhancement of her beauty. The ground floor of the hôtel, during the occupancy of the Count de Bouteville, was turned into a fencing hall and here the young bloods of the town came to fence and sample vats of wine. Sometimes the sampling embittered the fencing and on more than one such occasion the bout had a fatal ending. Bouteville was succeeded by his posthumous son, the Marshal de Luxembourg, victor at the battle of Fleurus. Just before the Revolution the hôtel became a subscription library. **No. 7, R.**, old house; the façade was restored in 1907.

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The appalling west front of the church of **Saint Eustache**, none the better for lack of the southern tower, was begun by Mansart de Jouy in 1775 and must have made his grandfather François turn in his grave. Step inside this lofty, cool and reposeful edifice. Walk **L.** to center of nave for view of church as a whole. Despite the discordance between the Gothic framework and the Renaissance detail —"a Gothic skeleton in Roman rags" was Viollet le Duc's characterization—the general effect, because of the vast proportions, is most impressive. "In any other town but Paris," writes Grant Allen, "so splendid a building, rivaling many cathedrals, would attract numerous visitors. Here, it is hardly noticed." Proceed to the apse, noting, as you pass the transepts, the stags' heads in the candelabra. Saint Eustache, like those other hunter saints, Saint Hubert and our friend Saint Julien, was converted by a vision of Christ on the cross appearing between the horns of a stag which he was pursuing. To the left of the Chapelle de la Vierge (with a prettified eighteenth century Virgin by Pigalle) is the chapel containing the tomb of Colbert, surmounted by an admirable kneeling figure of the statesman by Coyzevox. "Sire," said the dying Mazarin to Louis

XIV, "I owe everything to you but I believe I shall balance my account with Your Majesty by giving you Colbert."

Leave the church by the door near the Chapelle de la Vierge. Turn **R.** and cross to Les Halles. In the gable of the southern transept is the stag of Saint Eustache with the vision of the crucified Christ.

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The pirouetting pillory of Les Halles is recalled by the rue Pirouette of which precious little is left—only the sign and one house—but the indefatigables may find it by turning **R.** (assuming that you are looking at the stag) and walking east, following Les Halles to No. 106 rue Rambuteau. Near the rue Pirouette was that trysting-place of bygone days, the Puits d'Amour, where the despairing Agnès took her life and the rejected suitor was remade by love. Take the adjoining rue Mondétour, then, the first street **R.** At the corner of the rue Pierre Lescot was the well. The disappearance of an intervening block of houses accounts for the curious fact that the south side of the street is called the rue de la Petite Truanderie while the north side is the rue de la Grande Truanderie. Truanderie is derived either from the word "truand," referring to the vagabonds of the quarter or from "truage," a tax on the merchandise at Les Halles.

Return to Saint Eustache, and at the further end of Les Halles, take the **rue Vauvilliers, L.** The rue Vauvilliers, which is first mentioned in 1238, was formerly the rue du Four Saint Honoré, because of an episcopal oven there situated. Philip Augustus abolished the feudal custom by which the subjects of a lay or ecclesiastical overlord were obliged to take their flour to his oven and to pay, often rather handsomely, for its baking. The bakers obtained from Philip permission to bake in their own houses. The association with bread persists in the present name of the street for the Hellenist, Vauvilliers, in Revolutionary days, was placed in charge of the food supply and saved Paris from famine.

No. 39, Louis XV wrought iron railings. **No. 37,** Au Soleil d'Or, was the site under Louis XVI of the Corporation of Potters, Glaziers and Porcelain Makers. Beyond

the Chat qui Pelote is a shed on the site of a building which sheltered a modest travelers' hotel, the Hôtel de Cherbourg; it was torn down in 1912. We observed that Napoleon first set foot in Paris in the month of October, 1784, when the group of boys from the preparatory school at Brienne disembarked from the river barge at the Port Saint Paul and pursued their way to the Ecole Militaire. The next October saw the young Corsican leave the capital on furlough, with the grade of second lieutenant. A third October two years later, in 1787, finds him again in Paris at the Hôtel de Cherbourg, rue du Four Saint Honoré, kept by a fellow-Corsican named Védrine. Here he occupies Room 9 on the third floor and is registered under the name, more Italian than French, of Napolione Buonaparte. His frugal meals he takes in the Passage des Petits Pères and at the Trois Bornes in the rue de Valois. So ashamed is he of the small amount which is due for his meal, that he wraps up the money in the bill and brings it himself to the cashier, then plods ruefully back to the hotel where, to while away his ennui, he is engaged in writing a novel about Corsica. But the Palais Royal, with its lights and gambling parlors and joyous crowds, is close at hand and, one evening, the young officer goes out and scrapes acquaintance with a girl as forlorn and lonely as himself and brings her back to the Hôtel de Cherbourg, where he plies her with those quick, blunt questions, as his habit is, a habit which, years later, will startle that great lady, the Marquise de Créqui.

"The Tower and the Stars remain."

(See Part I, page 409 et sequit.)

Incline obliquely **L.** towards the curious column which projects above the Bourse de Commerce. This hybrid of the Doric and Tuscan orders is the Colonne de Médicis and bears the cipher of its royal owner. The magnificent palace of the superstitious Catherine, where danced the black-souled Mancini, has long since been razed for debt and nought recalls its predecessor where another Queen of France died humbly on a bed of straw and from which the suave Louis d'Orléans rode gaily forth on that fatal

visit to the Hôtel Barbette. Restless queen and wily astrologist have passed beyond their fine Italian plotting. "All else has gone," writes Lucas, "the tower and the stars remain."

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The circular street which passes the tower is named in honor of Messire Jean Baptiste Elie Camus de Pont Carré, Seigneur de Viarmes, an eighteenth century Prévôt des Marchands. Beyond the column turn **L.** in the **rue Sauval**, formerly the Street of the Baths for Women. Note, in passing, **No. 8, L.**, with decrepit gray doorway and nail-studded door.

To reach the Louvre station of the rue de Rivoli Métro, turn **R.** in the rue Saint Honoré and **L.** in the rue du Louvre, which follow to the rue de Rivoli. Taxis in circulation on the rue de Rivoli. To go to the Left Bank by Métro, return to Les Halles station, adjoining Saint Eustache. Opéra by autobus from Saint Eustache.

II. From the Croix du Trahoir to the Fontaine des Innocents.

Croix du Trahoir.

(See Part I, page 411 et sequit.)

The rue Sauval brings us out on the ancient rue Saint Honoré, which has preserved throughout its length much of its pre-Revolutionary aspect. At **No. 113**, across the street, is a handsome hôtel of the beginning of the eighteenth century in which the style of Louis XV is already foreshadowed. It is one of the most charming examples of this period in Paris. The pharmacist in this building is the modern successor of Bernard Derosne, pharmacist of Marie Antoinette, and here the Count de Fersen, the Swedish envoy who arranged for the flight of the king and queen to Varennes in their unsuccessful attempt to escape from France, is said to have purchased the invisible ink which he used in correspondence with the queen. Further down the rue Saint Honoré, **R.**, was the patisserie of the "père nourricier des muses," Cyprien Ragueneau, whose

philanthropy reduced him to candle-snuffing. Opposite the fountain by Soufflot at **No. 111**, stood the Gothic building, known as the Pavillon des Singes, where Molière was born in 1622 (tablet, unfortunately illegible, on the corner house, **No. 96** rue Saint Honoré). When the Pavillon des Singes was torn down in 1802, the corner post, with the frolicking monkeys, was taken to the museum of Lenoir at the Couvent des Petits Augustins, where it disappeared, having been split up for firewood. At the junction of the rue Saint Honoré and the rue de l'Arbre Sec stood the Croix du Trahoir where Queen Brunehaut was tied to the tail of a wild horse and where the crowd made mock of Philip Augustus' prisoner, Ferrant of Portugal, borne "tout enferré" to the great tower of the Louvre. It was the Croix du Trahoir which witnessed the outbreak of that last flare-up of feudalism, the rebellion known as the Fronde.

Turn **R.** in the **rue de l'Arbre Sec**, named from the sign of the fourteenth century inn. At **No. 52, L.**, hôtel of the Regency period (early Louis XV) with wrought iron balcony and window railings. It belonged to Trudon, who had charge of the wine cellars of Louis XV, and was inherited by his son who bore the title of Candle Merchant to the King. The street of the ghost, where the future Charles X spent a night in jail, is the rue Baillet, below the rue de Rivoli, and near this end of the rue de l'Arbre Sec was the Hôtel des Mousquetaires where d'Artagnan stayed.[1] Return to the **rue Saint Honoré** and turn **R.** The corner house with sloping façade (No. 66 rue de l'Arbre Sec) belonged in 1700 to Barnom, barber of Louis XIV.

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Beyond the rue Vauvilliers, at **No. 93, R. rue Saint Honoré**, is the restaurant, Au Bourdon d'Or, formerly an apothecary shop as indicated by the insignia of the façade. (An excellent, if unpretentious, restaurant, by the way). Opposite the Golden Bumble Bee, at **No. 70**, is a Louis XVI wrought iron balcony with monogram, and note, in passing, **No. 85, R.**, ornamental friezes; **No. 58, L.**, masks and

[1] At No. 4 rue Perrault is the Hôtel de Sourdis (reconstructed in the 18th century) where Gabrielle d'Estrées died at the hôtel of her aunt, to which she was taken after the misadventure in the rue de la Cerisaie. The rue Perrault branches diagonally *R.* from the rue de l'Arbre Sec, at its junction with the rue de Rivoli.

Louis XV ironwork; and **No. 54, L.**, a very fine Louis XIV balcony, best seen from the corner diagonally opposite. One of the first tenants of this seventeenth century house was a draper named Boucher who had his shop at the Sign of the Silver Lion.

The **rue des Prouvaires** derives its name from *provoire*, Old French for priest. The street formerly extended to the church of Saint Eustache and was inhabited in the thirteenth century by the priests of that parish. In the reign of Louis XI it was one of the finest streets in the city and when Alfonso V, King of Portugal, came to Paris to enlist the aid of Louis XI in regaining Castille, he was lodged in the rue des Prouvaires at the house of Laurent Herbelot, a wealthy grocer, who possessed one of the most splendid hôtels of that period. The wily Louis bestowed upon the royal visitor all the honors of the capital, arranged for a procession of the University to pass beneath his windows, took him to witness an audience at the Palais de Justice, entertained him with the ordination of a doctor of theology which lasted five hours ("Voilà un monarque honorablement logi et bien amusé," comments Saint Foix) and sent him away showered with polite attentions but never having had a chance to get a word in edgewise regarding Castile.

That rare blade, Cyrano de Bergerac, was born in 1619 in the rue des Prouvaires. The Bergerac of his name had no connection with the Bergerac in Gascony but was derived from a seigniory held by the Cyranos in the valley of the Chevreuse near Paris.

The **rue du Roule**, opposite, named from an adjacent hôtel, contained the hôtel of the magistrate René de Longueil, Marquis de Maisons, and Surintendant des Finances. Lefeuve recounts the discovery in the cellar of an outbuilding of this hôtel of four thousand pieces of gold, bearing the image of Charles IX, which were doubtless hidden by a Huguenot at the time of Saint Bartholomew. Thus, reasons Lefeuve, the magnificent Château de Maisons-Lafitte, erected by François Mansart for René de Longueil, and highly esteemed by architects, was built at the expense of the Huguenot who concealed this treasure. (Balcony railings at Nos. 13 and 15.)

Continuing on the rue Saint Honoré, we come to the

wide **rue du Pont Neuf** (1854) which has displaced, **L.**, the rue de la Petite Friperie, the Street of the Old Clothes Dealers, which became the rue de la Tonnellerie, the Street of the Coopers' Industry, and **R.** the rue Tirechape, called "Pull-Cloak" because the old clothes dealers, who were installed here, had the habit of pulling at the cloaks of passers-by in their anxiety to ensnare a purchaser. On the rue Tirechape lived the lawyer Pellisson-Fontanier of the Académie Française who, as a friend of Fouquet, the Minister of Finance under Louis XIV, shared his disgrace and endured five years in the Bastille, which he spent in the education of a pet spider. He was evidently none too comely a body for Boileau declared,

"L'or même à Pellisson donne un teint de beauté."

Conspicuous on the further corner of the rue du Pont Neuf and the rue Saint Honoré is a bust of Molière (with the letter P for Poquelin) bordered by two of his characters. This tribute to the dramatist is inspired by an inscription, with bust, across the street at **No. 31** rue du Pont Neuf, which professes to mark the site of Molière's birthplace. The inscription is erroneous as regards the birthplace—Molière was born, as we have seen, at the corner of the rue Saint Honoré and the rue des Vieilles Etuves (the present rue Sauval)—but Molière did live in a house on or near this site, at No. 3 rue de la Tonnellerie, to which his father moved in September, 1633, the year following the death of Mme Poquelin, when the boy was eleven years old. From this house we saw that he went to school at the Collège de Clermont and left here in 1642, probably on the southern trip as upholsterer to the king.

Continue on the rue Saint Honoré. Note, in passing, masks at **No. 47, R.**; the Sign of the Swan at **No. 43, R.**; and at **No. 37**, A la Renommée des Halles, a bronze figure of Fame of the Empire period with laurel wreath and trumpet.

Turn the corner into the **rue des Bourdonnais, R.**, which commemorates Adam and Guillaume Bourdon, wealthy Parisian merchants of the thirteenth century, the latter a Prévôt des Marchands. Above the gateway of **No. 39, R.**, a seventeenth century building with spiral stairway and

dormer, is a worried-looking, bald-headed mask, with a flowing beard which was formerly gilded. The building was known as the Maison de la Barbe d'Or, or the House of the Golden Beard, in punning reference to its merchant owner whose name was Barbier and who was a dealer in gold lace. Glance at the adjoining **Impasse des Bourdonnais**, which retains, on its right-hand side, the scarred, bulging walls, irregular fenestration and gabled roofs of the fourteenth century. This abbey, which was once a street, was known as the Fosse aux Chiens, a name which lasted until 1808 when the inhabitants requested a more dignified name than Dog Ditch. It was formerly a pig market and a place for public executions. Two women were burned here as heretics in 1319 and many others suffered a similar fate two centuries later. Counterfeiters here paid dearly for tampering with the coinage by being plunged into boiling water.

Retrace your steps to the traffic-swept rue des Halles, cross it and a little further on in the rue des Bourdonnais, turn **R.** in the tiny **rue au Lard**, the Street of the Bacon and Pork Merchants, where an arch of rusticated stone picturesquely closes the vista. At **No. 3, R.**, remnants of the old leather market. Under the archway at the further end is the old engraved sign, Rue au Lard. We emerge on the **rue de la Lingerie**, which takes its name from the cloth and lace makers, authorized by Saint Louis to expose for sale their merchandise on the western side of the Cemetery of the Innocents. Their shops, as well as those of the glove makers, further west, remained in this neighborhood until the reign of Henri II when the king laid out this street, bought up the shops and sold the land to private individuals on condition that they construct houses. At the southern end of the street was the Place aux Chats where, one black, mediaeval night, a child was devoured by wolves. At the death of Charles VI, famine reigned in the land. Wolves entered the city through breeches in the walls and prowled along the rue Saint Honoré as far as Les Halles and the Cimetière des Innocents where they devoured corpses and, on one occasion, "mangèrent un effant de nuict en la place aux Chats, derrière les Innocents" (Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris sous Charles VI).

Turn **R.** in the rue de la Lingerie and immediately **L.** in

the **rue des Innocents.** At **No. 15, R.** is the apache cabaret, "Au Caveau," installed in the charnel houses of the Cimetière des Innocents which extended west to the rue de la Lingerie. A glance into the ground floor reveals the vaulted roof of the old gallery, which may be seen all along the street. The "Caveau" used to be visited by nocturnal slumming parties and Georges Cain, in his "Promenades dans Paris," relates his visit to this underworld nook, accompanied by a lawyer and by a grateful client of the latter who had been unexpectedly snatched from the guillotine. Perhaps the "Cellar" is still visited, but not so long ago the Paris editions of American and English newspapers were enlivened by the adventures of a party of Americans who visited the "Caveau," enjoyed themselves immensely looking at the apaches and were presented with a bill running into the hundreds of francs for a modest repast of beer and sandwiches. They were advised by friends of mine host to pay it. They did so, and when they left the place they were shadowed on the street by the solicitous friends and relieved of their watches, jewelry and remaining cash. So that's that.

The First Bourbon and the First du Barry.

(See Part I, page 424 et sequit.)

We may leave, for the moment, the delightful fountain in the Square des Innocents and pass under the archway, **R.** The street on the further side which runs parallel to the rue des Innocents is the **rue de la Ferronnerie,** where we saw that Saint Louis established the ironmongers. Turn **L. No. 11, R.,** a Louis XV hôtel with handsome mask over door, stands on the site of the Maison de Salamandre before which Henri IV was assassinated by the red-bearded Ravaillac. On the rue de la Ferronnerie, you will recall, was the fashionable hat shop of Mme Labille from which the future Countess du Barry delivered hats to fine ladies.

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Return to the archway and follow, **L.,** the new **rue Sainte Opportune** (1836). We pass, **R.,** the rue des Lombards,

occupied in the fourteenth century by the fellow-countrymen of Boccaccio. The money-lenders were succeeded in the fifteenth century by the doublet makers; in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the grocers occupied the street while the eighteenth was witness to the odorous invasion of the jam makers, a circumstance which gave rise to the saying, "C'est sucré comme la rue des Lombards."—"It is as sugared as the rue des Lombards." The present tenants are largely dealers in medicinal herbs. Beyond is the Place Sainte Opportune, the site of the cloister and church of that name, which are recalled by a modern statue of the saint over the post office at No. 9 rue des Halles. Sainte Opportune was a popular Parisian saint and her relics, together with those of Sainte Geneviève, were frequently carried in procession through the streets of Paris. Bear to the left towards the rue Courtalon. Old house at **No. 4bis** Place Sainte Opportune, with gable at fantastic slant, sloping walls and bulging ground floor.

Take the narrow **rue Courtalon**, which owes its name to Guillaume Courtalon, a wealthy citizen of the sixteenth century who owned two houses in the neighborhood. In 1285, it was called the rue à Petits Soulers de Bazenne from the wares of a shoe merchant who displayed shoes made from *basane,* or sheepskin, a thirteenth century fashion. At the corner of the street was the handsome eighteenth century entrance of the headquarters of the linen and lace merchants which we shall see forthwith in the Square des Innocents.

We come out on the **rue Saint Denis**, street of royal processions, and the winding route, according to one tradition, of the martyred saint, who carried his head in his hands. Cross and look back at **No. 19** with curious gable. Turn **R.** (assuming that you are facing No. 19). The further left-hand corner of the rue des Lombards, where the houses are set back in irregular line, is the **Cursed Corner**, which has never been built upon since Parliament decreed, in the sixteenth century, that it should remain forever bare, "lest the curse of Gastine fall thereon." (Part I, page 422 et sequit.) At **No. 52** rue des Lombards (**R.** from the rue Saint Denis) are the seventeenth century signs, "A la Barbe d'Or" and "Au Mortier d'Or." At **No. 33, L.** rue Saint Denis," a pharmacy displays a handsome eighteenth

century sign, "Au Mortier d'Argent." Across the street from the Silver Mortar, the gabled house at **No. 26** was a former Cabaret de la Pomme de Pin but not the famous Pomme de Pin of the Ile de la Cité where Villon sang the charms of Blanche, the cobbler's daughter, and which Rabelais numbered among "the meritorious taverns where students joyously regale themselves." On the nearer corner of the rue de La Reynie, **R.**, is a bust of Scribe on the site of the house where he was born. A little further on, and opposite the Square des Innocents (no tablet marks the spot) was the birthplace of Pierre Augustin Caron, that strapping fine fellow of a Beaumarchais. Thus we have found the birthplaces of four great dramatists, Regnard, Molière, Scribe and Beaumarchais, all comprised in that busy and most Parisian region, the humming quarter of Les Halles.

Fontaine des Innocents.

(See Part I, p. 419, et sequit.)

At your left is the Fontaine des Innocents with the exquisite bas-reliefs of Jean Goujon, "the good relievo's" which John Evelyn noted in 1644. The avenue of approach being all-important, I suggest that you continue on the rue Saint Denis to the northern boundary of the park, turn **L.** in the rue Berger and enter the park by the gate on that street. You thus meet at once the nymphs of Goujon instead of receiving your first impression from the imitations of Pajou.

The Cimetière des Innocents, the great mediaeval cemetery of Paris, which was not only an abode of the dead but a center of life, extended over ground now covered by the little park and the houses to the west (**R.** as you entered the park) as far as the rue de la Lingerie, one block over. The Church of the Holy Innocents, which was first dedicated to Saint Richard, stood on the eastern section of the present park, facing the rue Saint Denis. The fountain was at the corner of the rue Saint Denis and the rue Berger. It was the joint creation of the architect, Pierre Lescot and the sculptor, Jean Goujon, the pair who col-

SCENE FROM THE DANCE OF DEATH OF THE CIMETIÈRE DES INNOCENTS.

THE FONTAINE DES INNOCENTS.
As first erected, showing end and side views.

laborated at Carnavalet and on the Louvre of Henri II. The fountain had originally only two sculptured sides, the other two sides being flanked by adjoining houses, dependencies of the Church of the Holy Innocents. It was rectangular in shape, with an arch, bordered by nymphs, fronting on the rue Saint Denis and two arches, with a nymph at each end and one in the middle, fronting on the rue Berger. When the adjoining houses were destroyed the fountain was left without a wall on two sides, so it was decided to incorporate the three existing arches in a square structure, for which Pajou was commissioned to supply a fourth side and the three additional nymphs needed to supplement the original five.

The nymphs opposite are perhaps the most beautiful of the fountain. Graceful poses and exquisite drapery in lines suggestive of flowing water. The horizontal bas-relief above, like its counterparts on the other sides, represents young Tritons, ensconced on sea shells, and dolphin. The originals of these horizontal bas-reliefs are at the Louvre. Beneath the entablature, frieze of dolphins. The keystone of the arch, bordered by two graceful figures of Fame with laurel wreaths, recalling Carnavalet, is decorated with a dolphin encircling a trident. Between the capitals of the pilasters is the "H" of Henri II. The tablets underneath the "H's" are inscribed, "Fontium Nymphis." Below the nymphs are urn-shaped shields, bearing the arms of Paris (not by Goujon).

Circle the fountain, walking **R.** In the corner of the park is the handsome entrance of the "Bureau des M.^{des} Lingères, 1716," the Corporation of Linen Drapers, which stood at No. 6 rue Courtalon. In 1754 there were eight hundred maîtresses lingères in Paris under the patronage of Saint Louis. The gallants of the Regency used to frequent this neighborhood to scrape acquaintance with the pretty linen drapers. The projecting fragment, **L.**, contains part of a sign which apparently read, "Cloître Sainte Opportune."

Returning to the fountain, the first nymph on the **west** side is by Goujon, the second all too corporeal being is an attempt at imitation by Pajou. The nymphs on the **south** side are obviously the work of the imitator. One may glance across the rue des Innocents, opposite the south side,

at the arched ceilings of the ground floor shops. You are looking at the old Charnier des Lingères which was ornamented with the danse macabre and along which sped the valets of Henri IV, leaving the way clear for the knife of Ravaillac. By a picturesque turn of fate, the gallery which harbored the danse macabre stands side by side with the Fontaine des Innocents. The dance of death, conceived in the pessimism of the end of the Middle Ages, that anguished epoch of famine and bloodshed, has disappeared, supplanted by the joyous hymn to life of the Renaissance.

We return to Goujon in the nymphs on the **east** side, but a somewhat simpering Goujon, too plainly under the influence of the decadent stage of the Italian Renaissance. The left-hand nymph is decidedly over-sinuous. We may conclude with another look at the exquisite nymphs on the north side. The nymphs of the Fontaine des Innocents, like the child figure of the Fontaine des Quatre Saisons, may be found in plaster reproductions in the art shops.

And here, good friends, I take reluctant leave,—at this delightful fountain, quite the nicest thing of its kind in Old Paris.

Regarding restaurants. I have mentioned, in passing, the superb Snail of No. 38 rue Montorgueil and the Golden Bumble Bee at No. 93 rue Saint Honoré, which are at opposite poles as regards price and luxury. The very unpretentious Golden Bumble Bee serves chateaubriands and tournedos of the most scrumptious. There is a restaurant very near here, Dreher, in the Place du Châtelet (follow the rue Saint Denis **R.**) where one may eat outdoors in seasonable weather. It has, incidentally, the best café orchestra in Paris.

Métro in the Place Sainte Opportune. Pass under the arcade of the rue des Innocents and go straight ahead. In the Métro station, follow the signs, "Porte Maillot," or "Maillot," for the rue de Rivoli; "Porte d'Orléans," for the Left Bank. Bus to Opéra from Saint Eustache (traverse Les Halles). Taxis on rue de Rivoli. Retrace steps on rue Saint Denis, turn **L.** in the rue de Rivoli. Taxi stand adjoins park of Saint Jacques la Boucherie.

SNAP SHOTS AT THE CENTURIES.

13th. A progressive century. Under Philippe Auguste, Saint Louis and Philippe le Bel, expansion of royal power. Gothic art and the Universities.

14th and 15th. From 1337-1453 the disorganized epoch of The Hundred Years War. Four periods:

1. 1337-1364. The English invade France (Crécy, Poitiers). Etienne Marcel.
2. 1364-1380. Corresponds to the reign of **Charles V.** The French have the upper hand and the English are all but expelled.
3. 1380-1429. The English are back again (Agincourt) and appear to be masters of France. Factional quarrels between the Armagnacs and Burgundians (Jean sans Peur). The mad **Charles VI** (1380-1422).
4. 1429-1453. Jeanne d'Arc turns the tide and the French regain their country. **Charles VII** (1422-1461).

The wily Louis XI bests the powerful House of Burgundy.

16th. The kings of France cross the Alps.

Period of the Renaissance. Light and graceful under François I (1515-1547) architecture tends to heaviness under Henri II (1547-1559) and goes through a somewhat troubled period of transition from which it will emerge with Mansart in the next century.

Wars of Religion.

17th. Henri IV decides that Paris is worth a mass. (Place Royale.)

Consolidation of the royal power under Richelieu (Louis XIII, 1610-1643). Mazarin.

The Reign of the "Sun King," Louis XIV (1661-1715) Versailles.

18th. Royalty roisters gaily down the road to revolution. The Encyclopedists. The curves of the reign of Louis XV (1715-1774) give way to the straight lines of the reign of Louis XVI (1774-1793).

The Great Revolution , 1789.

19th. Napoleon Bonaparte (The First Empire), 1804-1815. The restored Bourbons (Louis XVIII and Charles X) prove that "they can learn nothing and forget nothing" and the July Revolution of 1830 places the House of Orleans on the throne in the corpulent person of Louis Philippe.

The February Revolution of 1848.

Napoleon III (The Second Empire), 1852-1870. Haussmann, Prefect of the Seine, makes Paris safe for autocracy with broad boulevards.

Franco-Prussian War and the Third Republic.

The twelfth and thirteenth centuries are known as the Early Middle Ages, epoch of hope and fervent religious faith; the fourteenth and fifteenth as the Late Middle Ages, period of invasion and despair; the sixteenth century in France is the century of the Renaissance; the seventeenth is the brilliant century of Louis XIV and the eighteenth seals the doom of the monarchy.

INDEX

NOTE: Proper names will be found under the initial of the final name; for example, d'Aubigny is indexed under "A". Exceptions occur in the case of names preceded by "le," or "la," where the article has become an integral part of the name. Le Maistre and Lemaître are thus both under "L."

Names of streets, as in the Paris directories, are under the initial of the first name. Look for the rue du Chat qui Pêche under "C."

Abbaye, rue de l', 353
Abbés de Royaumont, Hôtel des, 435 ff
Abbo, *see* Abbon
Abbon, 182 ff, 224, 347
Abélard, 96, 156
Abreuvoir Mâcon, 194
Absac, Mme d', 78
Adelaide, Mme, 228 ff
Agaurry, d', 251
Agincourt, 18, 20
Agnès, La Belle, 163 ff, 196
Aiguillerie, rue de la, 422
Aiguillon, d', 235
Alain, Maître, 222
"Albert the Great," Maître, 221 ff
Albret, Hôtel d', 286
Albret, Marshal d', 246, 248
Aldegrever, 66
Alembert, d', 227, 295, 310, 315, 392
Alfonso V of Portugal, 441
Alibaud, 357
Allemagne, Henry d', 268
Allen, Grant, 62, 209, 436
Alméras, Hôtel, 287
Alméras, Pierre, 287
Alsace, Hôtel d', 359
Altar of Jacob, 358 ff
Amat, Charles, 201 n
Amboise, Cardinal Georges d', 359
Amboise, Marquis de Bussy d', 118
Amet, Père François, 320
Amette, Cardinal, 63
"Amis de Vieux Paris," Les, 29
Ancienne Comédie, rue de l', 310, 342 ff, 356
Ancre, Passage de l', 402
Anet, Château d', 358 ff
Angelucci, 230
Angennes, Elisabeth d', 139
Angers, David d', 154
Anglais, rue des, 216
Angoulême, Charles de Valois, Duke d', 72, 253, 284 ff
Anhalt, Princess Caroline d', 145
Anjou, Charles d', 263
Anne of Austria, 73, 90, 100, 115, 127 ff, 138, 143, 244, 358 ff, 405
Anne of Brittany, 106, 148
Annonciation, Maison de l', 381
Annunzio, D', 69
Aragonais, Mlle, 125
Araux, Claude de Mesmes, Count d', 296
Arbalétriers, Allée aux, 268 ff, 288 ff, 292, 404

Arbre Sec, rue de l', 417 ff, 440
Arc de Nazareth, 282
Archbishops of Reims, Hôtel of, 395 ff
Archivêché, Pont de l', 219
Archives Nationales, 254 ff, 290, 294, 298
Archives, rue des, 260, 288, 291, 293 ff, 297, 300, 302
Arembourg, Duke of, 370
Argenson, de Voyer d', 294
Argental, Count d', 314
Argouges, Louis d', 358
Aristotle, 221
Armagnacs, The, 18, 20 ff, 162, 184 *et passim*
Armes, Abbé, 165
Arnauld, Isaac, 144
Arras, rue d', 223
Arry, d', 398
Arsenal Library, 31 ff, 56, 75, 85, 92 ff, 110, 151
Artagnan, d', 339, 343, 418, 440
Artois, Hôtel d', 404 ff
Artois, Robert II, Count d', 35, 404, 418, 433
Arts Décoratifs, Musée des, 279
Assoucy, d', 417 ff
Athos, 339
Aubert, Abbot, 216
Aubigny, d', 312
Aubigny, Anne Françoise d', Marquise de Maintenon, 140, 244 ff, 278, 286
Aubray, Hôtel d', 95
Aubray, Marie Madeleine Dreux d', *see* Brinvilliers, Marquise de,
Aubriot, Hugues, 184
Aubry, 189
Aubry le Boucher, rue, 366 ff, 381 ff
Augustins, Déchaussés, 320
Aumont, Hôtel d', 77 ff, 86
Aumont, Maréchal, d', 77 ff, 139, 247
Autrusier, Gérard l', 159
Ave Maria, Convent, 79, 84 ff
Ave Maria, rue de l', 83 ff
Aymon, 294 ff

Bac, rue du, 309, 320 ff, 326, 360
Baillehoc, rue, 383 ff
Baillet, Jean, 7 ff
Baillet, rue, 418, 440
Bailly, Mayor, 146
Bal des Ardents, 18, 90
Balafré, Henri le, 259
Balzac, Honoré de, 151, 275, 311, 317 ff, 334, 357 ff, 397, 430
Balzac, Laura, 318
Banville, Théodore de, 344
Baudoyer gate, 76 ff
Barbeau, Abbey, 84
Barbeau, Tour, 84
Barbette, Etienne, 271
Barbette, Hôtel, 19, 110, 269 ff, 410, 439
Barbette, rue, 271 ff
Barbier, 181, 443
Barnom, 440
Barras, 287 ff
Barres, Hôtel des, 67 ff
Barres, rue des, 67
Barry, Count du, 426
Barry, Jeanne Bécu, Mme du, 221, 230, 235, 239, 426 ff, 434, 440 ff
Bart, Jean, 381, 395, 398
Barye, 91, 93 ff, 145
Basse du Rempart, rue, 426
Bassompierre, 116, 140
Bastille, 20, 31, 38, 58, 70, 92 ff, 97, 100, 103, 105, 111, 119, 130, 150, 153, 184, 231, 238, 240, 264, 276, 281, 329, 417, 442
Bastille, place de la, 1, 60, 148, 153 ff, 231, 234
Bastille, rue de la, 153 ff
Bastille Saint Denis, 13
Baudelaire, 337
Baudroirie, Impasse de la, 386
Baudry, Paul, 430
Bayeux, College, 167
Bazile, 41 ff

Beaubourg, Impasse, 390
Beaubourg, rue, 390 ff, 396, 398
Beauchaine, Countess de, 144
Beaumarchais, Boulevard, 151, 153 ff
Beaumarchais, Hôtel de, 227 ff, 234 ff, 266 ff, 270
Beaumarchais, Pierre Auguste Caron de, 150, 152, 227 ff, 234 ff, 242, 266, 283, 293, 324 ff, 334, 341, 446
Beaune, Renaud de, 24 ff, 28, 30
Beauquet, Girard, 94
Beaurepaire, 82
Beautreillis, Hôtel, 94
Beautreillis, rue, 94
Beauvais, Hôtel de, 72 ff, 101, 147, 301
Beauvais, Mme de, 73 ff
Beauvais, Pierre de, 73 ff
Beauvais, Robert de, 252, 285
Beauvray, Anne de, 205
Beaux Arts, Ecole des, 320, 358 ff
Beaux Arts, rue des, 359
Bécheur, Julie, 406 ff
Bedford, Duke of, 102, 104, 298
Béhague, Countess de, 100
Béjart, Armande (wife of Molière), 356
Béjart troupe, 85
Béjart, Veuve, 275
Bellard, 294
Bellier, Catherine, 73 ff
Belloc, Hilaire, 166, 180, 271, 347
Bennett, Arnold, 21
Béranger, 370, 430
Berger, rue, 446 ff
Bergerac, Cyrano de, 137, 216, 307, 441
Bernadins, Chapel of the, 64
Bernardins, rue des, 219 ff
Berri, Duchess de, 18
Berri, Duke Jean de, 103, 400, 420
Berruyer, Jacques, 279
Bertrand, Cardinal, 287
Besnard, 59
Bétauld family, 66
Beugnot, Count, 236
Beurrière, rue, 334
Beuvron, Marquis de, 117 ff, 140, 146
Biard the Son, 120
Bibliothèque Historique de la Ville de Paris, 254, 280, 391
Bibliothèque Nationale, 104, 136, 312, 395
Bièvre, river, 218
Bièvre, rue de, 218, 221, 325
Billettes, Convent des, 262
Billettes, Eglise des, 302
Birague, Cardinal René de, 146, 148
Birague, rue de, 114, 118, 134, 146 ff
Biron, Marshal de, 332
Bisseuil, Count Amelot de, 233
Bisseuil, Hôtel de, 232 ff
Blanche of Castille, 68, 409 ff
Blanche Oie, rue de la, 333 ff
Blanchet, Adrien, 407
Blancs Manteaux, convent and church, 288 ff, 298
Blancs Manteaux, rue des, 266 ff, 297, 362
Blois, Château, 105
Blomfield, Reginald, 150, 281
Blondel, 281
Blondy, 220
Bocager, 42
Boccaccio, Giovanni, 362 ff, 375
Boccacino, 362 ff
Boffrand, 34, 36, 92, 148, 255, 290
Bofinger, Brasserie, 153
Böhmer and Bassenge, jewelers, 238 ff
Boileau, 165, 253, 286, 316, 351, 365, 442
Bois de Boulogne, 13, 168, 220, 417
Boislève, Claude, 250 ff
Boisredon, Louis de, 67
Boissy, Hôtel de, 108, 149
Bomont, Nicolas de, 201

Bon Fontaine, Hôtel du, 326
Bonaparte, rue, 185, 308 ff, 311, 333, 346, 353 ff, 359 ff
Boniface VIII, 162
Bonne Nouvelle, Boulevard de, 433
Bonnières, Bernard de, 267
Borghese, Hôtel, 326
Bosquet de Vénus, 238
Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, 63, 126, 139, 251, 335 ff, 378
Bouchardon, 360
Boucher, 88, 255
Boucher (draper), 441
Boufflers, Duchess de, 215
Bouillon, Duchess de, 314, 385
Bouillot, Baptiste, 61
Boulainvilliers, Marquise de. 237
Boulanger, 63
Boulogne, Louis, 233
Bourbon, Cardinal Charles de, 345, 353
Bourbon, Hôtel de, 80
Bourbon le Château, rue, 345
Bourdon, Adam and Guillaume, 442
Bourdon d'Or, Au, restaurant, 440, 448
Bourg l'Abbé, Passage, 402
Bourg l'Abbé, rue, 399, 401
Bourgogne, Hôtel de, 274, 404 ff, 415, 431 ff
Bourgogne, rue de, 314
Bourdaloue, 251, 253
Bourdonnais, Impasse des, 443
Bourdonnais, rue des, 442 ff
Bourrienne, Louis, 325
Bourse de Commerce, 409, 438
Boutebrie, rue, 197 ff
Bouteville, Countess de, 436
Bouteville, François de Montmorency, Count de, 58 ff, 117 ff, 137, 140, 146, 435 ff
Bouticles, rue des, 190
Brabant, Siger de, 214
Bragelonne, Hôtel, 264
Brahm, Alcanter de, 275
Brantôme, 19, 250, 252, 407
Braque, Arnoul, 293
Braque, Hôtel de, 293
Braque, rue de, 293
Bréau, 142
Brégy, Guillaume Le Sueur, Seigneur de, 380
Brehon, Renaud de, 297, 300
Bretonnerie, rue de la, 299 ff
Breul, du, 105, 305, 351
Brézé, Count Louis de, 271
Briancourt, 39, 41 ff, 48, 50, 95
Brice, Germain, 136, 141, 233
Briggs, Clare, 407
Brie, Erembourg de, 197
Brinvilliers, Marquise de, 1, 37 ff, 59, 87, 95, 194, 218 ff, 222, 284, 410
Brisemiche, Etienne, 383
Brisemiche, rue, 383 ff
Broca, 341
Brogniart, 325
Brosse, Salomon de, 61
Bruant, Libéral, 275, 283
Brulart, 270
Brune, 341
Brunehaut, Queen, 413, 440
Buci, Carrefour de, 344 ff
Buci, Porte de, 20, 184, 316, 343
Buci, rue de, 315, 344 ff, 358
Bûcherie, rue de la, 181, 211, 217, 223 ff
Bûches, Port au, 223
Buckingham, 119, 382
Budé, Guillaume, 399
Budé, Radegonde, 380
Buffon, 391
Bullant, Jean, 148, 250, 410
Bullet, Pierre, 279, 294, 383
Buquet, 118
Burban, 398
Bureau des Drapiers, 283
Burgensis, Hôtel de, 313, 316 n, 358
Burgundians, 162, 184 ff
Burgundy, Duke of, 349, 373, 404

Buridan, 211, 214
Bussy-Rabutin, 220

Cabarrus, Teresa, 275, 287
Caboche, 18
Cabochiens, The, 18
Cadoudal, 334, 341, 345 ff, 398
Cadran Bleu, 189
Cæsar, Julius, 221
Cagliostro, Count de, 240
Cain, Georges, 79, 93, 130, 165, 196, 315, 319, 345, 444
Caire, Place du, 108 n
Calatagirone, Bonaventure, 186
Calonne, Hôtel de, 166
Calvin, 149
Cambon, rue, 296
Campan, Mme, 240
Canettes, rue des, 333 ff, 341
Canillac, Marquis de, 25
Cardinale, rue, 353 ff, 356
Carignan, Prince de, 411
Carmes, rue des, 157, 184, 216, 218
Carnavalet, Hôtel, 249 ff, 280 ff, 284
Carnavalet, Mme de, 250
Carnavalet Museum, 21, 61 n, 134, 137, 142, 196, 213, 225, 251, 254, 264, 282 ff, 447
Caron, *see* Beaumarchais
Cartaut, Jacques, 330
Cartouche, 59, 215, 387
Cassette, rue de, 339
Castex, rue, 149
Castiglione, rue de, 114
Castro, Orazio Farnese, Duke de, 252
Catherine de Hainserville, 18
Catherine de Medici, 65, 107, 148, 410, 438 ff
Cauchon, 301
Caveau, Au, 444
Célestins, Convent and Monastery, 26, 31 ff, 90 ff, 105
Célestins, Quai des, 84 ff, 89 ff
Centuries, Snap Shots at the, 449 ff
Cerceau, Baptiste Androuet du, 282, 285, 309, 358
Cerceau, Jacques Androuet, 99, 148
Cerceau, Jean Androuet du, 99
Cerisaie, rue de la, 33, 110 ff, 151, 326
Chaalis, Monastery, 74, 77
Chabru, Citizen, 68
Chaillot, rue de, 236
Chaise, rue de la, 324 ff
Chalons family, 69
Chalons-Luxembourg, Hôtel de, 69 ff, 74, 88, 136
Chambiges, Martin de, 23
Chambre Ardente, 54
Champ de Mars, 130, 315
Champagne, Thibaut, Count de, 409 ff
Champdivers, Odette de, 19
Champollion, rue, 312 ff
Chanac, Collège de, 219, 325
Chanac, Guillaume de, 219
Chantal, Baron de, 118 :, 137, 146
Chantal, Jeanne Françoise Fremiot de, 149 ff
Chapelles, Count des, 59, 118 ff, 148, 285
Chapelain, Jean, 381, 388
Chapon, rue, 395 ff
Chappe, Claude, 321
Charbonnerie, La, 153 ff
Chardin, Jean Baptiste, 333, 356
Charenton, rue de, 215
Charivari, Le, 130
Charlemagne, 96, 178, 210 ff, 295, 347, 388, 416
Charlemagne, Petit Lycée, 77, 84, 96, 100
Charlemagne, rue, 78, 96, 214
Charles I of England, 73, 382
Charles III (The Fat) of France, 183
Charles IV of France, 348
Charles V of France, 3 ff, 5 ff, 13, 15 ff, 19, 22, 78, 89, 90,

97, 102 ff, 158, 184, 197, 216, 256, 264, 269, 285, 289, 291, 308, 418, 435
Charles VI of France, 16 ff, 31, 58, 67, 87, 89, 102 ff, 147, 158, 184, 188, 191, 256 ff, 269, 330, 340, 443
Charles VII of France, 19 ff, 89, 102, 105, 147 ff, 232
Charles VIII of France, 105, 148
Charles IX of France, 32, 72, 107, 198, 252 ff, 441
Charles X of France, 418, 440
Charles of Lorraine, 292
Charles the Bad of Navarre, 5 ff, 13 ff
Charles V, rue, 37, 95, 219
Charnier des Lingères, 419 ff, 424
Charronnerie, rue de la, 424
Chasse, Maison de la, 327
Chat qui Pêche, rue du, 189 226
Chat qui Pelote, 438
Château Rouge, 212 ff
Châtel, Tanneguy de, 20
Châtelet, Marquise de, 93
Châtelet, Place du, 103, 448
Châtelet (Grand), 8, 11, 20, 37, 85, 180, 182, 184, 362, 390, 392, 417 ff
Châtelet (Petit), 179 ff, 182 ff, 207, 210, 212, 224, 332
Châtillon, Claude de, 144
Châtillon, Seigneurs de, 212
Chaulnes, Honoré d'Albert, Duke de, 137 ff
Chaulnes, Hôtel de, 137 ff
Chaumier, Siméon, 94
Chavannes, Puvis de, 59
Chellino, Boccaccio di, 362 ff
Chemin aux Clercs, 354
Chenaud, 418
Chenu, Aignan, 300
Cherbourg, Hôtel de, 438
Cherche Midi, rue du, 154, 280, 327, 338
Cherubini, 392
Cheval, Citizen, 165
Cheval Blanc, Auberge du, 343
Cheval Noir, Auberge du, 70
Cheverny, Philippe Huraut de, 435
Childebert, 167 ff, 304, 347, 351
Chilperic, 305
Choiseul, Duke de, 331
Choiseul, Hôtel du, 283
Christine of Sweden, Queen, 38, 76, 178, 405
Ciapponi, Company of, 395
Cinq Diamants, rue des, 387
Cinq Mars, 129, 133, 263
Ciseaux, rue des, 333
Clairon, Hippolyte, 315 ff, 345, 358
Claretie, Jules, 117 n
Clary, Sire of, 190 ff, 195
Clausade, 150
Clémence, Queen, 262
Clément, Brother, 332
Clément VI, Pope, 194
Clèves, Catherine de, 292
Clisson-Guise-Soubise, Hôtel de, 242 ff, 254 ff, 290 ff
Clisson, Olivier de, 256 ff, 283, 290 ff, 301
Cloche Perce, rue, 71
Clodoald (Saint Cloud), 107, 168 ff, 201
Clodomir, 167
Cloître Saint Merri, rue du, 380
Clos Bruneau, rue du, 157, 184, 216
Clos de Laäs, 185 ff
Clotaire I, 167 ff
Clotaire II, 413
Clotilde, 167 ff
Clovis, 169, 201, 304
Cluny, Abbey of, 173
Cluny, Collège de, 167
Cluny, Hôtel de, 205
Cluny, Musée de, 21 ff, 165, 167, 185, 196, 198, 206, 225, 262, 347, 353, 364

Cluny, Théâtre de, 177 n
Coictier, 342
Colbert, 381 ff, 436 ff
Coligny, Count de, 121 ff, 123, 128, 141, 423
Collège de France, 399
Colombier, rue du, 355
Colonne de Médicis, 406, 411, 438
Coltelli, Francesco Procopio dei, 306, 310
Comédie Française, 234, 274, 310, 324, 343 ff, 356, 405
Comédiens du Roi, 404 ff
Comète d'Or, Hôtel de la, 79
Compas d'Or, Auberge du, 402 ff, 428 ff
Conciergerie Prison, 20 ff, 46, 51, 166, 254
Concorde, Place de la, 166 ff
Condé, 133, 246, 251
Condé, Princess de, 122
Condé, rue de, 325, 341
Condorcet, 310, 338 ff
Confrérie de la Passion, 405
Confréries, 362
Connétable d'Armagnac, 20
Constance, Council of, 163
Constantinople, Collège de, 222
Conti, Prince de, 346
Coppée, François, 325
Corday, Charlotte, 341, 346
Cordeliers, rue des, 341
Cordier et Decotte, Pension, 332
Corneille, Pierre, 87, 116, 132 ff, 143, 249, 259, 274, 298, 405 ff, 431
Corneille, Thomas, 372
Cornouailles, Collège de, 215
Cornuel, Mme de, 140
Corot, 359
Corregio, 136
Corroierie, rue de la, 386
Corvisart, 390
"Coryat's Crudities," 206
Cotin, Abbé, 165
Cottart, Pierre, 233
Coulanges family, 149 ff
Cour de Rome, 397 ff
Cour de Rouen, 342
Cour des Miracles, 108 ff, 152
Cour du Commerce Saint André, 341 ff
Courbet, 224
"Courrier de Lyon, Le," 29
Court, Charles de, 136
Courtalon, Guillaume, 445
Courtalon, rue, 445, 447
Courtenay, Pierre de, 191
Cousin, Jules, 121 n
Cousin, Victor, 132, 133 n, 138, 309, 351, 357
Couteau, Procope, *see* Procope
Coutures Saint Gervais, rue des, 276, 288
Coypel, 380
Coyzevox, 281, 436
Crancé, Dubois, 393
Craon, Pierre de, 256 ff, 283, 301, 340
Crébillon, 63, 249, 278
Crémerie Alexandre, 213
Créqui, Hôtel de, 326
Créqui, Marquise de, 326, 438
Crillon, Count de, 433
Croix Blanche, Maison de la, 344
Croix de Gastine, 422 ff
Croix du Trahoir, 411 ff, 425, 440
Croixmart, 436
Cromwell, Oliver, 119
Croquet, Nicolas, 472
Crozat, Antoine, 330
Crozat, Mme, 331
Cuisinier, Café, 189
Culture Sainte Catherine, rue, 256 ff, 287
Culture Saint Eloi, 3
Cursed Corner, 422, 445
Cuyndel, Robine de, 201
Cygne de la Croix, 385
Cyrano de Bergerac, 137, 216, 307, 441

Dagneau, restaurant, 344
Dagobert, 2, 305, 380
Dame Blanche, restaurant, 360
Dampierre, Abbé de, 326
Dangeau, Hôtel, 143
Dangeau, Marquis de, 143
D'Annunzio, 69
Dante, 210, 214, 218
Dante, rue, 213
Danton, 70 ff, 83, 311, 341, 393
Darmasson, Marquis de, 194
Date, Julien, 26
Dates, important, 449 ff
Daudet, Alphonse, 144, 254, 355
Daughters of Saint Genevieve, Convent, 187
Dauphin, Auberge du, 384
Dauphine, Place, 110, 136
David, 145, 167, 336, 344
Déchargeurs, rue des, 283
Deffand, Mme du, 295, 345, 355
Delacroix, Eugène, 35, 100, 145, 277, 319, 337, 354, 358
Delagrive, Abbé, 330
Delamair, 290
Delaroche, Paul, 319, 358
Delorme, Marion, 129 ff, 144, 286, 410
Delorme, Philibert, 148, 359
Denis, Maurice, 354
Dentelle, rue de la, 376 ff
Denys, 431
Derosne, Bernard, 439
Derre, François, 200
Descartes, 128, 133, 351
Desgrez, 46, 50, 52
Desmoulins, Camille, 58, 83, 338, 341
Desportes, 28
Desportes, Jeanne, 202
Destouches, Laurent, 411
Desvallières, Georges, 354
Deux Magots, Café, 359
Devonshire, Duchess of, 129
Diane de France, 252, 285
Dickens, 144
Diderot, 126, 310, 332, 392
Dieu fut Bouilli, Couvent ou, 259 ff, 302
Diocletian, 172
Discal, Ferran, 159
Dolet, Etiènne, 216 ff
Domat, rue, 215
Dompierre, Nicolas-Joseph de, 101
Dorique, Place, 125
Dormans-Beauvais, Collège de, 216
Dormans, Jules, 216, 339
Douze Portes, rue des, 244 ff
Dragon, cour du, 329 ff
Dragon, rue du, 327, 332
Draperie, rue de la, 9
Dreher, restaurant, 448
Dubois, Cardinal, 219, 325, 392
Duc, Philippe, 252
Duc, Viollet le, 436
Ducornet, César, 319, 358
Dugay, Mlle, 39
Dumas, Alexandre, 35, 97, 138, 145, 154, 311, 334, 343, 430
Dumolin, 407
Dumont, 154
Dupleix, 434
Duperron, Jacques, 28
Duplessis, Lucile, 338
Duprat, 23, 30, 79 ff
Dürer, Albert, 66
Duruy, Victor, 183
Duverney, *see* Pâris-Duverney

Echarpe, rue de l', 140
Echaudé, rue de l', 346, 353, 355 ff
Ecole de Médecine, rue de l', 341
Ecole Militaire, 93, 229
Ecoles, rue des, 166
Ecquevilly, Vincent Hennequin d', 277
Edwards, Dr., 268
Edward III, 5
Effiat, Hôtel d', 263 ff
Effiat, Marshal d', 263
Egalité, Philippe, 346

Eginhard, rue, 96
Elizabeth, Queen of England, 170
Elm of Saint Gervais, 60 ff, 65
Elzévir, rue, 286 ff
Enlumineurs, rue des, 197
Encyclopedists, 295
Entragues, Count d', 108 ff
Eolie, l', 125
Epernon, Duke d', 425 ff
Erasmus, 24, 217, 399
Escars, d', 52
Escrivains, rue des, 363 ff, 375 ff, 400
Esperieux, d', 340
Esterhazy, Prince, 393
Estoile, Pierre de l', 416
Estouteville, Adrienne d', 80
Estrées, Gabrielle d', 25, 94, 110 ff, 151, 213, 271, 288, 301 ff, 313, 398
Estrées, Hôtel d', 398
Estrées, Jean d', 398
Estrées, Maréchal d', 271
Estuves aux Femmes, rue, 412 ff
Etampes, Hôtel d', 15
Etienne Marcel, rue, 404, 431 ff, 434
Etudiants, Maison des, 224
Eudes, Count, 182 ff, 379
Eusébe, Bishop of Paris, 168
Evelyn, John, 307, 361, 446
Evreux, Alexandre d', 217
Exili, 38
Eyck, Count von, 76

Faculté des Arts, 156 ff, 172, 175 ff, 214, 356
Faculté de Médecine, 273
Fagotin (monkey), 307
Famine Pact, 434
Farnese, Orazio, 252
Fauconnier, rue du, 83
Faubourg Saint Antoine, rue, 96, 151
Faubourg Saint Germain, 85, 130, 304 ff
Faudiguière, Le Roy de la, 136
Fausser, Antoine, 85
Favras, Hôtel de, 136, 145 ff
Favras, Marquis de, 59, 145 ff, 267
Fayette, Mme de la, 366
Félibien, 159
Félix, Rachel, 87
Fenélon, 335 ff
Ferdinand Duval, rue, 264
Férou, rue, 339
Ferrant of Portugal, 413, 440
Ferronnerie, rue de la, 33, 399, 419, 421, 444
Fersen, Count de, 439
Fête Jeanne d'Arc, 308
Février, restaurant, 279
Fieubet, Gaspard, 90
Fieubet, Hôtel, 89
Figaro, Joseph, 324 ff
Figuier, rue du, 22, 78 ff, 83
Filles de la Croix, Convent, 147
Filles Repenties, Convent, 410
Flamel, Nicolas, 363 ff, 375, 378, 400 ff
Flaminge, Reignier, 261
Flandre, Hôtel de, 405
Flandrin, Hippolyte, 348 ff
Flandrin, Paul, 352
Fléchier, 335 ff
Flesselles, Hôtel de, 279
Fleury, Cardinal André Hercule de, 88
Foin, Port du, 2
Foire Saint Germain, 38, 305 ff, 335, 340, 345, 371
Foire Saint Lazare, 409
Foix, Count de, 12
Fontaine de la Croix du Trahoir, 415
Fontaine de la Reine, 424
Fontaine des Innocents, 419, 424, 446, 448
Fontaine des Quatre Saisons, 321
Fontaine Louvois, 312
Fontaine Maubuée, 385
Fontaine Merveilleuse, La, 154
Fontenay, Aubert de, 275 ff

Fontenay, Devin de, 287
Force, Piganiol de la, 274
Force, Prison de la, 263, 283 ff
Fosse aux Chiens, 443
Fossés Saint Germain des Prés, rue des, 310
Fossoyeur, rue du, 338
Fouarre, rue du, 157, 160 ff, 175, 177, 184, 192, 213 ff
Fouché, 431
Foucher, Adèle, 337 ff
Foucher, Pierre, 337
Fougant, Thomas, 11
Fouquerelles, Mme de, 122
Fouquet, Nicolas, 74 ff, 149 ff, 250 ff, 394, 442
Four Nations, *see* Faculté des Arts
Four, rue du, 333
Four Saint Honoré, rue, 437 ff
Fourcy, Hôtel de, 136
Fourcy, Jean de, 287
Fournier, 252
France, Anatole, 312, 331, 360, 416
France, Place de, 113
Française, rue, 431 ff
François I, 21, 31, 59, 65, 72, 89, 106, 202, 205, 264, 269, 270 ff, 280, 329, 340, 379, 414 ff, 431
François II, 90, 250, 393, 411
François de Bourbon, 80
François Miron, rue, 61, 71 ff
Françoise, 154
Franconi, Gabriel Tristan, 334
Francs-Bourgeois, rue des, 21, 110, 119, 141, 134, 136, 140, 158, 248, 251, 254, 267 ff, 280, 282 ff, 285 ff, 291, 293
Franklin, Benjamin, 294 n, 311, 326
Franqué, Simon, 384 ff
Franquet, Mme de, 228
Frédéric Sauton, rue, 222
Fronde, The, 58, 144, 217, 415, 440
Funck-Brentano, 43, 48
Furstenberg, Cardinal Egon de, 353
Furstenberg, rue de, 355
Fusé, Guillaume, 202

Gaillon, Château de, 359
Gaillon fountain, 312
Galande, rue, 212, 214 ff
Gallesan, 297
Gallet, 99
Gambetta, Léon, 311, 333
Garancière, rue, 339
Gare de Lyon, 219
Garlande family, 212
Garnier, Charles, 344
Garnier, *see* Grenier sur l'Eau
Garrick, 315
Gastine, Croix de, 422 ff
Gastine, Philippe, 422
Gauthier, son of Clodomir, 167 ff
Gautier, M le curé, 67
Gautier, Théophile, 138, 144 ff, 279, 344, 430
Gavarni, 430
Gavroche, 60
Genouillac, Jacques Gaiot de, 89
Geoffroy l'Asnier, rue, 69 ff, 83
Gervais, Maître, 197
Gervasius, 62, 65
Ghetto, 82, 96, 264
Gilles, Pierre, 12
Gillot, 223
Giorgione, 382
Girard Beauguet, rue, 94
Girardon, 320
Glaser, 38
Gobelin, Antoine, Marquis de Brinvilliers, 38 ff
Gobelin family, 140
Gobelin, Jean, 382
Gobelin Tapestry Works, 21, 218
Gobelins, rue des, 21
Goncourts, The de, 301
Goujon, Jean, 250 ff, 280 ff, 283, 359, 415, 419, 423, 434, 446 ff

Goupillon, 154
Gozlin, Bishop, 182
Gozlin, rue, 331 ff, 353
Grand Cerf, Passage du, 402
Grand Palais, 324
Grand Pignon, Maison du, 361 ff, 399 ff
Grand Pont, 11, 434
Grand Veneur, Hôtel du, 277 ff
Grande Truanderie, rue de la, 437
Grands Augustins, Church, 181
Grands Boulevards, 103
Grands Carmes, Convent, 217
Grands Degrés, rue des, 218, 222
Grands Magasins du Bon Marché, 324
Grange, Marquis de la, 293
Gravelier, Gilibert, 397
Gravilliers, rue des, 396 ff
Great Ordinance of 1357, 6 ff, 59
Grégoire de Tours, rue, 340, 344
Gregory of Tours, 172, 175 n
Grenelle, rue de, 314, 321 ff, 324 ff, 360
Greneta, rue, 430
Grenier Saint Lazare, rue, 390 ff
Grenier sur l'Eau, rue, 68 ff
Greuse, 311
Grève, Nicolas Galeran de, 215
Grève, Place de, 8, 10 ff, 49, 52, 56, 58, 107, 146, 153, 267, 372, 408, 426
Grève, Port de la, 2
Grévin, Musée, 284, 341
Grieux, Chevalier des, 335, 359 ff
Grignan, Countess de, 87
Gros, 344
Gudin, 228
Guéménée, *see also* Rohan
Guéménée. Cul de Sac, *see* Impasse
Guéménée, Impasse, 132, 147
Guéménée, Mme de, 133, 144
Guéménée, Prince de, 144
Guénégaud, Hôtel, 277 ff
Guénégaud, rue, 360
Guénégaud, Théâtre, 356
Guépine, Impasse, 66, 76
Guerbois, café, 360
Guesclin, du, 232
Guespine, rue, 66
Guillemites, rue des, 264, 288
Guillot, 376, 386
Guiot, 298
Guillotin, Dr., 341, 344
Guise, Duke de, 121 ff, 128, 141, 170, 259, 290, 292 ff
Guise, Hôtel de, 242 ff, 254 ff, 290 ff
Guise, Mlle de, 111 ff
Guitauts, de, 278
Gustavus, Adolphus, 128
Hainserville, Catherine de, 18
Halévy, 392 ff
Hallé, 390
Halles Centrales, Les, 10, 14, 105, 227, 293, 365, 369, 371, 403 ff, 408 ff, 428 ff
Halles, rue des, 283, 443
Hallwyl, Hôtel d', 393
Hals, Franz, 351
Hanse Parisienne, 3
Harcourt, Guy d', 199
Hare, Augustus, 125
Harpe, rue de la, 163 ff, 195 ff, 226
Haudri, 295
Haudriettes, rue des, 294 ff, 394
Haussmann, 92 ff, 354, 450
Hautefeuille, Impasse, 194
Hautefeuille, rue, 194 ff
Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 424
Hébert, 311
Hegel, 351
Hellébie, Agnès, 432
Héloise, 96
Helvétia, Hôtel, 399 ff
Helvetius, 298

Hénault, Président, 345
Henri II of France, 31, 46, 58, 64 ff, 91, 98, 106, 120, 148, 188, 236 ff, 250, 252, 271, 282 ff, 309, 342, 359, 411, 443, 447
Henri III of France, 28, 108, 110, 141, 148, 170, 250, 267, 293, 382
Henri IV of France and Navarre, 24 ff, 28, 31 ff, 58, 69, 71, 92, 94, 99, 102, 109 ff, 122 ff, 134, 136, 139, 141, 144, 210, 243, 287, 301 ff, 306, 313, 319, 332, 353, 399, 416, 425 ff, 431, 444, 448
Henri du Plessis, 78
Henri IV, Boulevard, 32, 90 ff, 151, 153
Henri IV, rue, 140
Henriette Anne of England, 73
Henriette Marie of France, 73
Henry V of England, 19, 103 ff
Henry VI of England and France, 19, 384
Henry VIII of England, 106
Herbelot, Laurent, 441
Hérouet, Hôtel, 267 ff, 271
Hérouet, Jehan, 268, 288
Hirondelle, rue de l', 164
Holbein, 382 ff
Hollande, Hôtel de, 232 ff, 266
Holy Cross and Saint Vincent, church, 304 ff
Homme Armé, Cabaret de l', 297 ff, 300
Homme Armé, rue de l', 297 ff
Honoré, 197
Hôpital de la Trinité, 405
Horace, 339
Horn, Count de, 370 ff, 387
Horn, Philippe Emmanuel, Prince de, 370
Hostellerie de l'Ange, 188 ff
Hospitalières Saint Gervais, rue des, 288
Hôtel Colbert, rue de l', 223
Hôtel de Ville, 1 ff, 10, 32, 56, 58 ff, 68, 71, 83, 110, 260, 277, 281, 287, 303
Hôtel de Ville, Place de l', 56, 58
Hôtel de Ville, rue de l', 2, 58, 81
Hôtel Dieu, 110, 178, 208 ff, 224
Houssaye, Arsène, 87
Huchette, Hôtel de la, 186
Huchette, rue de la, 165, 186 ff, 195 ff, 203, 217, 225, 316, 372
Huet, 272 ff, 279
Hugo, Eugène, 332
Hugo, François Victor, 102, 107
Hugo, Major Léopold, 337
Hugo, Victor, 29, 35, 60, 81, 87, 98, 108, 132, 136, 139, 141 ff, 143 ff, 152, 206, 298, 328 ff, 332, 336 ff, 342, 344, 369
Hure, Cabaret de la, 225
Hutin, le, *see* Louis X
Huysmans, 169, 179, 201, 207, 213, 218, 221, 325, 335

Ile de la Cité, 4, 16, 56, 82, 110, 172, 180, 182, 192, 199, 219, 362, 376, 408, 424
Ile Louviers, 32
Ile Saint Louis, 31, 68, 84, 93, 219
"Illustre Théâtre," of Molière, 85 ff
Image Notre Dame, Maison de l', 270
Imola, Benvenuto, da, 214
Imprimerie de l'Egalité, 345
Ingres, 63, 350
Innocents, Cimetière des, 419, 424, 443 ff, 446 ff, 419 ff
Innocents, rue des, 444, 447 ff
Institut de France, 85
Iron Mask, Man with the, 97
Irving, Henry, 29
Isabelle of Bavaria, 18 ff, 67 ff, 87, 269, 271
Isle-Adam, Marechale de l', 105

Jabach, Evrard, 382 ff
Jabach, Passage, 382
Jacob, altar of, 319 ff, 354, 358 ff
Jacob, Hôtel, 354 ff
Jacob, rue, 309, 353 ff, 357, 360
Jacobin club, 150
Jacquemart, 60
"Jacquerie," 10 ff
Jacques Callot, rue, 356
Jaillot, 264
Jardins, rue des, 84 ff, 96, 205, 260 ff
Jassaud, Hôtel de, 96
Jean II, 3
Jean Beausire, rue, 152
Jean Casimir, King of Poland, 352
Jean de Beauvais, rue, 216
Jean le Bon, 264
Jean-Louis Raoul, Hôtel de, 94
Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, 19 ff, 90, 269 ff, 288, 404 ff, 420, 432 ff
Jeanne, Queen of Navarre, 5
Jeanne d'Arc, 21, 97, 104, 301
Jeanne d'Evreux, Queen, 348
Jesuits, 150
Jeu de Paume de la Croix Noire, 84 ff
Jeu de Paume de l'Etoile, 343 ff
Joan, Seigny, 187, 225
Jodelle, Estienne, 423
John, King, 5
John of Salisbury, 162
Joinville, Guy de, 261, 299
Jonathas, 260 ff
Joyaux, 398
Jongleurs, rue des, 387
Jouffroy, 145
Jour, rue du, 434 ff
Jouvencel, Hôtel, 314
Jouy, Mansart de, 436
Jouy, rue de, 72, 76 ff, 86
Juigné, Monseigneur de, 275 ff
Julian, Emperor, 22, 327
Jundun, Jean de, 2
Junot, 325
Jussienne, rue de la, 426, 434

Kernevenoy, François de, 250
Kiquenpoist, Nicolas de, 387
Kock, Paul de, 154, 430

Laäs, vineyard, 343
Laäs, rue de, 185 ff
La Berthe, 118
Labille, Mme, 426 ff, 444
Laborde, Mme de, 139
La Bruyère, 127, 233
Lachaise, Père, 284
La Champmeslé, 406
La Chaussée, 40 ff, 45, 47
Lacroix, 371
"La Croûte," 342
"La Dilecta," 317
Lafayette, 146, 279, 294
Lafayette, Louise de, 140, 149
La Fèvre de la Borderie, Antoine, 69
Laffemas, Isaac de, 179 ff, 211 ff, 356
La Fontaine, 75, 90, 128, 255, 316, 351, 366
La Frelle, 118
Laibeuf, 367 ff, 382
Lamarque, General, 368 ff
Lamartine, 35
Lamballe, Princess de, 283 ff, 286, 296 ff
Lambeau, Lucien, 97, 131, 137, 140, 144 n, 179, 191
Lambert, Hôtel de, 93, 392 ff
Lamennais, 294
Lami, Eugène, 319, 358
Lamoignon, Guillaume de, 48, 202, 252 ff, 279, 284, 367
Lamoignon, Hôtel de, 119, 253 ff, 284 ff
La Motte, Jeanne de Saint Remy de Luz de, 236 ff, 279, 335, 378
La Motte, Count de, 237
Langres, Bishop of, *see* Zamet
Lanson, 295

Lanterne, rue de la, 376 ff
Lapérouse, restaurant, 360
Lard, rue au, 443
La Reynie, Gabriel Nicolas de, 37, 46, 365
La Reynie, rue de, 365 ff, 381 ff, 446
La Rivière, 112
La Rochefoucauld, 122, 251
Latin Quarter, 155 ff
Latini, Brunetto, 214
La Touche, 318
Latude, 92
Launay, de, 240, 264, 276
Laurens, Jean Paul, 59
Lavandières Ste. Opportune, rue des, 375
Lavardin, Marquis de, 144
La Varenne, 112
Lavoisier, 296
La Voisin, 54, 313
Law, John, 325, 369 ff, 387 ff, 411
Le Balafré, Henri, 292
Lebas, Jean, 392
Lebouillon, Marie, 194
Le Brun, 52, 77 ff, 93, 142, 152, 282, 293
Le Caveau, 430
Leclerc, Perrinet, 20, 184, 343
Lecouvreur, Adrienne, 314 ff, 355, 358 ff
Ledoux, 393
Lefeuve, 79, 198, 335, 384, 396, 431, 436, 441
Legendre, Mlle, 125
Leguay, Nicole, 238, 240
Le Lorrain, Robert, 242, 274
Le Maistre, Gilles, 141 ff, 393
Lemaître, Antoine, 367
Le Mercier, Jean, Sire de Nouvion, 289
Lemercier, 326 ff
Le Muet, 296
Lenclos, Ninon de, 125 ff, 147, 152 ff, 246, 286, 313
Lendit, Foire du, 176 ff
Lenin, 82
Lenoir, Alexandre, 320
Lenoir, Museum, 440
Le Normand, M., 229
Le Nôtre, 75
Leolyn, Prince of Wales, 297
Leonardo da Vinci, 382
Lepautre, Antoine, 73
L'Épée du Bois, 370 ff, 387
Le Pelletier, Hôtel, 279 ff
Le Pelletier de Mortefontaine, Hôtel, 300
Le Pelletier de Saint Fargeau, 254, 279 ff
Lepeintre, Claude, 217
Lequeux, Gillequin, 159
Le Sage, 249, 278
Lescalopier family, 141
Lescot, Pierre, 250, 446
Lesdiguières, Duke de, 151
Lesdiguières, Françoise Marguerite de Gondy, Duchess de, 151
Lesdiguières, Palace, 233 n
Lesdiguières, rue des, 150 ff
Lespinasse, Mlle de, 295
Lestang, 371
l'Estoile, Pierre de, 225
Le Sueur, 93
Lesurque, 433
Le Tellier, Michel, 63
L'Etoile Théâtre de, 345
Le Vau, 77 ff, 93
Le Vauquelin, Nicolas, 313
Levis, Duke de, 241
Liard, Louis, 162
Licorne, rue de la, 82
Lignac, 258
Ligneris, Jacques de, 250
Ligneris, René de, 250
Linen Drapers, 443 ff, 447
Lingerie, rue de la, 443 ff
Linière, Payot de, 286
Lions, rue des, 87 ff
Lisieux, Collège de, 199
Lobineau, rue, 340
Lombards, rue des, 227, 362 ff, 422, 444 ff

Longpont, Monastery of, 173, 177
Longpré, Sire de, 330
Longueil, René de, 441
Longueville, Mme de, 122 ff, 141
Loret, 75, 129
Louis VI (The Fat), 72, 212, 302, 390, 408
Louis VII, 305, 390
Louis IX (Saint Louis), 4 ff, 60, 66, 68, 76 ff, 92, 183, 209, 263, 267, 297, 299, 362, 383, 404, 409, 416, 424, 443, 447
Louis X (le Hutin), 5, 262
Louis XI, 21, 23, 79, 105, 148, 170, 306, 342, 441
Louis XII, 23, 105, 188, 205, 268, 359, 379, 410
Louis XIII, 59, 73, 90, 99 ff, 115 ff, 120, 136 ff, 149, 151, 203, 275 ff, 292, 313, 405, 415
Louis XIV, 33 ff, 45, 51, 54, 58, 63, 73 ff, 76 ff, 85, 90, 95, 97 ff, 110, 126, 130, 136 ff, 140, 143 ff, 147, 152, 194, 220, 248, 254, 281 ff, 302, 308, 326, 335 ff, 343, 349, 365 ff, 372, 381 ff, 394, 404, 432, 437, 442
Louis XV, 77 ff, 88, 221, 228, 230, 239, 294, 310, 315, 325, 331, 384, 396, 417, 426 ff, 440 ff
Louis XVI, 74, 78, 145, 208, 230 ff, 235, 253 ff, 279 ff, 289, 295, 382, 391, 393, 406, 417, 418, 431, 434, 437, 440 ff
Louis XVII, 146
Louis XVIII, 146, 153, 328
Louis de Bourbon, 80, 147
Louis II de Condé (Le Grand Condé), 122
Louis I de Lorraine, 23 ff, 30
Louis, Duke d'Orléans, 18 ff, 90, 103, 269 ff, 288 ff, 404, 410, 420, 432 ff, 438
Louis Philippe, 137, 294, 357
"L'Ours et le Lyon," 393
Louvre, Palais du, 11, 15, 16, 21, 23, 25, 27, 32, 33, 52, 80, 85, 91, 97, 104, 110, 116, 140, 146, 148, 192, 259, 312, 319, 333, 351, 360, 382, 413, 440, 447
Louvre, rue du, 439 ff
Lucas, E. V., 99, 145, 218, 439
Lucas, Paul, 364
Lulli, 356
Lusignan, Hôtel de, 286
Lutèce, rue de, 9
Luther, 80
Luther, Martin, 23
Luxembourg, Mme Béon de, 69
Luxembourg gardens, 338
Luxembourg, Marshal de, 436
Luxembourg, Palais, 233, 287, 310
Luynes, Duke de, 137
Lycée Louis le Grand, 415

Mabillon, 346
Mabillon, rue, 340
Machault, Denis de, 180
Mâcon, Josseran de, 13
Maçons Sorbonne, rue des, 312
Madeleine, Church, 296, 426
Madelonettes, Prison, 407
Magazin du Louvre, 417
Magasins Réunis, 277
Magne, Emile, 152 n
Maillart, Jean, 13
Maillotins, 58
Maine, Duchesse du, 34, 36, 92
Maintenon, Marquise de (Mme Scarron), 66, 140, 244 ff, 278, 286, 366
Maisons-Lafitte, Château de, 441
Maître Albert, rue, 221
Malesherbes, Crétien Guillaume de Lamoignon de, 253 ff
Malher, rue, 286
Maliban, 345
Malsherbes, Boulevard, 254
Mancini, Olympe, 51, 410 ff, 438 ff

Mandeville, Mme de, 396
Manon Lescaut, 335, 343, 359
Mansart, François, 77, 90, 97, 150, 152, 251, 280 ff, 357, 441
Mansart, Jules Hardouin, 90, 97, 152
Marais, 103, 125, 138, 158, 227 ff, 309, 369, 391
Marais Saint Germain, rue des, 312 ff, 315 ff
Marais, Théâtre du, 274
Marat, 83, 311, 341, 345
Marays, des, 312, 357
Marc, Perrin, 7 ff, 418
Marcel, Etienne, 1, 3, 56, 59, 64, 102, 418, 431
Marché aux Mégots, 218
Marché des Blancs Manteaux, rue des, 267
Marché des Champeaux, 421
Marché Saint Germain, 306, 340
Maretz, Nicolas des, 312, 357
Marguerite de Valois, 25 ff, 30, 79 ff, 91, 110, 250, 309, 319, 354, 358 ff, 436
"Mariage de Figaro," 231 ff
Marie Antoinette, 88, 139, 225, 230, 235, 237, 239 ff, 283 ff, 406 ff, 439
Marie de Cossé, 33 ff
Marie de Medici, 27, 114 ff, 134, 151, 291, 306, 319, 409 ff
Marie Leczinska, Queen, 427
Marie Stuart, Queen, 431
Marie Stuart, rue, 402, 431
Maria Teresa, 73, 90, 143, 147, 235, 248, 282, 308, 406
Marivaux, 387, 392
Marle, Henri de, 373
Marmousets, 256
Marot, Clément, 309
Marron, 150
Martel, 258
Martial, restaurant, 293, 303
Martin de Chambiges, 23
Martin, Henry, 71
Mary of England, 106, 205
Massillon, 335 ff
Massillon, Ecole, 89 ff
Masure, rue de la, 82
Mathieu, Pierre, 431
Mathurins, Church of the, 177
Mattioli, 97
Maubert, Impasse, 44, 222
Maubert, Place, 160, 185, 216 ff, 220 ff
Maubuée Fountain, 385
Maubuisson, Abbey, 68
Mauconseil, rue, 432 ff
Maudite, La Place, 422, 445
Maulemont, Marquis de, 122
Maure, rue du, 389 ff, 398
Maurier, du, 195
Mauvais Garçons, rue des, 301 ff, 340
Maximilian, Emperor, 188
Mayenne, Duke de, 148
Mayenne, Hôtel de, 147 ff
Mazarin, Cardinal, 51, 73, 88, 382, 387, 394 ff, 415, 436
Mazarin, Palais, 136, 360
Mazarine, rue, 85, 274, 356
Mazet, rue, 343
Meaux, 12 ff
Meilleraie, Duchess de la, 92, 385
Meilleraie, Marshal de la, 33 ff, 36, 85
Melchites, sect, 179, 207
Mercier, Sébastien, 35, 249, 307, 333, 338, 372 ff
Mérimée, Prosper, 138, 145, 359
Mesmes, Petit Hôtel de, 293 ff
Messire Saint Jacques, rue, 199
Metz, Guillebert de, 184, 400, 419
Michael Angelo, 120, 136, 358 ff
Michaud, restaurant, 360
Michel, Count, 391
Michel le Comte, rue, 391 ff
Michelet, 51, 62, 110, 269, 341, 365, 372, 376, 381
Michelot, Etienne, 345 ff
Mignard, Pierre, 33, 152, 282
Mignons, les, 108 ff

Mignot, 165, 196, 294
Mignot, Elisabeth, 101
Miles, de, 371
Minimes, Chapel of the, 141
Minstrels and Jugglers Guild, 388
Miossans, César Phoebus d'Albret, Count de, 286
Mirabeau, 145, 241, 279, 311
Miramion, Mme de, 220
Miramiones, Convent, 220
Miron, François, 71
Miron, rue, 76
Modène, Hôtel de, 355
Mogador, Céleste, 430
Molière, 40, 84 ff, 125, 127, 133, 143, 227, 274 ff, 306 ff, 312, 316, 344, 351, 356, 388, 414 ff, 417, 440, 442, 446
Molière, Passage, 388
Monceau Saint Gervais, 60, 72
Moncreux, Oudart de, 209
Mondétour, 437
Mondory, 391
Monge, rue, 179, 216
Monnoyes, Maison des, 381
Monstrelet, 404
Mont de Piété, 289, 291, 378
Mont Saint Michel, 194
Montagne Sainte Geneviève, 68, 93, 156, 165, 177, 190, 192, 196, 376
Montagu, Collège de, 24
Montaigne, 126, 250, 316
Montbazon, Duchess de, 121 ff
Montbazon, Louis Constantin de Rohan, 242, 425
Montereau, Pierre de, 353 ff
Montes, Lola, 430
Montespan, Mme de, 34, 54, 248, 286
Montesquieu, 392
Montfaucon, Gibbet of, 259
Montgomery, Tour, 96
Montgomery, Count de, 46, 58, 102 ff, 106 ff
Montholon, Count de, 189
Montmartre, 182, 424
Montmartre, rue, 428, 434 ff
Montmorency, Anne de, 286
Montmorency-Bouteville, 148
Montmorency, Constable de, 115
Montmorency, François de, 117 ff, 252, 285
Montmorency, Henri II de, 395
Montmorency, Hôtel, 296
Montmorency, Mattieu II de, 394
Montmorency, rue de, 364, 394 ff
Montmort, Hôtel de, 296
Montorgueil, rue, 402 ff, 428 ff, 433 ff, 448
Montparnasse, Cemetery, 154
Montpensier, Duchess de, 170, 200
Montpensier family, 220
Montrésor, Count de, 278
Montyon, Baron de, 208, 276
Morand, 230
Moréri, 137
Morland, Boulevard, 32, 92
Morphise, La Belle, 427
Morris, Gouverneur, 146
Mortellerie, rue de la, 2, 58, 78 ff, 81 ff, 186 ff, 296
Mounier, 345 ff
Mousquetaires, Hôtel des, 418, 440
Moussy, rue de, 301
Mozart, Leopold, 76
Mozart, Wolfgang, 76
Murger, Henri, 138, 344
Murphy, Louise, 427
Musset, Alfred de, 35, 145, 311, 322 ff, 430
Musset, Mme de, 322

Nantes, Edict of, 63
Nanteuil, 282
Napoleon Bonaparte, 66, 114, 150, 185, 189, 226, 241, 262, 289, 310 ff, 312, 326 ff, 334, 341, 346, 383, 390, 393, 438
Napoleon III, 59, 91, 279, 312, 398
Narbonne, Collège de, 167

Natoire, 255, 290
National Printing Press, 272 ff
Navarre, Collège de, 25
Navarre, Hôtel de, 306
Nazareth, rue de, 283
Necker, Germaine, *see* Staël, Mme de
Necklace, Affair of the Queen's, 235 ff, 272
Nero, 62
Nesle, Hôtel de, 409 ff
Nesle, Jean II, Seigneur de, 409
Nesmond, Président de, 220
Neuillant, Baronne de, 244
Neuve Saint Merri, rue, 8
Neuve Saint Paul, rue, 37
Neuve Saint Pierre, rue, 97 ff
Neuve Sainte Anastaze, rue, 96
Nevers, rue de, 311
New York School of Fine and Applied Art, 138
Ney, Marshal, 294
Nicolaï, Hôtel de, 91
Nicolaï, Nicolas de, 91
Nicolas Flamel, rue, 375
Nodier, Charles, 35, 85, 145
Nonnains d'Hyères, rue des, 29, 82
Notre Dame de Paris, 24, 32, 35, 52 ff, 93 ff, 155 ff, 160, 172 ff, 180, 185 ff, 194, 207 ff, 211, 219 ff, 223 ff, 392, 398, 423
Notre Dame des Anges, church, 150
Notre Dame des Champs, quarry, 321
Notre Dame, Pont, 180 n, 206
Nouvion, Hôtel de, 289
Nuns of the Visitation, 149

O, François de Fresnes, Marquis d', 267
O, Hôtel d', 267 ff
Oberkirch, Mme, 241
Offemont, Château d', 51
Oies, rue aux, 372 ff
Olibrius, 331
Olivier, 181
Olympia, Mme, Queen of Rome, 38
Orgemont, Pierre, 103
Orléans, Louis, Duke d', 18 ff, 90, 103, 269 ff, 288 ff, 404, 410, 420, 432 ff, 438
Ossolinski, Count, 278
Oubliettes Rouges, Caveau des, 210
Ours, rue aux, 372 ff, 388

Pajou, 447
Palais de Justice, 14, 192 ff, 241, 283, 390, 416, 441
Palais de la Reine, 409 ff
Palais Royal, 58, 127, 130, 140, 233, 325, 338, 356, 417, 438
Palatine, rue, 336, 339
Palestro, rue de, 402
Palissy, Bernard, 329, 346
Palissy, Hôtel de, 329
Panthéon, 68, 93, 219, 222, 415
Paon Blanc, Cabaret du, 83
Paon Blanc, rue du, 82 ff
Paradis, rue de, 298
Parc Royal, rue du, 279, 284
Parcheminerie, rue de la (Latin Quarter), 196 ff, 205, 266 ff
Parcheminerie, rue de la (near St. Jacques la Boucherie), 362
Pâris-Duverney, 229
Paris Historical Library, 200
Paris, assassin, 279
Parisii tribe, 1
Parvis Notre Dame, 155, 178
Pas de la Mule, rue de, 141 ff
Pascal, 1, 64, 133, 306, 375, 384
Passage des Singes, 264
Pastourelle, rue, 294
Patreau, Père, 189
Paulmy, Marquis de, 34 ff
Pavée, rue, 158, 251 ff, 284 ff
Pavillon de la Reine, 136, 141
Pavillon des Singes, 414 ff, 440
Pavillon du Roi, 134 ff, 146
Pearl, Cora, 430

Pecquai, Passage, 296
Pecquigny, Marie Sophie de Courcillon, Duchess of, 255
Pelletier, Michel le, 391
Pellevé, Cardinal, 24, 30, 80
Pellisson-Fontanier, 442
Pépin le Bref, 210, 347
Père Lachaise, Cemetery, 138, 151, 324, 350
Père Lunette, Cabaret du, 216
Pères Tranquilles, Hôtel des, 197
Pères de la Merci, Monastery, 291, 293
Perle, rue de la, 274 ff
Permiseux, 398 ff
Pernelle, Dame, 363 ff, 378, 400
Pernelle, rue, 376 ff
Pernelle Saint Pol, rue, 297
Perret, Jean, 11
Perrier, François, 282
Perrochel, 69
Perruchot, 434
Perugino, 66 ff
Pessard, M., 224
Pestel, Hostellerie du, 81
Peter of Servia, 76
Peter the Great, 151
Petit Arsenal de la Ville, 280
Petit Châtelet, *see* Châtelet (Petit)
Petit, Citizen, 29, 31
Petit Lion, rue du, 38
Petit More, Cabaret du, 225, 316 ff, 357
Petit Musc, rue du, 15, 22, 86, 88 ff, 147
"Petit Parisien," Le, 61
Petit Pont, 180 ff, 184 ff, 206 ff, 224
Petit Pont, Adam du, 156
Petit Pont, rue du, 189, 225
Petit Saint Antoine, Church, 112
Petite Chaise, Cabaret de la, 325, 360
Petite Friperie, rue de la, 442
Petite Seine, 308 ff
Petite Truanderie, rue de la, 437
Petits Augustins, 320, 440
Petits Carreaux, rue des, 433
Petits Champs, rue des, 166
Petits Pères, Passage des, 438
Philip I of France, 212
Philip II (Augustus) of France, 4, 103, 156, 158, 194, 216, 294 ff, 302, 394, 408 ff, 413, 432, 437, 440
Philip III (The Bold) of France, 269, 366
Philip IV (The Fair) of France, 4 ff, 162, 176, 260, 271, 295, 305, 395
Philip II of Spain, 106
Philip IV of Spain, 115
Philip Augustus, Wall of, 2, 6, 84, 86, 96, 101, 158, 211, 289, 291, 308, 342 ff, 396 ff
Philip of Champagne, 63
Philip of Orleans, 219, 269, 325
Philippe, restaurant, 430
Picquet, Hôtel de, 296
Pierre au Lait, rue, 363 ff, 375 ff
Pierre, Jean, 224
Pierre Lescot, rue, 437
Pigalle, 436
Piliers, Maison aux, 10 ff, 56, 58 ff
Pilon, Germain, 146, 148
Pinaigrier, 63, 379
Pingault, 234
Pinson, Mimi, 324
Piron, 283, 311, 391 ff
Pirot, Père, 50 ff
Pirouette, rue, 409, 437
Pisa, Council of, 163
Pisan, Christine de, 16, 197
Pitou, Ange, 298
Plantes, Jardin des, 93 ff
Plâtre, rue du, 299
Plâtriers, rue des, 215
Plumet, rue, 298
Poe, Edgar A., 337
Poirier, rue du, 384

Poisson, 301
Poissonnière, rue, 433
Poitiers, Battle of, 5 ff
Poitiers, Diane de, 65, 107, 148, 252, 270 ff, 342, 359
Pologne, Hôtel de, 278
Pomme de Pin, Cabaret, 446
Pommereuil, Hôtel de, 271
Pompadour, Mme de, 76, 92, 228 ff, 301, 315
Ponce, Paul, 423
Pont au Change, 11, 180 n
Pont au Double, 224
Pont Carré, Jean Baptiste, Elie Camus de, Seigneur de Viarmes, 439
Pont Louis Philippe, rue du, 68
Pont Neuf, 110, 121, 136, 192, 358, 416, 418
Pont Neuf, rue du, 415, 442
Pont Notre Dame, 52
Pont Royal, 310
Pontalais, Jean du, 407 ff
Pontchartrain, Journal et Mémoires de, 28
Poquelin, Jean, 306, 414 ff
Poquelin, Mme, 442
Porette, Marguerite, 58
Port Royal de Paris, Church, 375
Port Royal des Champs, Church, 64, 375
Porthos, 339
Pougin, Arthur, 319
Poulies, rue des, 287
Poussin, 358
Pré Saint Gervais, 161
Précieuses, 124 ff
Préfecture de Police, 194, 376
Prés au Clercs, 308 ff, 312, 316, 319, 321, 343, 359
Prestres Saint Pol, rue des, 96
Prêtres Saint Séverin, rue des, 199, 203
Prévost, Abbé, 205, 343
Princesse, rue, 333
Prior, Matthew, 248
Procope, 306, 310, 344 ff
Procope, Café, 310 ff, 344 ff
Protasius, 62, 65
Prouvaires, rue des, 441
Provence, Count de, 146
Prudhomme, 330
Puget, 358
Puits d'Amour, 432, 437
Purge, Père la, 197
Pyramides, rue des, 114

Quai des Grands Augustins, 360
Quai Malaquais, 359
Quatre Fils, rue des, 294 ff
Quatre Septembre, rue du, 283
Quatre Sergents de la Rochelle, restaurant, 153 ff
Quatre Vents, rue des, 340 ff
Quatrième République, restaurant, 360
Quélus, 108 ff, 149
Quicherat, Jules, 292
Quincampoix, rue, 325, 369 ff, 382, 386 ff
Quinquentonne, Rogier de, 431

Rabelais, François, 79, 85 ff, 97, 126, 187, 214, 217, 225, 293, 421, 446
Racan, 114
Rachel, 87, 138, 144, 388
Racine, Jean Baptiste, 48, 87, 249, 253, 312 ff, 315 ff, 351, 357 ff, 405 ff, 431
Racine, Louis, 387
Radcliffe, Anne, 151
Ragueneau, Cyprién, 417 ff, 439 ff
Raisin, 307 ff
Rambouillet, Catherine de Vivonne, Marquise de, 27, 124 ff, 142
Rambouillet, Hôtel de, 126, 139, 316
Rambouillet, Nicolas d'Angennes, Seigneur de, 142
Rambuteau, prefect, 364
Rambuteau, rue de, 296, 387 ff, 437

Rameau, 299
Rannes, Hôtel de, 313, 316 n, 358
Raoullet, 11
Raphael, 136
Raspail, Boulevard, 321 ff, 324
Rats, rue des, 223
Ravaillac, 33, 58, 115, 134, 297, 425 ff, 448
Raveneau, 327
Réaux, Tallemant des, 126, 129 ff, 144 n, 253
Récamier, Mme, 129
Régence, Café de la, 310
Regnard, 227, 253, 388, 446
Regnaudin, 266
Reine Blanche, Maison de la, 21
Reine de Hongrie, Passage de la, 406 ff, 434
Renan, 335, 362
Renard, rue du, 384
Rennes, rue de, 329, 332 ff, 334
Renommée des Halles, A la, 442
République, Place de la, 103
Retz, 251
Réunion, Passage de la, 390
Ricciarelli, 120
Richard, Brother, 421 ff
Richard le Mortelier, 81
Richelieu, Armand Jean de Vignerot, Duke de, 140, 248
Richelieu, Cardinal, 78, 88, 100, 117 ff, 129, 133, 140, 144, 165, 179, 243, 274, 313, 320, 382, 395
Richelieu, Louis François A. de Vignerot du Plessis, Duke de, 140
Richelieu, rue de, 330
Richemont, Duke de, 105
Rieux, Jean de, 232 ff
Rieux, Pierre de, 232 ff
Rieux, René de, 339
Rigaud, 152
Rivière, Louis Barbier de la, 142
Rivoli, rue de, 103, 114, 263, 284, 364, 375, 402, 418, 439, 448
Robert, Brother, 298
Robert le Coq, Bishop of Laon, 6
Robert the Pious, 305
Robespierre, Augustin, 68, 189
Robespierre, Maximilien, 274, 287, 311, 333, 338
Robineau, Mlle, 125
Rochefoucauld, 128
Rochefoucauld, Hôtel de la, 357
Rochegude, Marquis de, 94, 140, 217, 389, 407
Rocher de Concale, Au, restaurant, 430
Rohan, Anne Julie Chabot de, 254 ff
Rohan, Armand Gaston Maximilien de, Prince de Soubise, 242, 254, 272
Rohan-Chabot, Chevalier de, 99 ff
Rohan et de Fontenay, Marguerite, Duchess de, 141
Rohan, François de, Prince de Soubise, 254 ff, 259, 290
Rohan-Guéménée, Hôtel, 152, 235 ff, 242, 272 ff
Rohan, Hercule Mériadec, Duke de, 255
Rohan, Louis René Edouard, Cardinal, Prince de, 144, 235 ff, 272, 294, 299
Rohan-Montbazon, Hôtel de, 121 ff
Roi de Sicile, Hôtel du, 283
Roi de Sicile, rue du, 158, 263 ff, 286
Roi Doré, rue du, 276
Roland, 388
Roland, Mme, 59, 166 ff, 196, 346, 426 ff
Rome, Cour de, 397 ff
Rose de Mai, 406 ff
Rosiers, rue des, 82, 264
Rostand, 307, 417

Rôtisseurs, rue des, 186 ff
Rouen, Cour de, 342
Roule, rue du, 441 ff
Roumanian Colony, 216
Rousseau, Henry, 209
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 299, 310, 374
Rousseau, M., 198
Rousseau, Mme, 392
Roussel, Françoise, 37
Roussel, Jehan, 287, 330
Royal Academy of Music and Dancing, 387
Royal de Saint Paul, Hôtel, 3 ff, 14 ff, 80, 86, 89 ff, 94 ff, 103, 111, 158 ff, 256 ff, 355
Royale, Place, 69, 87, 102 ff, 107 ff, 113 ff, 134 ff, 248, 309, 328
Royale, rue (old), 114, 134
Royaumont, Hôtel des Abbés de, 435 ff
Ruggieri, 410 ff
Ruilée, Pierre de, 189 ff
Rybault, Antoine, 142

Sablière, Mme de la, 127 ff, 246
Saint Aignan, Hôtel, 296
Saint Amand, 316 ff, 357
Saint Ambrose, 62
Saint André, Cour du Commerce, 341
Saint André des Arts, Place, 194 ff
Saint André des Arts, rue, 20, 189, 343
Saint Anthony, painting, 78
Saint Antoine, Abbaye de, 72 ff
Saint Antoine, Porte, 105, 146, 148, 257
Saint Antoine, rue, 1, 15, 21, 56, 71, 82, 86, 93, 98 ff, 102 ff, 106, 116, 132, 139, 147, 152 ff, 250, 256 ff, 302, 357, 380
Saint Augustin, rue, 283
Saint Bartholomew, 23, 80
Saint Benoît, rue, 353
Saint Bon, rue, 376 ff
Saint Charles Borromée, 380
Saint Charles, Pont, 211
Saint Christophe, 209
Saint Claude, rue, 103
Saint Cloud, *see* Clodoald
Saint Cosme et Saint Damien, Church, 166
Saint Denis, 19, 148, 157, 176, 305, 348, 353, 424
Saint Denis du Saint Sacrament, Church, 277
Saint Denis, Porte, 105, 405
Saint Denis, rue, 78, 227, 232, 401 ff, 410, 422 ff, 425, 445 ff
Saint Eloi, 2 ff, 97, 380
Saint Eloi, Church, 9
Saint Eloi, Place, 9
Saint Eloi, Prison, 20, 98, 184
Saint Etienne du Mont, Church, 68, 74, 93, 220, 262
Saint Eusèbe, Cardinal, 367
Saint Eustache, Church, 330, 407 ff, 428 ff, 434 ff, 441, 448
Saint-Evremond, 127 ff, 246
Saint Fargeau, Michel le Peletier de, 279 ff, 391, 393
Saint Fiacre, 367, 380 ff
Saint Fiacre, Impasse, 380 ff
Saint Foix, 297, 431, 441
Saint François de Sales, 149
Saint Frou, 379
Saint Germain, Bishop of Paris, 62, 304 ff
Saint Germain, Boulevard, 165, 192, 215 ff, 218, 321 ff, 326, 341, 344, 360
Saint Germain des Prés, 20, 156, 166, 182, 200, 304 ff, 308, 332 ff, 340, 345 ff, 359, 410
Saint Germain en Laye, château, 410
Saint Germain, Faubourg, 85, 130, 304 ff
Saint Germain, Julien de, 410
Saint Germain, l'Auxerrois, Church, 97, 156, 182, 410
Saint Germanus, *see* Saint Germain, Bishop of Paris

Saint Gervais, Church, 159, 219
Saint Gervais et Sainte Anastase, Convent, 288
Saint Gervais-Saint Protais, Church, 60 ff, 76
Saint Gilles, rue, 279
Saint Guillaume, rue, 360
Saint Honoré, Faubourg, 309
Saint Honoré, rue, 287, 293, 296, 338, 370, 381, 413 ff, 416 ff, 426, 439 ff, 448
Saint Jacques du Haut Pas, 375
Saint Jacques la Boucherie, Church, 361 ff, 375 ff, 381, 400 ff, 448
Saint Jacques l'Hôpital, Church, 373
Saint Jacques Porte, 104
Saint Jacques, rue, 104, 162 ff, 180 n, 184, 206 ff, 364
Saint Jacques, Tour, 361 ff, 375 ff, 388, 434
Saint Jean en Grève, Church, 261 ff
Saint Jean le Rond, Church, 392
Saint Josse, Church, 367, 382
Saint Julien, Date de, 26
Saint Julien le Pauvre, Church and Saint, 172 ff, 207 ff, 213, 224, 276
Saint Landry, 209
Saint Lazare, Prison, 64
Saint Louis, *see* Louis IX
Saint Louis, rue, 275
Saint Martin, 204
Saint Martin, Canal, 1, 32, 56
Saint Martin, Church, 399
Saint Martin des Champs, Monastery, 190, 353, 376
Saint Martin, Porte, 294
Saint Martin, rue, 206, 368 ff, 376, 378 ff, 380 ff, 383, 385 ff, 398 ff, 401 ff
Saint Maur, 11
Saint Maur des Fossés, Abbey, 410
Saint Maur, Hôtel, 87
Saint Mégrin, 292
Saint Merri, 378 ff
Saint Merri Church, 8, 378 ff, 381, 383 ff, 418
Saint Merri, Quartier, 365 ff
Saint Merri, rue, 8, 368 ff, 382 ff
Saint Michel, 219
Saint Michel, Boulevard, 166, 192, 195
Saint Michel, Place, 164 ff, 192, 194, 218 ff, 226
Saint Michel, Pont, 20, 189, 194, 321
Saint Michel, Squire, 426
Saint Nicolas, 181
Saint Paul, Cemetery, 97
Saint Paul, Church of, 32, 43, 98, 150, 158
Saint Paul, Port, 85, 93, 438
Saint Paul, Poterne, 96
Saint Paul, rue, 15, 86 ff, 89 ff, 95 ff, 256 ff
Saint Paul Quarter, 1 ff
Saint Paul-Saint Louis, Church, 100, 283
Saint Peter, 163
Saint Pierre, 378 ff
Saint Pierre aux Boeufs, Church, 199
Saint Pierre, Passage, 98
Saint Remy, Baron de, 236
Saint Richard, 419
Saint Roch, Church, 426ff
Saint Sèverin, 167 ff, 172
Saint Sèverin Cemetery, 170 ff, 198, 225
Saint Séverin, Church, 163, 189, 199 ff, 203 ff, 225
Saint Séverin, rue, 190, 195, 199 ff, 203 ff, 226, 385
Saint Simon, 246, 255, 325, 332
Saint Sulpice, Church, 100, 336 ff, 340
Saint Sulpice, Place, 308, 312, 334 ff, 339 ff
Saint Sulpice, rue, 38, 340
Saint Sulpice, Seminary, 335
Saint Thomas d'Aquin, Church, 316

Saint Thomas du Louvre, rue, 380
Saint Vincent, 304
Saint Vincent de Paul, 149, 202 ff, 209
Saint Vincent de Paul, Church, 350
Sainte Anastase, rue, 276
Sainte Avoie, Passage, 291
Sainte Avoie, rue, 394
Sainte-Beuve, 35, 138
Sainte Catherine, Culture, 103
Sainte Catherine du Val des Escholiers, Church, 14, 158 ff
Sainte Catherine du Val des Escholiers, Convent, 100, 284
Sainte Catherine, rue, 283
Sainte Chantal, 149
Sainte Chapelle, 97, 194, 282, 353
Sainte-Croix, 38 ff, 47, 50, 95, 194, 222
Sainte Croix, Church, 299
Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie, rue, 264, 293, 299 ff
Sainte Croix de la Bretonnerie, Square, 299
Sainte Geneviève, 379, 445
Sainte Geneviève, Church, 93, 156, 324
Sainte Geneviève des Ardents, 401
Sainte Marguerite, 349
Sainte Marguerite, rue, 331 ff
Sainte Marie, Church, 108, 147, 149 ff
Sainte Marie l'Egyptienne, Church, 434
Sainte Opportune, 445
Sainte Opportune, Church, 422 ff
Sainte Opportune, Place, 448
Sainte Opportune, rue, 444 ff
Sainte Pélagie, Prison, 166
Saints Pères, rue des, 244, 313, 319 ff, 326, 354, 360
Salazar, *see* Tristan.
Salé, Hôtel, 275 ff, 288
Salembière, Impasse, 205 ff
Salle au Comte, rue, 373 ff
Sallembrière, 205 ff
Sand, George, 311, 322 ff, 344, 359
Santerre, 137
Sardou, Victorien, 138, 154
Sartine, de, 230
Sauvage, Nicolas, 380
Sauval, 15, 104, 120, 136, 186, 287, 373, 378, 383, 423
Sauval, rue, 411 ff, 439, 442
Savaron, 117
Savoisy, Count Charles de, 158 ff
Savoisy, Hôtel de, 158 ff, 285
Saxe, Maréchal de, 314, 358 ff
Scapini, 332 ff
Scarron, Antoine, 77
Scarron, Mme (Marquise de Maintenon), 66, 140, 244 ff, 278, 286, 366
Scarron, Paul, 63, 66, 127, 134, 242 ff, 278
Scheffer, Ary, 350
Schomberg family, 220
Schomberg, rue du, 92
Scribe, 138, 227, 446
Scudéry, Mlle de, 90, 116, 125, 128, 138, 140
Sébastien, Père, 266
Sébastopol, Boulevard, 103, 366, 375, 401 ff
Seez, College, 167
Séguier, 251
Séguier, Maison, 101
Seine river, 1 ff, 15, 19, 31 ff, 56, 58, 67, 70, 81, 86, 93, 168 ff, 179 ff, 308, 360
Seine, rue de, 309, 316, 345, 354, 356 ff, 359
Sellier, Charles, 234 n, 270
Sens, Archbishops of, 22
Sens, Council of, 23
Sens, Hôtel de, 21 ff, 56, 79 ff, 83 ff, 89
Sentier, rue de, 229
Servandoni, 338

Servandoni, rue, 338 ff
Sévigné, Marquise de, 39, 43, 47, 52 ff, 59, 63, 75, 87, 100, 116, 119, 126, 128, 133, 137 ff, 140, 146, 149 ff, 220, 246, 249 ff, 253, 275, 277 ff, 281 ff, 306, 366, 394 ff, 406
Sévigné, rue de, 100, 231, 251, 254, 256, 279 ff, 283 ff, 287, 391
Séyès, 279
Sèze, de, 295
Sèze, rue de, 295
Shakespeare, 129
Sign of the Crescent, house, 78
Simon, 341
Simon, Damp, 295
Simon le Franc, rue, 384 ff
Simonetti, Dame, 355
Singes, rue des, 264
Sinter, Marguerite, 333
Sixtus IV, Pope, 61
Snail, restaurant, 448
Snap Shots at the Centuries, 449 ff
Soissons, Countess of, 51, 410 ff, 438 ff
Soleil d'Or, restaurant, 284, 437
Solemn Service of the Reparation, 261 ff
Sommerard, rue du, 177n
Sorbonne, 165, 207, 320, 376, 387
Sorbonne, Place de la, 165
Sorel, Agnès, 104
Sosnovsky, Citizen, 83
Soubise, Hôtel de, 242 ff, 254 ff, 290 ff
Soubise, Princes de, *see* Rohan
Soufflot, 415, 440
Soufflot, rue, 104
Soulès, 70 ff
Sourdéac, Marquis de, 356
Sourdis, Hôtel de, 111 ff, 440 n
Sourdis, Mme de, 112
Souzy, Michel le Pelletier de, 279
Stael, Mme de, 393
Sterne, Laurence, 306, 355
Stohrer, patisserie, 430
Sue, Eugène, 311, 430
Suffolk, Duke of, 205
Suisse, Hôtel, 225 ff
Sully, Duke de, Minister of Henri IV, 32 ff, 71, 99, 110 ff, 113 ff, 139, 141, 288
Sully, Duke of, 246
Sully, Hôtel de, 74, 99
Sully, Maurice de, Bishop, 180
Sully, Petit Hôtel, 99, 137, 139
Sully, Pont, 93
Sully, rue de, 92
Surmont, Mme de, 237
Swiss Soldier, story of, 373 ff, 388

Taillepain, rue, 383 ff
Taine, 48
Tallard, Hôtel de, 294
Talleyrand, 219, 311
Tallien, 274 ff
Talma, François Joseph, 326 ff, 388, 433
Taranne, Charlot, 330
Taranne, Hôtel de, 330
Taranne, rue, 332
Target, 300
Tasso, 74
Temple de l'Amitié, 355
Temple, rue du, 61 n, 296, 300, 393 ff
Temple, Square du, 263
Tencin, Mme de, 392
Terence, 92, 415
Terray, Abbé, 78
Terray, Pierre, 78
Thackeray, 216, 312, 359, 394
Théâtre du Marais, 283, 391
Théâtre Molière, 388 ff
Thénardiers, 60
Thermes, Palais des, 167 ff, 185 ff, 206
Thibault, son of Clodomir, 167 ff
Thibaut, Count de Champagne, 409 ff

Thorigny, Lambert de, 93, 118
Thorigny, rue de, 275 ff, 415
Thou, de, 133
Tinville, Fouquier, 300 ff
Tiquetonne, rue, 431 ff
Tirechape, rue, 442
Tisseran, Jean, 410
Titian, 136, 382
Tonnellerie, rue de la, 415, 442
Tour du Bois, 182 ff
Tour Montgomery, 46
Tour Saint Jacques, 361 ff, 375 ff, 388, 434
Tour Sainte Geneviève, 219
"Tournée des Grands Ducs," 212
Tournelle, Quai de la, 181, 218 ff
Tournelles, Hôtel des, 21, 102 ff, 141, 148, 250
Tournelles, rue des, 125, 127, 141, 150, 152 ff
Tournon, rue de, 310, 318, 371
Touchet, Marie, 72, 253
Trahoir, Croix du, 411 ff, 425, 440
Transnonnain, rue, 396
Transylvanie, Hôtel, 359 ff
Transylvanie, Prince de, 359
Trebatti, Paul Ponce, 282
Trémouille, Guy de la, 191
Trésor, rue du, 264
Tristan, 80
Tristan de Salazar, Archbishop, 22 ff, 30 ff
Trois Chandeliers, rue des, 190
Trois Piliers des Hallas, Passage des, 388
Trousse Vache, rue, 365 ff, 381 ff
Trudon, 440
Tuileries, 148, 309, 360, 387, 410
Turcatti, 267
Turenne, Hôtel de, 277
Turenne, Marshal, 73, 246, 251
Turenne, rue de, 103, 275 ff, 284
Tynna, 340
Université, rue de l', 354
University of Paris, 155 ff, 172, 175 ff, 184, 194, 206 ff, 305, 309, 319, 441
Urban V, Pope, 213
Usson, Chateau d', 25

Vallière, Louise de la, 75, 194
Valois, rue de, 438
Van Dyck, 382
Van Loo, Carle, 34, 315, 379 ff
Van Obstal, 282
Varenne, 122
Vaugirard, quarry, 321
Vaugirard, rue de, 339
Vauvilliers, rue, 437 ff, 440
Vaux-le-Vicomte, 74 ff
Védrine, 438
Venant, Mme., 299
Vendôme, Duke of, 313
Vendôme, Place, 137, 280
Venise, rue de, 370 ff, 386 ff
Vergennes, Charles Gravier, Count de, 293 ff
Verlaine, Paul, 311
Vermond, Count de, 26, 30, 80
Vernet, Horace, 344
Vernet, Mme, 338
Verrerie, rue de la, 299, 301 ff, 378
Verrière, Mme de la, 426
Vertus, rue des, 397
Viarmes, Seigneur de, 439
Viau, Théophile de, 46, 225, 316, 395
Vic, Dominique de, 399
Vicence, Duchess de, 293
Victoire, Mme, 228 ff
Victories, Place des, 78
Victor Hugo, Musée, 328
Vide Gousset, rue, 78
Vieille du Temple, rue, 21, 232 ff, 240, 242, 254, 263 ff, 267, 270, 272, 274, 287, 300, 391
Vieilles Etuves Saint Honoré, rue, 412 ff, 442
Vien, 233

Vierge, Chapelle de la, Monastery of St. G. des P., 353
Vieuville, Duke Charles de la, 86
Vieuville, Hôtel de la, 86, 88
Vieuville, Robert de la, 86
Vieux Colombier, rue du, 339
Vigny, Alfred de, 35, 138, 145, 328, 337
Vilain, M., 142
Villain, Guillaume, 393
Ville de Reims, Hôtel de la, 378
Villedeuil, Hôtel de, 139, 143, 282
Villehardouin, rue, 244 ff, 249, 278 ff
Villeneuve, Huon de, 294
Villeroi, Maréchal de, 151
Villette, Reteaux de, 239 ff
Villon, François, 81, 330, 420, 446
Vincennes, Château de, 19, 214
Vinci, Leonardo da, 382
Vinot, 70
Visconti, 335
Visconti, rue, 312, 353 ff, 356 ff
Vitry, Geoffraine de, 300
Vitry, Marquis de, 141
Vitu, 230
Vivés, 161
Vivienne, rue, 137
Voiture, 139, 316 ff
Volta, rue, 398
Voltaire, 93, 99 ff, 124, 129, 222, 227, 229, 231, 295, 310, 314, 344
Vosges, Place des, 69, 87, 102 ff, 107 ff, 113 ff, 134 ff, 248, 309, 328
Vouet, Simon, 33, 77

Walpole, Horace, 355
Watteau, 330
Whistler, 326
Wilde, Oscar, 312, 359
Willoughby, Lord, 105
Wooden Sword, Cabaret of the, 370 ff, 387
World War, 61, 62 ff, 69

Yveteaux, Seigneur des, 313

Zacharie, rue, 189 ff, 195 ff, 226
Zamet, père, 33, 94, 110 ff, 151, 326
Zamet, fils, 326
Zamor, 221
Ziem, 91
Zoppy, 310

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